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ISSUE #54

TURES FOR TSR ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

JULY/AUGUST 1995

COVER: David O. Miller shows what murder yields when the seed is planted in "Unhallowed Ground."

If it ain't broken . . .

This is where new guy describes his glorious plan for reshaping the magazine, molding it to his own genius, and bravely forging into the future. It's where I tell you how much more wonderful things are going to be, now that there's a new sheriff in town. It's where I politely thank those who've gone before, but give you a little wink that means we both know things will be oh-so-much better, now.

Yeah, right.

You and I both know that DUNGEON Adventures doesn't allow much room for improvement. All the excellent editors, contributors, and production staff have made the magazine so good that any tinkering would be . . . well, stupid. So my job, as I see it, is to avoid the temptation to monkey with success—not to do anything stupid.

This doesn't mean we won't change at all. You want more of something? You got it. Want something different? Just let us know. One of the best things about the previous editors of this magazine is that they responded so quickly to your letters. Michelle, Wolf, and I will try to keep up that tradition. It would be stupid not to.

So keep writing, keep telling us what kinds of scenarios you want, and keep sending us your adventure proposals (some shorter ones, especially SideTreks, would be very nice). And we'll trust you to let us know if we do something stupid.

Vol. IX, No. 6

PUBLISHER: TSR
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Brian Thomsen
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CARTOGRAPHER: Michael Scott
TYPESETTING: Tracey Isler
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Janet L. Winters
ADVERTISING: Cindy Rick

Printed in U.S.A.

The Readers — **LETTERS** *6*

Dan De Fazio — **UNHALLOWED GROUND**
(AD&D® adventure, character levels 2–4; 12 total levels) Murder in the monastery. *8*

Matt Maaske — **FETCH**
(AD&D SideTreks adventure, levels 3–5; 20–25 total levels) A simple game of fetch leads to quite an adventure. *18*

David Howery — **FIENDS OF TETHYR**
(AD&D adventure, levels 6–8, 42 total levels) Fiends are dangerous enough, but something even more dangerous plagues Tethyr. *20*

Paul Culotta — **THE WITCH'S FIDDLE**
(AD&D adventure, levels 2–5; 13 total levels) If you ever thought musicians were tempermental, wait until you meet the critics. *28*

Christopher Perkins — **REDCAP'S RAMPAGE**
(D&D® adventure, levels 1–3; 8 total levels) Rats, cats, and double-drats. *34*

Jeff Crook — **EYES OF THE ICEBORN**
(AD&D SideTreks solo adventure, levels 4–7) Fear is coldest when you face it alone. *53*

Michael Selinker — **DARK THANE MACBETH**
(AD&D adventure, levels 9–10; 65 total levels) "Oftentimes, to win us to our harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths." *56*

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China™ Soucebook — *Cancelled*

We regret to report that the **Mystic China™ Sourcebook** has been *cancelled* due to the author's inability to finish the book. Our deepest apology to our fans. We were looking forward to this book as much as you were. With a little luck, it *may* be rescheduled for late 1995 or a 1996 release.

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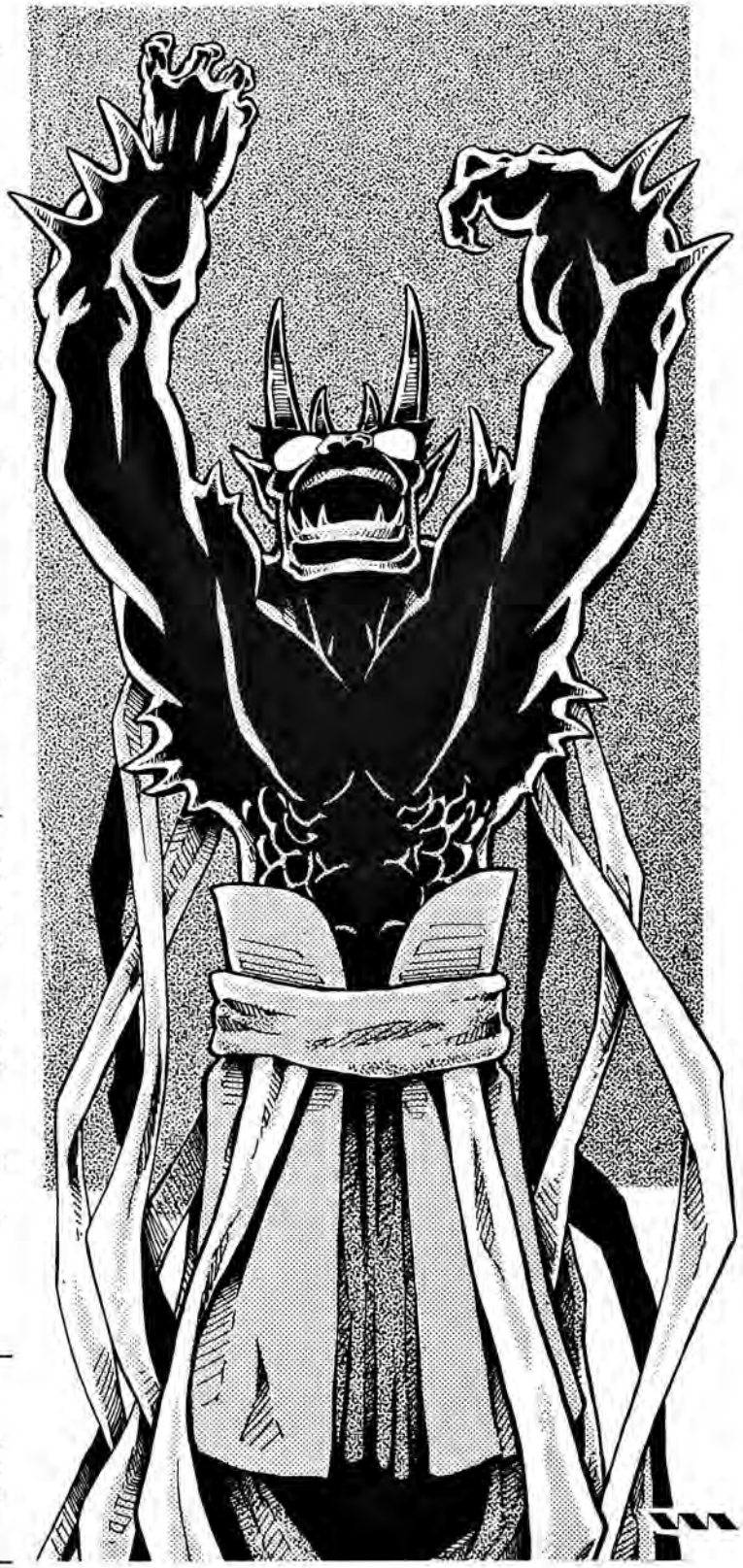

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LETTERS

Tell us what you think about this issue! We'd especially like to read which were your favorite adventures and why you liked them.

We can't print every letter we receive, but we read them all and seriously consider your comments and suggestions. Write to Letters, DUNGEON® Adventures, 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147 U.S.A. You can also contact us by sending electronic mail to tsr.mags@genie.geis.com. We will not publish your address (regular or email) unless you specifically ask us to do so.

Very Upset

Mr. Upset is both right and wrong—more the latter than the former. As mentioned in the editor's response to the letter [in issue #53] TSR employees write modules for DUNGEON Adventures only on occasion. However, he is accurate in saying that the same people seem to do all the writing. The top ten authors account for at least a third of the writing in the magazine. While this may seem bad to a new writer (I've been there!), you have to look at the situation from the editor's perspective. He's not in the business as a public service. He's looking for the best of the best. If you're not there, expect to be rejected. On the other hand, he's not going to reject you out-of-hand, simply because he has never heard of you.

I suggest that Very Upset learn patience. I have been sending in proposals to DUNGEON Adventures since 1986 and have had over 100 of them rejected. Some were rejected because they were lousy ideas. Some were good ideas but not something that the editors were looking for—say they had six desert modules in the works already. After a while, I just sent in proposals out of habit, not even expecting to get a favorable response. I did it just because I loved writing and sharing my ideas. That's the key—you have to love the writing, not the success, because very few of us get rich and famous from writing.

Putting it simply, if you are interested in writing freelance, get used to rejection. It stings, bad. Believe me, I know! But look at it from this perspective: it makes success all the more sweet. Very Upset, keep trying. Don't give up; don't let rejection defeat you. The more you write, the better you'll get. But you have to love writing—that's the key.

John Baichtal
Via email

I have to agree with you, Very Upset. It's terribly upsetting to work hours on a scenario, only to have it rejected with a form letter. I've submitted seven modules and have had seven rejected with the same "not what we're looking for" excuse. Months back, when I read the intro to a module, the author stated several scenarios of his had been passed over prior to that adventure being published. This, plus Willy Walsh's editorial last month, gave me hope to continue.

Recently, however, many ideas have been gathering in my study because I feel DUNGEON Adventures will reject them. Not because I feel my scenarios are substandard—a fact I know to be false, for I've been complimented too many times on the depth of my modules—but because I feel no one, not even the staff of DUNGEON Adventures, can determine how good an adventure can be simply by reading the two-page synopsis. I see the need for shortened story proposals. But are y'all really seeing the potential of each submission, or simply trashing it because: a) the dirty half-dozen (kobolds, goblins, orcs, hobgoblins, skeletons, and zombies) are featured? b) the author is unknown? or c) because you have found the five modules you wish to publish that month and refuse to look further?

Of the 270 adventures published, how many different authors have been published? And how many monthly submissions do you receive on average, of which approximately five are chosen to be published?

The Still-Unpublished Bob Bova
No address given

John and Bob aren't the only ones to have written in response to Very Upset. Many others wrote to offer sentiments similar to John's, encouraging prospective authors to keep writing and submitting adventures. We couldn't agree more with that advice. We won't reject a proposal because we haven't seen the author's name, nor because the proposal includes goblins, orcs, or other common monsters (but see the next letter for more on that point).

DUNGEON Adventures receives about 50 proposals and submissions a month. We do not stop considering adventures once we've found enough to fill the next issue; rather, we are always looking for the best adventures to build up an inventory for the next several issues. Sometimes that inventory is more full than others.

Michelle made a quick estimate of the number of authors whose work has appeared in DUNGEON Adventures. About 120 different writers have made it into the magazine, some of them only once, and others up to 20 times. And even those who have appeared very often have had some proposals turned down, sometimes quite a few! It's all a matter of persistence, practice, and—as John points out—loving to write.

DUNGEON® (ISSN 0890-7102) is published bimonthly by TSR, Inc., 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147 U.S.A. The mailing address for all material **except** subscription orders is DUNGEON®, 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147 U.S.A.; telephone (414) 248-3625; fax (414) 248-0389.

Distribution: DUNGEON is available from game and hobby shops throughout the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom, and through a limited number of other overseas outlets. Distribution to the book trade in the United States is by Random House, Inc., and in Canada by Random House of Canada, Ltd. Distributed to the book trade in the United Kingdom is by TSR Ltd. Send orders to: Random House, Inc., Order Entry Department, Westminster MD 21157, U.S.A.; telephone: (800) 733-3000.

Subscriptions: Subscription rates via second-class mail are as follows: $18 in U.S. funds for six issues sent to an address in the U.S., $23 in U.S. funds for delivery to Canada, $35 in U.S. funds for surface mail delivery to any other address, and $52 in U.S. funds for air mail delivery to any other address. Prices are subject to change without notice. Payment in full must accompany all subscription orders. Payment should be by check or money order, made payable to TSR, Inc., or by charges to valid MasterCard or VISA credit cards. Send subscription orders with payments to: TSR, Inc., P.O. Box 5695, Boston MA 02206. The issue of expiration of each subscription is printed on the mailing label for each subscriber's copy of the magazine. Changes of address for the delivery of subscription copies must be received at least six weeks prior to the effective date of the change, in order to assure uninterrupted delivery.

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Too Many Dragons

I have noticed in many publications within the last year that there seems to be a strong dragon theme. I myself am working on a submission which involves dragons, inspired by the encounter in "Thiondar's Legacy" (issue #30). I have drafted, re-written, re-typed, and re-started this endeavor many times over the past nine months. It's not that I want to make sure I don't copy ideas from previous issues; I simply wish to submit my best. However, I am hesitant to submit it because of the recent dragon adventures.

Troy A. Hedinger
138 Lincoln Street
P.O. Box 541
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Dragons are, logically enough, one of the most popular monsters for ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® adventures. Unless we begin receiving quite a lot of mail asking for fewer dragons, every submission which includes that most ubiquitous of fantasy creatures—or any of Bob Bova's "dirty half-dozen"—has as much chance of any other of being published. What's important is that the adventure itself is interesting and well written. Our writers guidelines recommend you avoid these common archetypes at first, but that's so that first-time authors challenge themselves to come up with fresh ideas. The best authors can take the most common of elements and make them extraordinary.

Small World

Some time ago, you gave me the address and number of Ian Ireland, who wrote to you because he'd seen my name in DUNGEON Adventures for "Ailamere's Lair" (issue #51). We were best friends in high school, and we had been out of touch for about six years. But now we're in regular contact. (In fact, I think that once I've sent this, I'll write him to ask whether he'll be Best Man at my wedding this summer.) I am grateful to you for forwarding that info, and he sends his thanks, too.

Steve Fetsch
Via email

Convention Announcements?

To tell the truth, issue #52 was the first issue of DUNGEON Adventures that I have read. I was very impressed with it. I've seen DRAGON® Magazine's convention schedules. Why doesn't DUNGEON Adventures have them also?

I would like to hear from anyone who'd like to write about the D&D® game. Thanks!

Chris Leon
12411 Osborne Street #14
Pacoima, CA 91331

DUNGEON Adventures and DRAGON Magazine are sister publications rather than competitors, so we don't want to duplicate the efforts of one in the other. Besides, we try to fit as many pages of great adventures in every issue, so there isn't much room for other features. So you won't find convention announcements or Sage Advice here. But if you can think of any short (one- or two-page), adventure-related features you'd like to see here, send us your ideas!

Doh!

Issue #52, "Welcome to the Krypthome," page 33, map "Krypthome and Mines": How do I get into the kitchen?!

Ken Gagne
TSR Online Bulletin Board on GEnie

On page 18 of your most recent issue (#53, "Spellbook Masquerade"), there is a table with overlapping values. I assume this is a misprint, and the 2–5 is supposed to be 4–5. Is this correct?

Scott Powell
via email

P.S. This must be your best issue ever.

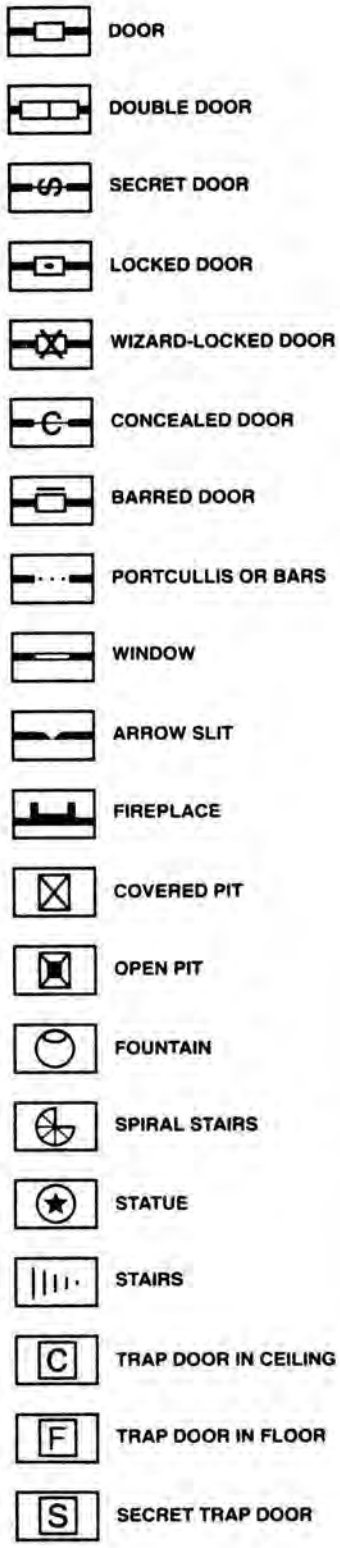
Would you believe these were carefully inserted anomalies intended to generate mail? No? Would you believe . . .

Oh, all right. We confess. As for the map of Krypthome and Mines, there is indeed a door missing. It should appear on the wall between the hall (area 3) and the kitchen (area 4). And Scott's right about the table in "Spellbook Masquerade"—just consider the second value to be 4–5.

Ω

MAP SYMBOLS

These symbols are used on most maps in DUNGEON® Adventures.



UNHALLOWED GROUND

BY DAN DE FAZIO

A monster amonkst us

Artwork by Terry Dykstra

Dan writes: *"I'd like to dedicate this adventure to my outstanding group of players: Michele, Frank, Ray, Veronica, and Kevin. We have played together for two years, and they are truly the best players a DM could ask for."*

"Unhallowed Ground" is an AD&D® mystery adventure designed for a party of 3–5 PCs, levels 2–4 (about 12 total levels). The action is set in a remote monastery run by a failing order of monks. The monks are members of the Church of the One True Faith, a generic lawful good religion which may represent the followers of Ilmater in the Realms, Rao or St. Cuthbert on Oerth, or Haelyn in Anuire. If the adventure is played using the background provided with a Historical Reference book such as *The Crusades* or *A Mighty Fortress*, the monks are Benedictine. The monastery may be located in any mountainous region at the beginning of winter.

The presentation of "Unhallowed Ground" is slightly different from that of most AD&D scenarios. It is organized in terms of scenes (hereafter referred to as "chapters") rather than rooms. The room descriptions are kept to a minimum as they will be of little importance during the course of the adventure; important details of rooms are included in the various chapters. The adventure is fairly linear, but the DM should be familiar with the entire text in case the PCs do something unexpected.

Adventure Background

The monastery of Montelegro was once a major center of academia, but it fell out of favor when its library burned to the ground some 20 years ago. (The fire is rumored to have been started by the candle of a monk who fell asleep while reading.) Without books to attract scholars and patrons, the order of monks that run the monastery has dwindled. Now the monastery is a mere shell, its once-thriving halls empty. Only 21 monks remain.

The order that runs Montelegro supports a number of scribes dedicated to copying and illuminating books of all kinds (see sidebar). The most talented of these illuminators was Brother Abel of Corbone, a young monk fresh out of the university. A few days prior to the adventure, Brother Abel witnessed a miraculous sight. While walking about on the outskirts of the monastery, he beheld a

vision of his god. The vision instructed him to build a well upon the spot where he stood. If Abel did this, the god promised prosperity would return to Montelegro.

Brother Abel went straight to his immediate superior, Brother Bernadino, and told him of his vision. Brother Bernadino was infuriated with Abel and accused him of lying. He forbade Abel to speak of the incident with anyone else and warned Abel that saying such things constituted heresy, punishable by banishment from the order. Having taken a vow of obedience (see the "Monks of Montelegro" sidebar), Brother Abel did as he was told.

The heart of Brother Bernadino's rage was his intense jealousy of Brother Abel. Bernadino was outraged at the prospect of their god appearing to Abel instead of to him. After all, Brother Bernadino had served selflessly for nearly 30 years. Why would the vision appear to Abel, a mere novice, rather than Bernadino, his proven servant? The more Bernadino thought about Abel's vision, the more jealous and angry he became.

Bernadino decided that Abel needed to be taught a lesson in humility. To that end he gathered his two loyal, blindly stupid underlings, Brother Gugliemo and Brother Edmund, and entered the sleeping Brother Abel's cell. The three of them subdued Abel and took him to the monastery's slaughterhouse. There Brother Bernadino whipped Abel mercilessly, ordering him to confess his sins and admit he had fabricated the vision. Brother Abel refused, claiming the vision was genuine. Bernadino continued the scourging, and at last the beating proved too much for Abel's weak heart. The young monk died, unwilling to retract the vision he knew to be true.

Bernadino was seized with fear. He hadn't meant to kill Abel, only to teach him a lesson. Realizing this excuse would not satisfy the authorities, he and his conspirators tossed Abel's body off the scriptorium roof onto the rocky hillside below. When the body was found, it would look as if Abel committed suicide, or perhaps slipped while playing a prank.

The plan worked perfectly. Everyone believed that Brother Abel had killed himself. According to the laws of the church, those who die by their own hand may not be buried in consecrated ground. So instead of being interred in the monastery cemetery, Brother Abel was buried by the side of the road leading up to the monastery gates . . . in unhallowed ground.

That was three days ago. On the first night of the adventure, Brother Abel rises as a revenant and seeks revenge on Brothers Gugliemo, Edmund, and Bernadino. Coincidentally, the PCs arrive on the same night, seeking lodging for the evening. During the night, the guilty monks start turning up dead one by one. It will be up to the PCs to stop the revenant before it kills the last monk on its list, Brother Bernadino. Only by burying Brother Abel's remains in the monastery's cemetery will the revenant rest once and for all.

Chapter 1: Arrival

The sun is setting as the PCs approach the monastery. Good excuses to get them to visit include:

1. One of the PCs' horses loses a shoe, slowing it down. There is not enough time to reach the nearest inn.
2. The only two inns in the town of Montelegro are completely filled with members of a large caravan. The PCs have no choice but to seek shelter at the monastery.
3. The PCs took a wrong turn somewhere (the PC with the lowest Intelligence score was reading the map).
4. An academic PC wizard or cleric wants to stop to peruse the remnants of the monastery's library, or just to see what was saved from the fire.
5. Bad weather forces the PCs to seek shelter at the monastery.

Whatever the hook, the adventure begins as the PCs are traveling along the road that leads past the monastery gates. Read the following passage aloud:

> You are traveling a frozen road, surrounded by a bleak landscape. Rocky terrain dotted by a few bare trees stretches to the horizon. In the distance, perched on a rocky cliff, is a crumbling stone structure surrounded by a high gray wall. Only the spires of a church rise above the wall. Your map says this is the monastery of Montelegro.
>
> You are 300' from the monastery's gate when you spy a lonely grave on the side of the road. It looks fresh. The marker is nothing more than a plank with some lettering on it, though you can't read the lettering from the road.

If the PCs examine the marker it reads "Brother Abel of Corbone, beloved of Montelegro. Aged 19 years." Clerics will think this odd, as deceased monks are usually buried on monastery grounds. Once the PCs have finished examining the grave, read the following:

> You continue down the road toward the monastery. Two immense oak doors stand wide open, allowing you to enter. High above you looms an iron portcullis, covered with layers of rust. Upon entering the monastery grounds, you see several buildings to your left and an orchard to your right. The largest buildings are before you, and straight ahead is the cloister. To your right is a large church, its spires straining as if to touch the overcast sky. Surrounding the church is a graveyard.

Clever PCs may make a connection with the previous grave. Monks are usually buried with their own kind in consecrated ground. It is very odd that one of their number would be buried outside (for the graveyard still has plenty of room).

At this point the PCs are approached by a monk who is just finishing his day in the winery. Read the following:

> "Greetings, brothers and sisters," says a heavy-set monk carrying a pail. "I am Brother Horatio. Welcome to the Monastery of Montelegro. How may I be of assistance?"

If the PCs ask for lodging, Horatio leads them into the cloister and asks them to wait while he informs the abbot. The cloister is a covered stone path lined with pillars. It surrounds a modest garden containing a shallow pool and several statues of holy figures. In a few minutes, Brother Horatio returns and shows the PCs into the abbot's office, in the chapter house.

> Brother Horatio leads you into the chapterhouse, a one-story, ivy-covered building. The abbot's office is a 15' × 15' room dominated by a large desk. Shelves filled with books and scrolls line the walls and statues of holy men and women stare down at you. Behind the desk are two elderly men, one standing and one seated. The sitting man is on the heavy side, with thinning white hair and a polite

smile. The other is taller and thin, with a leathery complexion that reminds you of the cover of an old book.

"May the spirit's blessing be upon you," the heavier monk says. "Welcome to the monastery of Montelegro. I am the abbot, Brother Anselm, and this is the chief scribe, Brother Bernadino."

Brother Bernadino nods.

"We are simple folk and have little, but all we have is yours. The very able Brother Horatio will show you to your quarters in the lay staff's dormitory. We have no staff and only three initiates staying there, so you'll practically have the entire building to yourself. Dinner will be served at the stroke of the bell. Kindly leave your weapons in your room. You will have no need for them here, I assure you."

Intelligent PCs recognize that disarming themselves is the polite thing to do, especially since the monastery isn't charging them for their room and board. If the PCs are curious, Brother Anselm and Brother Bernadino answer any questions that the PCs may have about the monastery. If they mention Brother Abel, Anselm and Bernadino look at each other for a moment, then Anselm answers the question, his voice taking on a tone of sorrow.

"Brother Abel was a brilliant young illuminator, perhaps the finest I have ever encountered in my long career at this monastery. Tragically, Brother Abel took his own life three days ago, by jumping off the roof of the scriptorium and down the cliff-face. Our teachings say this is a terrible sin—even worse than murder, for a suicide allows no chance for the sinner to receive penance. As a result, we are not permitted to bury those bodies in consecrated ground. Abel's death was a terrible loss for all the monks, especially Brother Bernadino, who supervised Abel's work."

Brother Bernadino nods in agreement, his head heavy with sorrow.

If the PCs ask why Abel might have taken his own life, Brother Anselm motions for Brother Bernadino to answer:

The Monks of Montelegro

The monks of Montelegro are a small but proud order. The majority of the monks spend their time copying and illuminating manuscripts, and the rest attend to the simple needs of the abbey. They wear loose-fitting brown robes and sandals. The monks take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Poverty means they are not allowed to collect monetary wealth, so the monks have few if any possessions. Chastity means the monks are not allowed to marry and must remain celibate. Obedience means they swear to obey the orders given to them by their church, the authority of which is embodied in their immediate superiors. If a monk is told by his immediate superior to do something, he does it without question.

The monks of Montelegro receive most of their money by begging in the town of Montelegro, located about a mile away from the monastery. All of the money goes into the monastery's coffers. The monks are not allowed to keep any of it.

The largest and most prosperous monasteries receive monetary assistance from nobles, governments, churches, and wizard's guilds. This money is used to expand a monastery's library, which scholars often travel miles to consult. Because books are rare and expensive in most medieval fantasy worlds, monasteries are invaluable to sages, wizards, and other academics. Competition between monasteries is fierce, with each trying to assemble more and rarer books than the next. Often an extremely rare book or artifact (most commonly the bones of some saint) will bring a monastery fame and cause its fortunes to increase. Montelegro has attracted few initiates in recent years, for young monks seek to enter only the most prestigious monasteries. Only a miracle can save Montelegro from closing. Such a miracle will occur only if the PCs discover the contents of Abel's vision and dig the well (see Epilogue).

A Day in the Life of a Monk

Lauds (6:00 AM): The monks are awakened by the church bell. They rise, wash their faces, and go to the church for morning mass. Breakfast, usually porridge, is served in the dining hall.

Prime (7:30 AM; daybreak): The monks attend to their duties, either tending the fields and livestock or copying manuscripts in the scriptorium.

Terce (9:00 AM): Brief break for prayers; afterwards work continues.

Sext (Noon): A midday meal of bread, soup, and cheese or fruit (when in season) served in the dining hall. After an hour the monks return to work.

Nones (3:00 PM): Work continues.

Vespers (4:30 PM): The monastery bells ring twice to signal the end of work for the day. A dinner of bread, pork, poultry, fruit or vegetables, and wine is served in the dining hall. After dinner the monks gather in the church to sing prayers for 30 minutes or so.

Compline (6:00 PM): The monks retire to their cells for the evening and go to bed before 7:00 PM The sun sets at 5:00 PM and rises at 7:00 AM this time of the year.

Statistics for the average monk are AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level human; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (unarmed); ML 10. A total of 21 monks live at the monastery, including the abbot and three initiates. The abbot and the infirmarian are both clerics, and their statistics are presented later.

The monks are pacifists and possess no weapons. The only thing protecting the monastery is the 20' high wall that surrounds it. The monastery has not been attacked in over 50 years, and the monks are confident it never will be again, for the surrounding area has become much more civilized since that time.

A word on alignment: Although the monks are generally lawful good, it is possible for morally shady characters to join their ranks. The abbot would never think of casting *know alignment* on a member of the order, for this would undermine the sense of trust that the monastery strives to foster. It is also important to remember that the monks are human. They feel emotions such as anger, lust, and jealousy just like other people—they just don't act on them.

Every so often a monk may fall from grace, which is what happened to Brother Bernadino. The monks involved in the death of Brother Abel are presented as neutral in alignment because they are motivated by jealousy and selfishness, not overt cruelty.

"Perhaps he was caught in a fit of melancholy," Bernadino says. "Perhaps he was unhappy with his work here. Or perhaps he harbored some secret that he couldn't confess. It is difficult to tell. And now, alas, we shall never know."

Brother Anselm is a brilliant theologian and skilled administrator. He always maintains a positive outlook on life and gives everyone the benefit of the doubt. He believes that everyone is basically good and that all transgressions are forgiven as long as the transgressor is truly penitent. Brother Anselm trusts all the other monks completely and would be shocked to learn the circumstances behind Abel's death.

Abbot Anselm: AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; C3; hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; I 18, W 16, Ch 15; ML 14. Spells: *bless, cure light wounds, protection from evil, purify food and drink; augury, know alignment, withdraw.*

Anselm will use his *know alignment* spell only on individuals whom he suspects of having hostile intentions. He will not use it on his underlings, regardless of how much the PCs protest. He also insists that the PCs respect the monks' privacy; he asks the adventurers not to cast any spells on the monks.

Brother Bernadino is a tall man who walks with a slight stoop. His face is thin and worn-looking, his skin stretched tight over his bones. He is 45 years old, but looks much older, the result of the suffering he underwent as a young man, in his days as a warrior for the church. Bernadino is in charge of all the illuminators and is the senior administrator serving the Abbot.

Brother Bernadino, chief scribe: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; F2; hp 13; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (unarmed); ML 15.

Bernadino began serving the church as a crusader, but his career was cut short when he was captured and imprisoned by enemy forces. While imprisoned he was cruelly tortured. Only his faith kept him alive. Eventually he was rescued, although his trials left him physically shattered and unable to continue as a warrior. It was at this point that Bernadino decided to become a monk.

Bernadino became a brilliant scholar and dedicated illuminator. He always assumed that his god had saved his life because he had a special role to play. He waited patiently for the day when his god would reward his suffering with glory.

When Abel approached Bernadino with his story, it was like a slap in the face to the chief scribe. Why would their god appear to a mere novice rather than to Bernadino, who had suffered for so many years for the church? The more Bernadino thought about the situation, the angrier he became. Finally he snapped and whipped Abel to death.

Bernadino is now struggling to suppress his guilt. He did not mean to kill Abel, only to teach him a lesson. Fearing the consequences of his actions, the chief scribe has decided that silence is the best policy. But as the adventure unfolds, Bernadino will become consumed by his guilt, eventually confessing his sins (see Chapter 13).

When Anselm and Bernadino have answered all the PCs' questions, the party members are shown to their quarters in the lay staff's dormitory. Their quarters are private, 8′ × 8′ cells, each furnished wth a cot, desk, and chest. Each cell has a window with a view of the monastery. None of the doors are equipped with locks. Overly cautious PCs may be disturbed about the lack of locks on the doors, but Brother Horatio tells them none of the monks have locks on their doors either.

"It is different here than in the cities," Horatio explains. We trust each other completely. Trust is the foundation of our order."

Horatio instructs the PCs to ask the initiates for help if they need anything. As soon as the PCs are finished unpacking, a bell rings and Brother Horatio shows them to the dining hall for dinner.

Chapter 2: Dinner

Dinner is a solemn affair, eaten in silence. The PCs are expected to eat in silence as well, and their presence attracts little attention from the brothers. The dinner consists of stew, bread, hard cheese, and a small goblet of wine. During the meal, a monk reads aloud from the scriptures in a deep monotone.

As soon as the monks are finished eating, they make their way to the church for vespers. The PCs are expected to attend the service, regardless of their religious backgrounds. Clerics, even those of other religions, will probably jump at this rare opportunity to hear the monks sing their evening prayers.

The church is a cavernous structure, and the many candles give it an eerie gold color. The high, arched ceilings are decorated with religious murals. Statues depicting various holy men and women stare down blankly at the proceedings. Incense wafts through the air. The church's acoustics help the monks' voices resonant in a way that is at once moving and haunting.

Observant PCs will notice a hunchbacked monk (Brother Gugliemo) standing on the end of a pew. The next time they look, however, the hunchback is gone.

The service lasts about 30 minutes, after which the PCs return to their rooms. The monastery is closing down for evening prayers and sleep.

Chapter 3: An Intruder

Brother Gugliemo left vespers to the other monks so that he could poke around in the PCs' rooms. He searches through their things, pocketing any items he considers interesting. Gugliemo has an odd conception of what is interesting, and it is unlikely he will take anything of real value. Instead, he steals trinkets such as disgusting spell components or dirty hankerchiefs. The dim-witted Gugliemo does not simply leave, but fiddles around in the PCs' rooms with his new-found toys for a while. Childlike, he loses track of time and is still playing when the PCs return.

The PCs return to find Gugliemo playing on the floor or hiding (if they make noise as they approach). If the PCs even *attempt* to hit Gugliemo, he cowers in a corner and begs them not to beat him anymore. He does not retaliate, for he knows he has done wrong. Make it clear that Gugliemo does not pose a threat.

At this point Brother Edmund arrives at the room, for he guessed that the nosey Gugliemo might pay a visit to the strangers' rooms. Read the following description to the PCs:

Suddenly a short, spectacled monk bursts into the room. "Gugliemo!" he barks, grabbing the hunchback by he ear. "Bad! Bad Gugliemo! I thought I might find you in here!"

The hunchback howls in pain.

"Give back what you've taken!" commands the smaller monk. The hunchback digs into his pockets and pulls out your (*insert whatever items he took*), and drops them on the floor. "Bad! Bad! Bad Gugliemo!" the

hunchback grunts, hitting himself in the head repeatedly.

"I humbly beg your pardon for this intrusion. I am Brother Edmund, and this is Brother Gugliemo."

"Gugliemo! Gugliemo!" the hunchback repeats.

"Quiet! I apologize for the unacceptable behavior of my fellow brother. He is, sadly, a half-wit. Please find it in your heart to forgive him."

"So sorry," Gugliemo sobs. "So sorry . . ."

Before you can react the hunchback falls on his knees before you and begins kissing your feet. "Tell not Bernadino!" he pleads. "Gugliemo not do again. He promises."

Brother Edmund grabs Gugliemo's ear again and pulls him back. "I beg of you not to tell Brothers Bernadino or Anselm about this unfortunate incident," he says. "I would prefer to discipline him myself, rather than embarrass my superiors. What say you, brothers and sisters?"

If the PCs refuse to tolerate Edmund's abuse, the abbot gladly hears them out. (Edmund will be a lot less thrilled at the prospect). Abbot Anselm promises to discipline Edmund and thanks the PCs for their help. Though he disapproves of Edmund's handling of the situation (he should have reported it to the monastery's disciplinarian, Brother Bernadino), Anselm insists that strong discipline is the cure for the weaker monk's failings.

Once the matter is straightened out, Edmund and Gugliemo depart. As he is dragged away, Gugliemo continues pounding his own skull, punctuating his blows with "Bad! Bad! Bad!"

Brother Gugliemo: AL N; AC 9; MV 12; T3; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (unarmed); S 17 (+1, +1), D 15, I 5, W 6, Ch 9; ML 10; PP 4, OL 53, FT 20, MS 35, HS 40, DN 15, CW 87, RL 0.

Gugliemo is hunchbacked and walks with a pronounced limp. He suffers from a mild retardation. He is relegated to performing relatively simple tasks, such as feeding livestock and ringing the church bell. Gugliemo is an accomplished thief, but seldom steals useful or valuable items. Instead he collects whatever trinkets interest him and hides them in his filthy cell, under the belfry. Gugliemo hits himself when he becomes frustrated, and his hobby is collecting different species of insects and tasting them. Gugliemo was chosen as an accomplice by Bernadino because of his unparalleled stupidity.

Brother Edmund, scribe: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level human; hp 4, THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; unarmed.

Brother Edmund is short, thin, and wears thick spectacles. Edmund is Gugliemo's best and only friend, and he is in charge of making sure the hunchback doesn't get into trouble. Despite his small size, Edmund often bullies Gugliemo. Gugliemo puts up with the abuse because none of the other monks pay attention to him.

Bernadino chose Brother Edmund as an accomplice because of Edmund's strong dislike of Brother Abel. Edmund was fiercely jealous of Brother Abel's skill as an illuminator.

Chapter 4: Death at Matins

Just after midnight, Brother Abel rises from his grave as a revenant and sneaks onto the monastery grounds via a hole in the wall. The revenant enters the church (which is always open) and heads for Gugliemo's cell, where he strangles the hunchback to death. He carries Gugliemo's body up the belfry stairs and ties him upside down to the tongue of the bell. Once Gugliemo's body is secure the revenant rings the bell, summoning the monks to the belfry. Long before they arrive, he disappears into the night, waiting to claim his next victim. It is about 2:30 AM

If the bell tower is occupied by the PCs, Abel takes the body to the mill and secures his prey to the grinding stone. The low rumble and creak of the mill's wheel and stones wakes the monks.

Assuming the tower is empty, read the following aloud:

You are awakened from a sound sleep by the sharp, metallic ringing of a church bell. You look out the window to see the lights in the monastery being lit. A deep bell is ringing at the top of the belfry.

The ringing bell may immediately strike the PCs as odd. The monks don't rise until the sun does. The DM should give the impression that something is terribly amiss. Adventurers worthy of the name will investigate. When they arrive at the belfry, read the following:

You push your way through the crowd of monks to the top of the stairs. The large bell has stopped ringing, but all is far from well. A hand dangles down from inside the bell. A body has apparently been tied to the bell's tongue. On the side of the bell, "Penance Is Done" is written in red liquid.

If the PCs cut the body down, they discover it is Brother Gugliemo. His head is a bloody mess, banged against the bell at least a dozen times, but his features are still recognizable. Closer inspection reveals bruises around his neck. The bruises distinctly resemble fingers, implying that the victim was strangled. If the red lettering is examined it proves to be not blood, but holy oil. Any well-read or devout PC will know that oil is commonly used to anoint the dead. In the monks' faith, oil is a symbol of forgiveness.

Within moments, Brother Anselm and Brother Bernadino are on the scene. Both men are terribly shocked. Anselm orders all the monks save two back to their cells immediately. He instructs the two remaining monks to take Gugliemo's body to the infirmary, then asks the PCs to accompany him to his office in the chapter house.

Chapter 5: Meeting with the Abbot

Assuming the PCs have not made themselves suspects, the abbot greets them warmly. Anselm addresses the PCs in his candle-lit office as follows, with Brother Bernadino by his side:

"This turn of events has left me in shock and at a terrible disadvantage," Brother Anselm says. "I hate to impose on guests, but we monks are pacifists and not accustomed to dealing with murderers. That is why I am consulting you on this matter. I want you to find the person responsible for this atrocity. Will you assist us?"

Good aligned PCs should answer yes, but morally questionable PCs may want something in return. Brother Anselm can offer a meager 100 gp from the monastery coffers as well as a few potions and scrolls (details can be found in the Epilogue). If the PCs do not ask for a reward but successfully complete the adventure, the abbot gives them the potions and scrolls anyway.

Brother Anselm makes it clear that his religion prohibits killing, and he stresses that he wants the murderer captured, not killed ("Enough blood has been shed here already.") Brother Anselm assigns the PCs a guide, a novice by the name of Plutarch, who can answer any questions the PCs have about the monastery.

Plutarch, initiate: AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level human; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 7, D 13, C 9, I 12, W 15, Ch 13; ML 7. Plutarch is a bright lad of 15 with brown hair and eyes. He knows the monastery inside out and can answer basic questions about the monks' beliefs and customs. He is eager to help the PCs.

The abbot grants the PCs access to all areas of the monastery, including its library. He cautions the PCs, however, not to threaten the monks or accuse them of crimes without evidence. He forbids the PCs to cast spells on the monks without proof that they have done something wrong. Brother Anselm recommends that the PCs begin their inquiries either in Gugliemo's cell (Chapter 6) or at the infirmary (Chapter 8). However, the PCs may choose to interrogate Brother Edmund, on the pretense that he was probably the last person to see Gugliemo alive (Chapter 7). The three areas can be visited in any order.

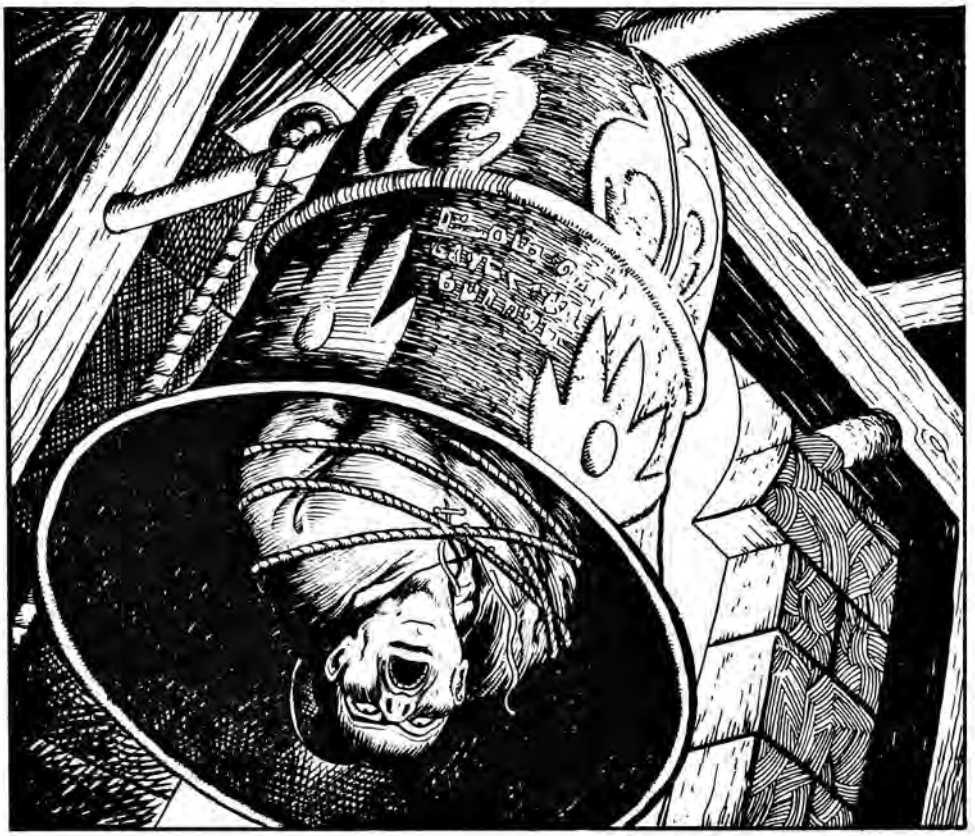
Chapter 6: A Visit to Gugliemo's Cell

This dank and dirty cell reeks of unwashed feet. Gugliemo has an extensive collection of insects, scabs, a bird's wing, and other gross toys. The one thing Gugliemo's cell does not contain is clues, which quickly becomes apparent.

Chapter 7: Brother Edmund's Cell

Brother Edmund can be found in his cell in the dormitory. This large, cold, two-story building houses all the monks in individual cells similar to the ones in which the PCs are staying. Edmund is in shock, but will speak to the PCs:

> Edmund seems stunned and distracted, but says, "I left Gugliemo in his cell at compline after chastising him. I swear to you I never laid a hand on him. I just yelled at him and threatened to take away his bug collection if he ever tried to steal again. I swear he was alive when I last saw him!"



Edmund tells the PCs that he doesn't know who would want to kill Gugliemo. This is a lie; Edmund suspects Bernadino of trying to silence Gugliemo. Furthermore, Edmund believes that he is probably next. He will not reveal these thoughts to the PCs, however, for fear of being implicated in Abel's murder.

Observant PCs will notice that Edmund is too small and frail to strangle Gugliemo, let alone stuff him upside down into a bell. Furthermore, Edmund has an alibi; he is a heavy sleeper and was woken by Brother Severio from the cell next door when the bell rang.

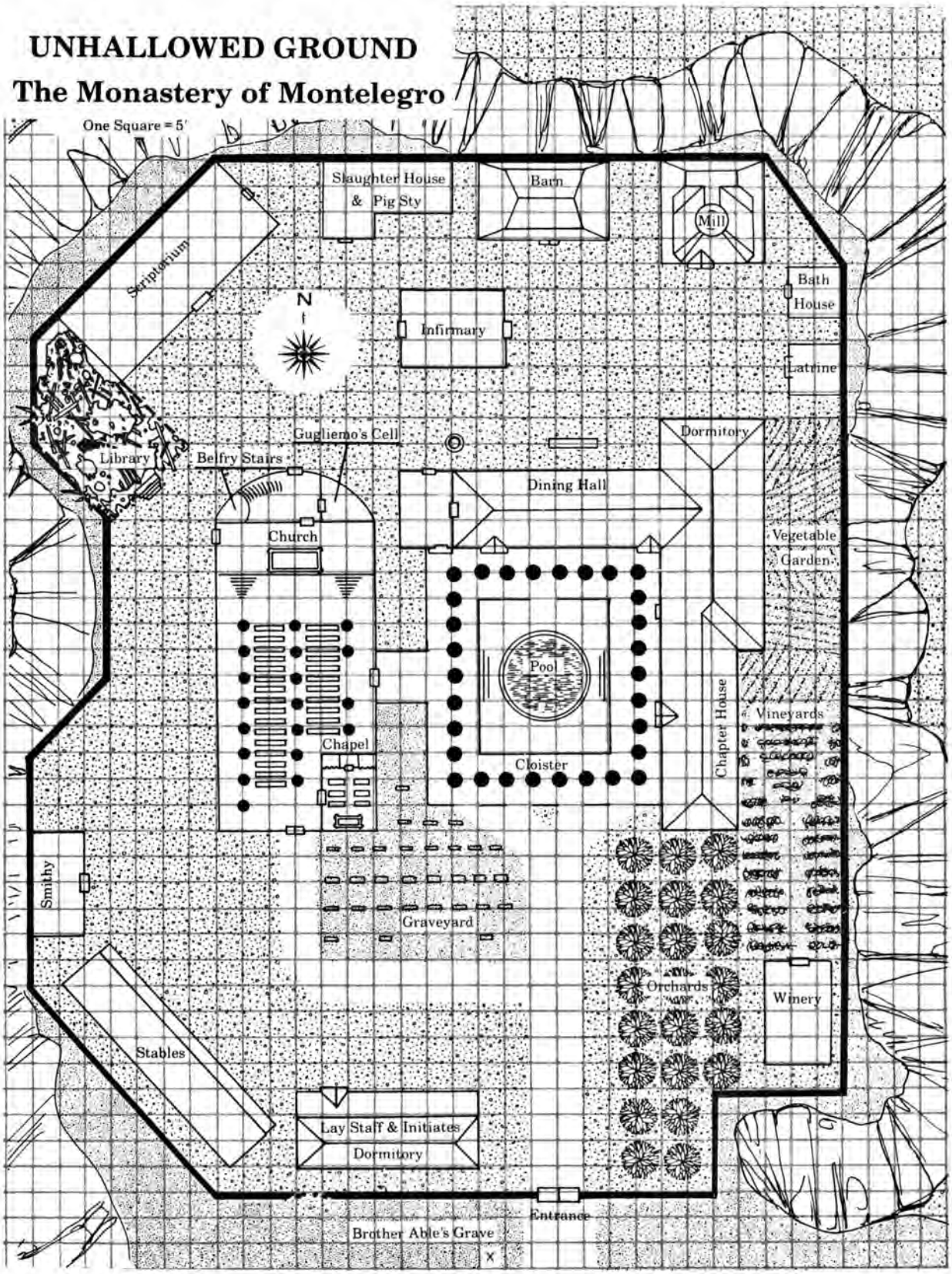
Intelligent PCs may still be suspicious of Edmund; after all, he could have acted with accomplices. However, they lack sufficient evidence to justify detaining Edmund for any period of time. If he is persistently harassed by the PCs, Edmund will complain to Abbot Anselm or Brother Bernadino.

Chapter 8: A Visit to the Infirmary

At the infirmary the PCs will meet Brother DeBrace, an elderly monk with white hair and a beard. He has Brother Gugliemo's body laid out on a dressing table and has just finished sponging it off. PCs who wish to investigate the body gain one of the following clues for each successful Intelligence check they make. Each PC is allowed two checks.

1. Gugliemo seems to have been strangled, and his large size indicates the attacker must possess tremendous strength.
2. By the positioning of the marks, the PCs can conclude that the attacker was at least as tall as Brother Gugliemo (Brother Edmund is much shorter).
3. Since there are no marks on the body other than on the neck, the PCs may conclude that there was only one attacker.
4. Brother Gugliemo's hands are coated with two foreign substances. The first is clay, the type commonly found surrounding the monastery. The second is dried blood, wedged under the fingernails, indicating Gugliemo wounded his attacker. The areas of skin most likely to be exposed and thus scratched are the attacker's face, hands, or arms; the attacker may be scarred there.

The profile of the murderer(s) emerges as between 5'7" and 5'10" in height,


UNHALLOWED GROUND
The Monastery of Montelegro
One Square = 5'
Slaughter House & Pig Sty
Barn
Mill
Bath House
Latrine
Scriptorium
N
Infirmary
Guglielmo's Cell
Dormitory
Library
Belfry Stairs
Dining Hall
Church
Vegetable Garden
Pool
Chapter House
Vineyards
Chapel
Cloister
Smithy
Graveyard
Orchards
Winery
Stables
Lay Staff & Initiates Dormitory
Entrance
Brother Able's Grave

with scars or lacerations on the face or hands, wearing clay-encrusted clothes, and possessing great strength. None of the monks fit this description, though one of the PCs might.

Inquisitive PCs may ask about Brother Abel's condition when he was brought to the infirmary. If they do, Brother DeBrace tells them the following:

> "Brother Abel died of a broken neck sustained by falling from a great height, in this case the scriptorium roof. There were other marks on his body, most notably welts on his back and thighs, that were not consistent with a fall. At the time of his death I assumed those marks were self-inflicted, since many members of our order whip themselves to purge unclean thoughts or to gain spiritual insight. This made sense in conjunction with a state of despondence: Brother Abel whipped himself to purge his guilt for impure thoughts or deeds. Unable to relieve his guilt or shame through corporal punishment, he jumped off the scriptorium roof.
>
> "I confess I may have let my faith in my order blind me toward another possibility: that Abel was pushed off the roof. Prior to tonight I wouldn't have thought a member of this order capable of such an act of violence. Now I'm not so sure. I can assure you of this, however: there was nothing written near Abel's body as there was near Gugliemo's."

Brother DeBrace has nothing else to tell the PCs. He recommends the PCs look for clues either in Gugliemo's room (see Chapter 6) or in Abel's cell (Chapter 9).

Brother DeBrace, infirmarian: AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; C4; hp 14; THAC0 16; Dmg by weapon type (unarmed); S 4, D 9, C 7, I 16, W 17, Ch 13; ML 14; potions of *healing* (×8), *extra-healing* (×4). Spells (5/4): *bless, cure light wounds* (×3), *create water; hold person, resist fire, slow poison* (×2).

Brother DeBrace is the oldest monk in the order, approaching his 70th birthday. He uses both magical potions and natural elixirs to soothe the pains of the monks. Cures for everything from snake bites to headaches may be found on the shelves of his well-stocked infirmary. DeBrace is compassionate and eager to help the PCs.

Chapter 9: Abel's Cell

Abel's cell contains a desk, chest, and bed, just like the other cells but the room has not been cleaned since Abel's death. The bed is unmade, and the chest contains Abel's spare robe and a spare pair of sandals. The sandals look practically new.

Under the bed is a clue—a pair of worn sandals. The night of his murder, Brother Abel put his sandals under the bed, as he always did before retiring for the evening. When Gugliemo and Edmund took Abel from the room by force that night, the sandals were left behind.

With any luck, the players will wonder why Abel wandered up to the roof in his robe but without his sandals. Give them a few minutes to come up with this connection on their own. If they don't, allow them Intelligence checks at a −4 penalty. A successful check gives the PC a funny feeling about the shoes, but don't just give them the clue unless they use an *augury* or *idea* spell. If the PCs talk to Brother DeBrace at the infirmary, he confirms that Abel died barefoot. DeBrace had simply assumed Abel's sandals fell off when his body hit the rocks.

As the PCs are examining the room a young monk named Brother Malich approaches them:

> "Greetings, brothers and sisters," says a young, pale-faced monk. "I am Brother Malich. I live in the next cell. I wish to speak with you on the matter of Brother Abel's death, if you would hear me."
>
> Brother Malich glances down the dark corridor nervously before shutting the door. "An evil force prowls the halls," he whispers cautiously. "I fear that more murders will be committed if I do not speak out. I was a close friend of Brother Abel, and I don't believe that he killed himself as everyone seems to think. Just the week before his death he spoke to me about the peace and contentment he had found here at the monastery. He loved life, his faith, and his work. I don't believe he could have taken his own life.
>
> "I am cursed with insomnia. On the night of Brother Abel's death, I was reading in my cell when I heard movement in Brother Abel's room and the adjacent corridor. I assumed that Abel was hungry and was going downstairs for a late repast. I continued reading my book and drifted into sleep, thinking nothing of what I had heard. The next morning I was told that Abel had thrown himself from the scriptorium roof.
>
> "A dreadful image has since plagued my thoughts: what if Abel was taken to the top of the scriptorium against his will and pushed off?"

Of course, the PCs will probably already suspect that Abel was murdered, but if they question Brother Malich, he can provide one additional important clue. If asked why someone would want to kill Brother Abel, Malich replies:

> "I can't imagine why. He was such a kind, humble soul. He never had a disagreement with anyone. He was totally committed to his work, always working on some manuscript at that desk of his in the scriptorium. Working, working. He even worked through lunch. Often he would spend his free evenings working on a project. If I hadn't seen him walk, I might have thought that that desk was a part of him."

This clue may lead the PCs to Abel's desk in the scriptorium and the diary hidden within (Chapter 12).

As the PCs finish looking around Abel's cell, they hear screams coming from the cloister (see Chapter 10). Note that the PCs should not go to the scriptorium (Chapter 12) before Edmund's death in Chapter 10. If the PCs decide to visit Abel's room early on in the adventure, delay and distract them with the other chapters. If they are insistent, let them explore Abel's room, but don't introduce Brother Malich until after they have visited the infirmary. At that point, Brother Malich approaches them and tell them what he knows.

Chapter 10: Death in the Kitchen

This chapter marks a turning point in the adventure. Prior to this chapter, the PCs must visit the infirmary and Abel's cell. If the PCs have split up to cover several areas at once, try to gather them together before this chapter begins.

While the PCs have been investigating, Brother Edmund decided it might be a good idea to give up his vows of pacifism and arm himself. Because there are no weapons in the monastery, he figured he would settle for a suitably sharp kitchen utensil. Unfortunately, while he was searching for a worth-

while weapon, the revenant caught up with him, strangled him, and dumped his corpse in the kitchen cauldron.

The scene begins when the PCs hear screams from the cloister. They and others who heard the screams arrive to find two monks screaming and pointing at the kitchen door. The monks are too terrified to speak and crumble into hysterics if questioned. When the PCs enter the kitchen, read the following description:

> In an immense brick fireplace rests a large cauldron. A pair of sandaled feet stick out of the cauldron, and on the side of the pot are the words, "Penance Is Done," written in holy oil.

At this point either the PCs or the monks may empty the cauldron to reveal the following:

> The soggy corpse of Brother Edmund flops onto the floor with a sickening squish. Like Brother Gugliemo, Brother Edmund's neck bears bruises in the shape of strangling fingers. Outside the room, several monks are consoling Brothers Francois and Raphael, who had the misfortune of finding the body. After they regain their composure, the monks tell their story.
>
> Unable to sleep, Brother Francois was staring out his window when he spotted Edmund sneaking through the cloister and into the kitchen. Curious, Francois decided to follow him, taking Brother Raphael with him for safety. When the two monks opened the kitchen door they saw a robed figure leaning over the cauldron. The figure turned, revealing its face—that of Brother Abel of Corbone!
>
> The two monks screamed and fled, colliding with each other and nearly knocking themselves unconscious. That's when you arrived.

If the PCs are suspicious of Brothers Francois and Raphael, their innocence is proved by the fact that their hands are free of oil. Also, neither of them looks very strong (both are scribes, not farmers). If the PCs ask if Abel's face was scratched or scarred, they reply in the negative. Revenants, the DM may recall, have the power to regenerate; Abel's scratches from Gugliemo have vanished.

The PCs have difficulty determining which way the revenant went. Three doors lead out of the area, and Abel might have left through any one of them. Any attempts to track him fail, because the ground has recently frozen.

After the PCs question the witnesses, Brother Anselm orders all the monks to gather in the church for safety and to bolt the doors so that no one can enter. Unfortunately, the revenant is already within, hidden in the chapel. The PCs are free to continue their investigations by visiting Abel's grave (Chapter 11) or the scriptorium (Chapter 12).

Chapter 11: A Visit to Abel's Grave

If the PCs visit Abel's grave after midnight, they find it empty except for an open coffin. An examination reveals claw marks inside the coffin lid, as if Abel clawed his way out. This, in fact, is exactly what happened. Frozen tracks in the mud lead from the grave to a small hole in the wall surrounding the monastery. Any PC with the tracking proficiency can follow the tracks automatically, but all others must make a successful Wisdom check with a −5 penalty. The hole in the southwest wall of the monastery is marked on the map. On the other side of the hole, the tracks disappear.

No other clues may be gained by examining Brother Abel's grave.

Chapter 12: A Visit to the Scriptorium

This chapter should not be set in motion until after Brother Edmund's murder. If the PCs decide to come here before then, the DM must modify the rest of the chapters so that the PCs do not find Abel's diary until after Edmund's death. There are two ways to accomplish this. One way is to move the diary to a secret compartment in Abel's chamber. Alternatively, the PCs may fail to find the secret compartment in the desk the first time they search it, only to find it when they return.

At night this cavernous building is cold and dark. Plutarch, the PCs' guide, can direct the party to the illuminating room where Abel worked. Rows upon rows of desks dominate the room. Abel's desk is near the wall, in a secluded corner. On the desk is the manuscript Abel was working on at the time of his death. The desk-top is hinged; within lie quills, parchment, different colored inks, various straight-edges, and a special pair of spectacles for detail work. If

the PCs search inside the desk, they find the bottom can be removed to reveal a secret compartment.

Abel kept a diary during his spare moments, and for privacy he hid it in the compartment. Most of the diary entries are terribly boring descriptions of daily routines, lists of prayers said, and lists of work accomplished. The last entry is the only one of interest to the PCs. The flowery script reads as follows:

"Today I was privileged beyond all hope to view a vision of incomparable splendor. My god appeared to me while I was walking outside the monastery walls. I trembled in fear, but his words soothed me. He said he was well pleased with me and that he held me in great favor. Then he told me to build a well on the spot where he stood. "The water drawn from the well will heal the sick of all ailments and will be a symbol of my everlasting love. People will come from far and wide to drink from it, and prosperity shall return to Montelegro. Go now, and tell the others."

Words cannot possibly describe the elation I felt at the sight of this vision. I ran straight to the scriptorium and told Brother Bernadino what I had seen. Alas, Brother Bernadino did not believe me. He claimed I was lying. Despite my pleas he remained unconvinced and warned me that to say such things constitutes heresy and could warrant expulsion from the order. He told me not to speak of the vision again, lest he tell the abbot of my heresy.

I confess I do not know what to do. Tonight I shall pray for guidance on this matter. Perhaps another vision will appear and offer me advice.

Alas! The dinner bell has rung a second time. I dare not let Brother Bernadino wait any longer, lest I should further try his patience. I could not end the day, however, without first committing the events of this blessed day to the page.

A crude map reveals the location of Brother Abel's vision: a few hundred feet to southwest of the monastery. This is the last page of the diary. Proceed to Chapter 13.

Chapter 13: Bernadino's Confession

Then the PCs read Abel's diary they may suspect that Bernadino had a hand in Abel's death, and they may seek to confront him. They arrive to find the church locked, the doors barred. If the PCs knock several times, the monks open the doors and hurry them inside. All the remaining monks sit in the church, praying silently and looking frightened. Brother Bernadino is on his knees praying fervently with the rest. By now he knows he is next, but he is still reluctant to confess his involvement.

Abbot Anselm asks the PCs what they have discovered. If the PCs ask to confront Bernadino, the Abbot suggests they do so in the privacy of the chapel. The revenant is hiding there between the pews. Bernadino passionately denies any involvement in the slaying:

> "Yes, I admit I scolded the boy!" he says defensively. "But I did not play a role in his death. I swear it!"
>
> Suddenly, a hollow voice booms from the back of the chapel. "Liar! Confess your sins, ere you be condemned to burn in the pits of hell!"
>
> A hooded figure emerges from between the pews and approaches Brother Bernadino. It is a man of average build dressed in the robes of a monk. It lowers its hood to reveal a white, pasty-looking face, its neck twisted at an impossible angle. It's yellow eyes burn with an infernal fire and are fixed upon the trembling Bernadino, who is paralyzed with fear.
>
> "Abel!" Brother Bernadino gasps. "You're dead! We killed you!"
>
> "My body, perhaps. But not my spirit. And now, Bernadino, the time has come for you to do penance for your murderous crimes!"

The revenant lunges toward Bernadino, oblivious to the gaping onlookers. If the PCs intervene on Brother Bernadino's behalf, they may stop the revenant from clamping its hands around Brother Bernadino's slender neck by winning initiative.

Brother Abel (revenant): AL N; AC 10; MV 9; HD 8; hp 40; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2–16; SA paralyzes victim; SD regenerates 3 hp per round; ML NA; XP 3,000; MM/302.

The revenant wears nothing but a tattered robe and carries a single bottle of holy oil to anoint its victims with. Brother Abel is not your average revenant. Traces of his formerly lawful good alignment remain, resulting in the revenant having a sort of moral code. Although the revenant seeks revenge, it allows its victims the opportunity to repent before it kills them. That way their souls, at least, may be saved. This is why the revenant has saved Bernadino for last: it allows the most serious offender the most time to confess. It also wants him to suffer the most.

The revenant is slow, so after the initial surprise wears off the PCs strike first each round. The revenant strikes only Brother Bernadino, unless the PCs come between the revenant and its target. In this case the revenant attacks the PCs to reach Brother Bernadino. The revenant does not kill the PCs unless absolutely necessary.

The revenant wants Bernadino to die a particularly slow death. If it grabs Bernadino's neck, it deliberately inflicts the minimum damage possible each round. Brother Bernadino is paralyzed with fear and cannot move for five rounds. If Bernadino is still alive when he overcomes his fear, he makes a hurried, half-choked confession to the abbot:

> "Forgive me! I was jealous! Why should Abel be granted those visions and not I? I ordered Brother Gugliemo and Brother Edmund to help me. We took Abel to the slaughterhouse, and I whipped him. I didn't mean to kill him! We threw his body off the roof to make it look like a suicide . . ."

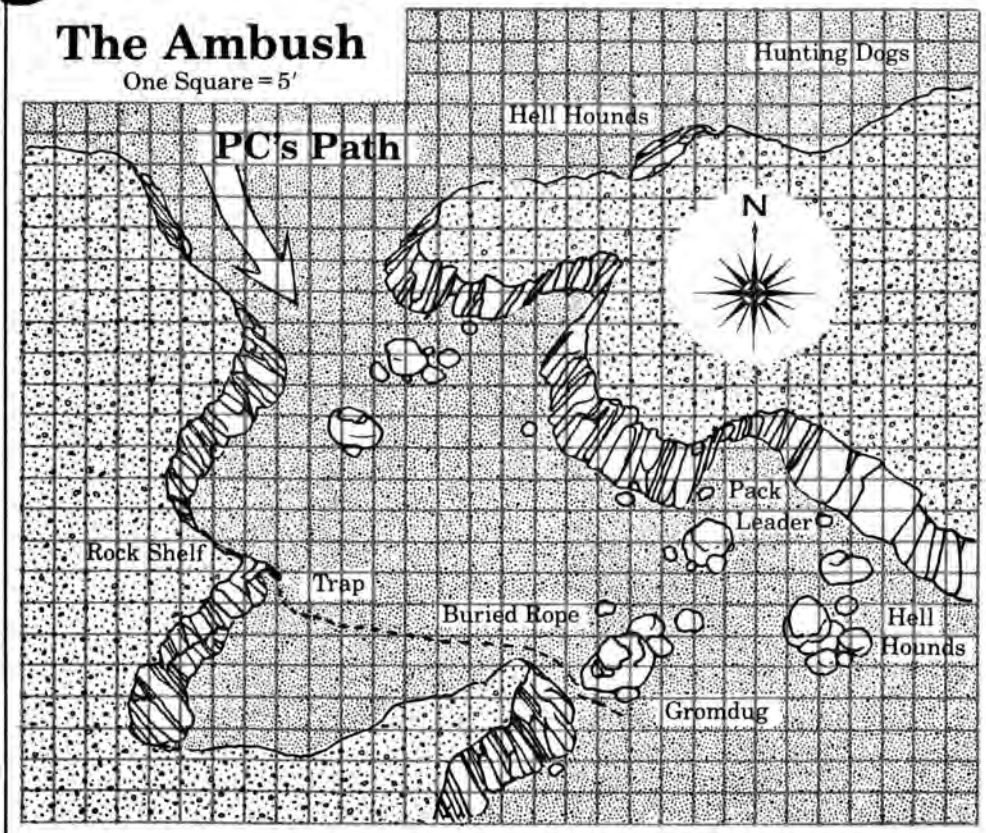
Brother Anselm quickly absolves Bernadino of his transgressions. The revenant keeps attacking, however, until it is destroyed or Bernadino is dead; it snaps Bernadino's neck to prevent healing or curing. If the revenant kills Bernadino, it rapidly decomposes into a pile of bones and ashes.

Epilogue: The Adventure Concluded

Brother Anselm orders Brother Abel's remains to be buried in the graveyard with the rest of the monks of Montelegro. If Bernadino was slain, he is buried there as well.

If the PCs have found the proper clues, they may investigate Brother Abel's vision. If they follow Abel's map, they find a small rose bush growing on the spot where diary says that the god appeared. Despite the bitter cold, the rose bush is in full bloom. If the PCs dig even a few inches into the frozen ground, they release an underground spring. Drinking from the spring restores a wounded PC to full hit points immediately and cures all diseases,

Continued on page 55



Meet a druid's best friend

BY MATT MAASKE

"Fetch!" is an AD&D® SideTrek adventure for 3–7 PCs of levels 3–5 (about 20–25 total levels). A party of good-aligned, rugged PCs, such as druids or rangers, are well suited for this adventure.

The initial encounter occurs as the party travels through a rocky, barren region well away from inhabited areas. It is assumed they follow a road or path, but it is not necessary that they do so for the adventure to work.

A Game of Fetch

Read the following to the players:

> From seemingly out of nowhere, a dog appears on the road ahead of you. He jogs in your direction, wagging his tail, and carrying a stick in his mouth. The animal is obviously well fed and cared for. His coat is shiny black, and he wears a new-looking collar. He approaches one of you, drops the stick at your feet, and barks.

The dog wants to play a game of fetch. He persists in trying to get one of the PCs to play, picking up the stick and dropping it again and again until one of the PCs throws the stick. Not surprisingly, the dog retrieves the stick and drops it at the PC's feet again. Each time a PC touches the stick, have him make an Intelligence check. A successful roll means that the PC has spotted the message carved in the stick by the dog's owner, who is trapped beneath a fallen boulder nearby and needs help. It reads, "Help Trapped NW Road."

FETCH!

Turkeyleg (hunting dog): INT semi-; AL N; AC 7; MV 15; HD 1+1; hp 6; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1–4; SZ S; ML 10; XP 35; MM/57.

Once Turkeyleg trusts the PCs, he excitedly wags his tail, barks, and runs back and forth trying to convince them to follow him. The dog is trying to lead the party to his master. If the PCs utilize a *speak with animals* spell, Turkeyleg explains that his master is hurt and he wants the party to follow him.

A Druid in Need

The dog leads the party to a dry gully not more than 500 yards away from the road. Read the following to the players:

> The dog leads you along a dry, wide ravine. As you round a bend in long-dead river, the dog suddenly rushes ahead and begins licking the face of a fallen elderly human man lying near a steep slope. The man returns the dog's greeting by stroking his coat. The man's leg is pinned under a large slab of rock and other rocks of various sizes surround him. He looks exhausted but manages a smile as you approach.

The human trapped underneath the rock is a retired druid named Gairlock. Doing his best to keep his dignity, he asks the party for their help. They need a combined Strength of 30 to lift the rock off of Gairlock's leg. The druid has only 3 hit points remaining and is not able to walk until he uses his *potion of extra healing* on himself.

Gairlock: AL N; AC 6; MV 9; D3; hp 18; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 12, D 16, C 14, I 13, W 16, Ch 15; ML 14; XP 270; quarterstaff, potion of *extra-healing*. Spells: *create water, entangle, light, pass without trace; goodberry*.

Once rescued, Gairlock gratefully thanks the PCs and offers them a sack containing a dozen *goodberries*. He introduces his dog, Turkeyleg, and proclaims that the PCs will be forever welcome at his home. He then goes on to explain how he got himself into such a predicament.

Gairlock was searching for Turkeyleg's littermates, who ran away from home nearly two weeks ago. Today, as Gairlock searched this area, he discovered a freshly slain fawn. Dismayed by the wanton waste of life, he wanted to bury the carcass. He lifted the dead fawn, saw a rope tied to its leg, and realized too late that it was bait for a trap. Disturbing the fawn triggered a landslide and a large rock knocked him down and smashed his leg. As the PCs talk to the druid, read the following:

> Gairlock's attention is suddenly diverted to something on the horizon. Black smoke rises into the air a few miles away. "Looks like another brush fire," Gairlock explains. "There's been far too many lately; it doesn't seem natural."

At this point, Gairlock decides it's in his best interest to return home and tend to his leg. He tells the party that this fire will most likely burn itself out but that in the future he needs to figure out what's causing them. The druid also tells the party how to find his home and asks the PCs to let him know if they see Turkeyleg's littermates.

Another Trap

The brush fire will indeed burn itself out in 1d10 turns. The fire was set by a pack of hell hounds that runs wild in the wilderness. Gromdug, an outcast bugbear with a predilection for smashing things, runs with them. He is responsible for the trap that caught Gairlock, as well as several other traps set up in the area. Gairlock's dogs have fallen in with this motley crew.

The PCs may decide to investigate the fire. Regardless of their decision, unless they backtrack over the same route to the road, they will stumble upon one of Gromdug's traps. Gromdug and the hell hounds have spotted the PCs and are following them. After a few minutes of travel, read the players the following:

> You stumble on a solitary dwarf's encampment, pitched beneath a natural rock outcropping. As you draw closer, you see that the dwarf passed on some time ago. He lies draped over a small chest in front of a cold fire pit. Several leather bags hang from a support post in front of him.

The outcropping is actually a deadfall trap that Gromdug has baited with something appealing to more intelligent prey. By chipping away at the rock, Gromdug has weakened the outcropping to the point of collapse. The support post is the only thing keeping the rock slab up. A shallowly buried rope is tied to the support post and leads to a high rock formation where Gromdug is hiding. The pack of hell hounds also wait with hungry anticipation not far away. Gairlock's dogs will not attack but instead hang back out of the fray.

Gromdug (bugbear): INT average; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 3+1; hp 16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by morning star at +2 or spear; SA surprise; SZ L; ML 13; XP 120; MM/32.

Pack leader (hell hound): INT low; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 7; hp 39; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1–10; SA breathe fire; SD immune to fire, surprised 1–2 on 1d10; SZ M; ML 13; XP 1,400; MM/187.

Hell hounds (7): INT low; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 4; hp 20, 18, 13 (×3), 10, 9; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1–10; SA breathe fire; SD immune to fire, surprised 1–2 on 1d10; SZ M; ML 13; XP 420; MM/187. A hell hound's breath weapon has a range of 10 yards and causes 1 hp damage per hit dice of the hell hound. These hounds can also spot invisible creatures 50% of the time.

Hunting dogs (3): INT semi-; AL N; AC 7; MV 15; HD 1+1; hp 6, 5, 5; THAC0 19; #At 1; Dmg 1–4; SZ S; ML 10; XP 35; MM/57.

The DM must decide when Gromdug springs the trap. Any creature under the slab of rock when it falls receives 8d6 hp damage. PCs underneath the trap when it is sprung must make two Dexterity checks to avoid being smashed. Making the first means the character is only partially trapped beneath the rock and suffers 4d6 hp damage instead. A successful second check means that character has jumped clear of the trap and suffers no damage.

Once the trap is sprung, the hell hounds circle the survivors and close to within 10 yards. The party suffers a −5 penalty when checking for surprise. From this distance, the hell hounds breathe fire at the PCs. Victims suffer 1 hp damage per hit die of the hell hound. A successful saving throw vs. breath weapon cuts the damage in half. If the hell hounds feel they have the advantage, they close for melee. Gromdug stands well away atop a rise and throws spears; he has learned to stay clear of the hell hounds. If overwhelmed, Gromdug flees.

Gromdug carries a sack containing three silver bars worth 100 gp each. The party needs a combined strength of 70 to move the stone slab and reach the objects under it. The pouches that hung on the support post are stuffed with dried weeds, and the chest is full of rocks. The dwarf wears *chain mail +1*.

Concluding The Adventure

If the PCs defeat the hell hounds, they have solved the problem of the wildfires. The hell hounds were once the pets of a fire giant whose stronghold was overthrown.

Gairlock's dogs hang around after the battle is over, hoping that the PCs will feed them. The PCs will notice right away that the dogs look very similar to Turkeyleg. If anyone in the party shows kindness to the dogs, they become instantly loyal. If the PCs return the dogs to Gairlock, he rewards each PC with a nonmagical jade figurine worth 500 gp. Each PC should also receive a 200 XP bonus for this good deed.

It's up to the DM to determine the location of Gairlock's home. If the DM wishes, the druid may become a major NPC, extending his relationship with the party through many adventures. Ω

THE FIENDS OF TETHYR

BY DAVID HOWERY

A dino-mite adventure

Artwork by David O. Miller

David writes: *This adventure is the result of a strange argument several years ago, about whether dinosaurs could beat fiends in battle. I argued in favor of the dinosaurs.*

"Fiends of Tethyr" is an AD&D® adventure for 5–7 PCs of levels 6–8 (about 42 total levels). It is set in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® nation of Tethyr but could easily be placed in other game worlds. The adventure is best suited for good-aligned PCs. The information in *FR3: Empires of the Sands* is useful for the adventure, but it is not required.

Players Introduction

The PCs are either in the Tethyrian city of Velen or another sea port in the area. Regardless of where they start, the adventure begins with the PCs noticing a written sign posted in the town square. It reads as follows:

> "Notice! Brave adventurers are needed in the city of Velen. Foul tanar'ri from the Abyss are threatening the safety of our citizens and must be hunted down and destroyed. Report to the council hall of Velen for instructions. Substantial reward offered."

If the PCs wish to answer the notice, they must present themselves to the city council of Velen. If they are not in Velen, the PCs must sail there first, but this is easily done, since many trade routes pass through the city.

Velen is a town of 13,000 residents, located on the northwestern edge of the Tethyr peninsula. It is lashed by severe storms in the winter, but the people are superb sailors and make a good living on the ocean. Since the fall of Tethyr's last king, the town has ruled itself through an elected council, chosen from the various districts of the city. Velen has a large militia and a small navy, both of which have experience battling raiding pirates.

The PCs must explain their purpose to the guards at the council hall, and they are then led into the large chamber where the counselors have gathered. The room has two large tables with chairs set around them. One table is occupied by five men and four women (the counselors of Velen). The PCs should note that all but one of the counselors look worried and even scared. The one counselor who is not afraid, a

white-haired scholarly looking man, appears eager and excited. A tall and deeply tanned man rises and introduces himself as Milon, spokesman for the council. He invites the PCs to sit at the other table. Milon starts by saying:

"Thank you for answering our plea for help. Frankly, the situation is beyond us, and we need help from experienced adventurers, such as yourselves. The threat to our town is great, but you should be able to handle it.

"Over the past four months, a dozen farms outside our patrol areas have been attacked and destroyed. All were so isolated that there were no witnesses or survivors. Everyone and everything was slain: the farmers, their families, their livestock, even their dogs. Worst of all, the bodies appear to have been devoured.

"Naturally, the surviving farmers are terrified. They abandoned their farms and have flocked to Velen for protection. In addition to the burden of feeding these refugees, we are not receiving the food from the untended farms, compounding our food problems.

"Our patrols found no signs of the attackers, save for one fortunate encounter. While returning to port, one of our patrol ships saw a beached cog on the shore, 20 miles south of here. When they landed to investigate, the sailors found that the ship was the *Tritons' Folly*, a notorious pirate vessel commanded by Ostro Redsea. Well, Ostro's plundering days are over, because he and his crew were found dead and devoured, just like the farmers.

"Fortunately, counselor Tobal," Milon says, nodding toward an elderly man, "visited the wreckage. By examining the area around the pirate cog, he was able to determine the identity of the attackers."

At this point, Milon's voice sinks almost to a whisper, and he trembles slightly. "Friends, we are facing nothing less than a pack of tanar'ri, fiends out of the Abyss. Tobal has determined that the fiends are a breed called vrock, horrible vulture-like things with men's arms. They are known to devour men and delight in wanton destruction.

"To put it bluntly, we cannot handle such foes, and we need you to destroy them. We have a good idea of who is responsible for this horror. East of here, near the forest, there is the hut of an old hermit named Strabon. He has long been rumored to have sorcerous powers and is said to traffic with fiends. He has never been troublesome before, but if he is responsible for these attacks, he has gone too far. If you accept this job, your first task will be to go to Strabon's hut and see if he is responsible; if so, you are to destroy his equipment so that no more vrocks can be summoned.

"Of course, we will pay you for your efforts. Our sailors recovered a small fortune in loot from Ostro's ship—a fortune which will transfer to you when the menace is ended. I'm sure Ostro's spirit is happy knowing that his treasure is going to a worthy cause." Milon grins ironically at this remark.

"Our scribes say that the chest holds 800 gold coins and gems estimated at another 2,000 gold pieces. Surely, that is a sufficient reward for such a task. What do you say to this offer?"

If the PCs accept the job, the counselors look very relieved. They answer any questions the PCs have, although they can add little to the story already told. By no means will the treasure be paid up front; it will be given to them only if the PCs defeat the menace and return to Velen.

Milon: AL NG; AC 8; MV 12; 0-lvl; 4 hp; THAC0 20; #AT 0, unarmed.

Tobal: AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; 0-lvl; 3 hp; THAC0 20; #AT 0, unarmed; expert on fiends.

If the PCs have never encountered vrocks before, Tobal can supply some information. He knows that vrocks are 8'-tall humanoid tanar'ri with the heads, feet, and wings of vultures. They fly well, are incredibly quick in melee, and make multiple attacks with beaks, feet, and weapons. Like all tanar'ri, they are vulnerable to magical weapons and weapons of cold-forged iron. They have innate spell powers and are resistant to spells cast by mortals.

The counselors can provide any normal items the PCs request, such as mounts, packs, or provisions. If the PCs request it, cold-forged iron weapons can be made for them. The counselors do what they can to make sure that the PCs are prepared to face the tanar'ri.

Tobal seeks out the PCs in the midst of their preparations and lends them a special magical item. It is an *iron flask*; a jar with silver runes and a brass stopper (see the DUNGEON MASTER® Guide, page 173). He explains how it is used and asks the PCs to try to capture a vrock, saying he has never seen one up close (actually, he has never seen one at all).

The directions to Strabon's hut are simple: it lies directly east of Velen, on the edge of the forest.

Adventure Background

The menace to Velen does not involve vrocks, tanar'ri, or any other supernatural foe. The marauders are merely animals, although rare and unusual ones.

Years ago, a sage of Waterdeep was visiting colleagues in Port Castigliar, on the coast of Chult. While there, a native brought in a basket full of large eggs of an unknown species. The sages decided to hatch them to see what they were.

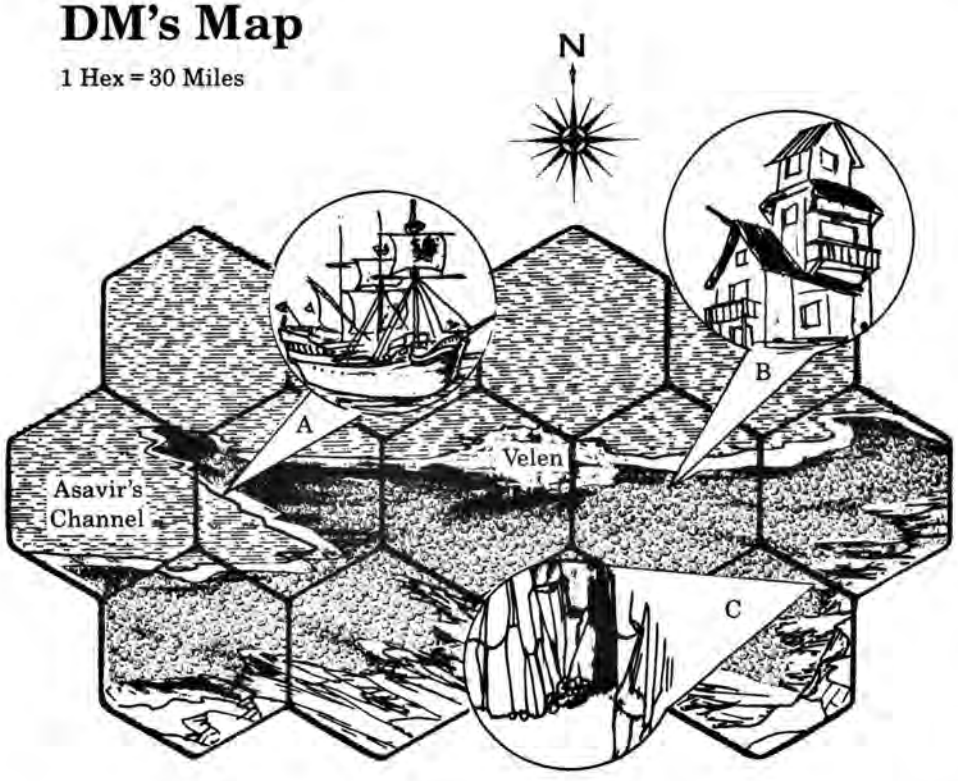
When the visiting sage needed to return to Waterdeep, his colleagues sent six of the eggs with him, bundled securely in an incubator. The sage's ship had barely gotten underway when the eggs hatched. The sage recognized them as a type of carnivore that Chult has in abundance, but he didn't know what species they were. The young were active in minutes and grew quickly on a diet of salt pork and rats.

When the ship passed through Asavir's Channel, off the west end of the Tethyr Peninsula, a sudden storm caught the ship and drove it onto the rocks near the shore. The ship broke up and began to sink. The hatchlings, carried in a wooden cage, were taken by the sage, placed in one of the lifeboats, and lowered over the side. Before the sage could be lowered into the boat, a heavy wave smashed the ship, throwing the crew off of their feet and the sailors out of the lifeboat. Unmanned, the boat drifted to shore as the humans fought a losing battle to save their lives on the floundering ship. The hatchlings were uneasy at the lightning and thunder, and they burst out of the cage and leaped onto the beach. Instinct drove them to seek shelter in the nearby forest.

The hatchlings were a species of carnivorous dinosaurs called utahraptor. They look much like the deinonychus (MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome, page 54) but are 75% larger. The younger raptors flourished in the wilderness of the Tethyr Forest and thrived on a diet of local game animals. Within a year, the

DM's Map

1 Hex = 30 Miles



raptors grew to maturity and began breeding. The pack has devoured all the game around their lair and have been forced to seek prey further away. This resulted in their coming into contact with the farms near Velen. The helpless penned livestock and feeble humans were easy prey for the raptors, and they have hunted in the area more and more frequently. The raptors' speed and ferocity has doomed every farm attacked, and none have escaped.

Over a year after the raptors first landed, the *Triton's Folly* was damaged in battle with a Calim merchant vessel, and Ostro ordered it beached for repairs. As a group went into the forest to cut down trees, they encountered the raptors. One man escaped and fled back to the ship, with the raptors in hot pursuit. The raptors caught and killed the fleeing pirate, but also sighted the ship. They burst out of the forest and sprinted to the ship. The horrified pirates clamored onto the main deck, thinking the raptors wouldn't be able to climb up to them, but the dinosaurs' leaping ability carried them onto the ship. After rampaging up and down every deck and smashing every door, the raptors killed and devoured every pirate.

The identification of the raiders as vrocks is a result of wishful thinking, not real knowledge. The sage Tobal has studied reports of the fiends of the outer planes his whole life, but he has never seen a tanar'ri. Having studied other people's reports of encounters with them, Tobal desperately wants to see a tanar'ri of any breed. After all, what use is such a scholarly pursuit without first-hand knowledge? When searching the beach near the wreckage of the pirate ship, Tobal found huge birdlike tracks, the only sign left by the raptors. The tracks, combined with the wanton destruction and devoured bodies, made Tobal think of vrocks, a natural assumption for one of his school of study. Tobal is secretly excited at the thought of real tanar'ri in his hometown, and this is the reason he gave the *iron flask* to the PCs: he merely wants to see one. Thus, the PCs are likely to be very prepared to take on fiends (if one can ever really be ready for it), but not expecting to encounter dinosaurs.

Milon recommends that the PCs go to the hut of Strabon, as he is the main suspect in unleashing the vrocks on Velen. The PCs may want to check out the pirate ship for clues first, but there are no clues to be had around Velen, and the PCs will have to go to Strabon's hut sooner or later.

The Forest of Tethyr

The forest near Velen is part of the Forest of Tethyr, which runs into the Tethyr Peninsula. It is thinly inhabited at the edges, and few roam the forest depths. The forest is home to many natural animals, from squirrels to great stags. The PCs might notice that the large game animals are nearly gone, particularly if there is a wilderness-oriented PC in the party; this is due to the raptors' depredations. The soil here is hard and rocky, and the vegetation is thin, for a forest. Rain is heavy and frequent, so the forest is always damp, and moss grows thick on the trees. Due to the raptors' hunting, there will be no random encounters of consequence. Because the forest is so open, travel through it is easy, even with pack animals.

A. The Triton's Folly. The pirate ship is drawn up on the beach, nearly out of the water. A salvage crew from Velen has righted the ship and is busy repairing the damage. The cog is a bonus to Velen's fleet. The crew has cleaned the ship and burned the pirates' remains. The tracks that Tobal found earlier have long since been erased by the weather. There are no clues to be found here any more.

B. Strabon's Hut. The home of the hermit is a wooden hut 25' high and 40' long. The house is in shambles and has obviously been attacked. The door hangs ajar and broken, and boards have been pulled from the wall. Inside, there are few comforts: a cot, a broken chair, a small table, and a small bookcase. The center of the house has been cleared, and two large circles are drawn on the floor. Each circle contains strange symbols, but parts of each have been smeared, ruining the perfect round shapes. In one circle, a horrid, severed, inhuman hand lies on the floor. Dried blood is everywhere, and there is no sign of the hermit.

Strabon was more than a grouchy hermit. He was an exiled Red Wizard of Thay; driven out by his enemies. He settled here in hopes his foes would never think to look in this isolated spot.

Strabon did indeed traffic with tanar'ri, but only for information. The wizard summoned fiends to tell him what his enemies in Thay were doing. Strabon hoped to return to Thay when his enemies were dead.

The two circles on the floor were for summoning tanar'ri—one to protect Strabon, and one to enclose the fiend. Two days ago, Strabon summoned his most powerful servant, a massive nalfeshnee named Malev. The loud chanting of the mage and the booming voice of the tanar'ri attracted the attention of a group of hunting utahraptors who were nearby. Strabon had barely completed the summoning when the raptors burst through the door and walls. Strabon tried to gather components to cast a spell, but the raptors got hold of him, and his *stoneskin* spell was overcome in one round. The nalfeshnee watched in glee (fiends hate being at the beck and call of mortals) as the raptors attacked Strabon. As the raptors devoured the mage, one accidentally stepped on the circle enclosing the fiend, thus freeing it. The tanar'ri was overjoyed, thinking it was free to rampage on the world of mortals for a while, before returning to the Abyss, and it raised its arms and howled in pure bloodlust.

What it forgot was that a pack of hungry raptors were in the room. Normal animals are afraid of fiends, but raptors are fearless by nature and genetically driven to attack creatures larger than themselves. Thus, the 20'-tall fiend was nothing to flee from, and the howl drew their attention to it. The raptors looked up from their meal of the mage and attacked the tanar'ri. In seconds, the fiend was bleeding from numerous bites and claw wounds, and its huge gut was disembowelled as the raptors swarmed over it. The nalfeshnee lost no time in returning to the Abyss, minus one hand bitten off. The raptors found that fiends taste awful and left the hand where it lay. Once the mage was devoured, the raptors left the house and returned to their lair.

The PCs find little sign of all this other than the severed hand. Strabon had little of value, except for his books. One is his journal that tells his life story; the PCs won't have much use for it, but the book could be sold to the Red Wizards for 100 gp (they will be glad to hear that Strabon is dead). Another tome is Strabon's spellbook, which contains the following spells: *read magic, alarm, jump, magic missile, shield, sleep; bind, continual light, ESP, invisibility, web; blink, fly, haste, item, tongues; confusion, dig, fear, ice storm, stoneskin; animate dead, chaos, dream, passwall, sending; death spell, geas, veil; banishment, forcecage, vanish; binding, maze, trap the soul; gate.*

The other four books are worth 1–10 gp each to collectors. They are tomes on science, philosophy, the theories of magic, and edible wild plants.

Outside the house are tracks leading to the southeast. The tracks are very birdlike, but much larger than those of ordinary birds. The rain has obscured much, but the trail can be seen leading directly toward a range of low, rugged hills, just visible on the horizon.

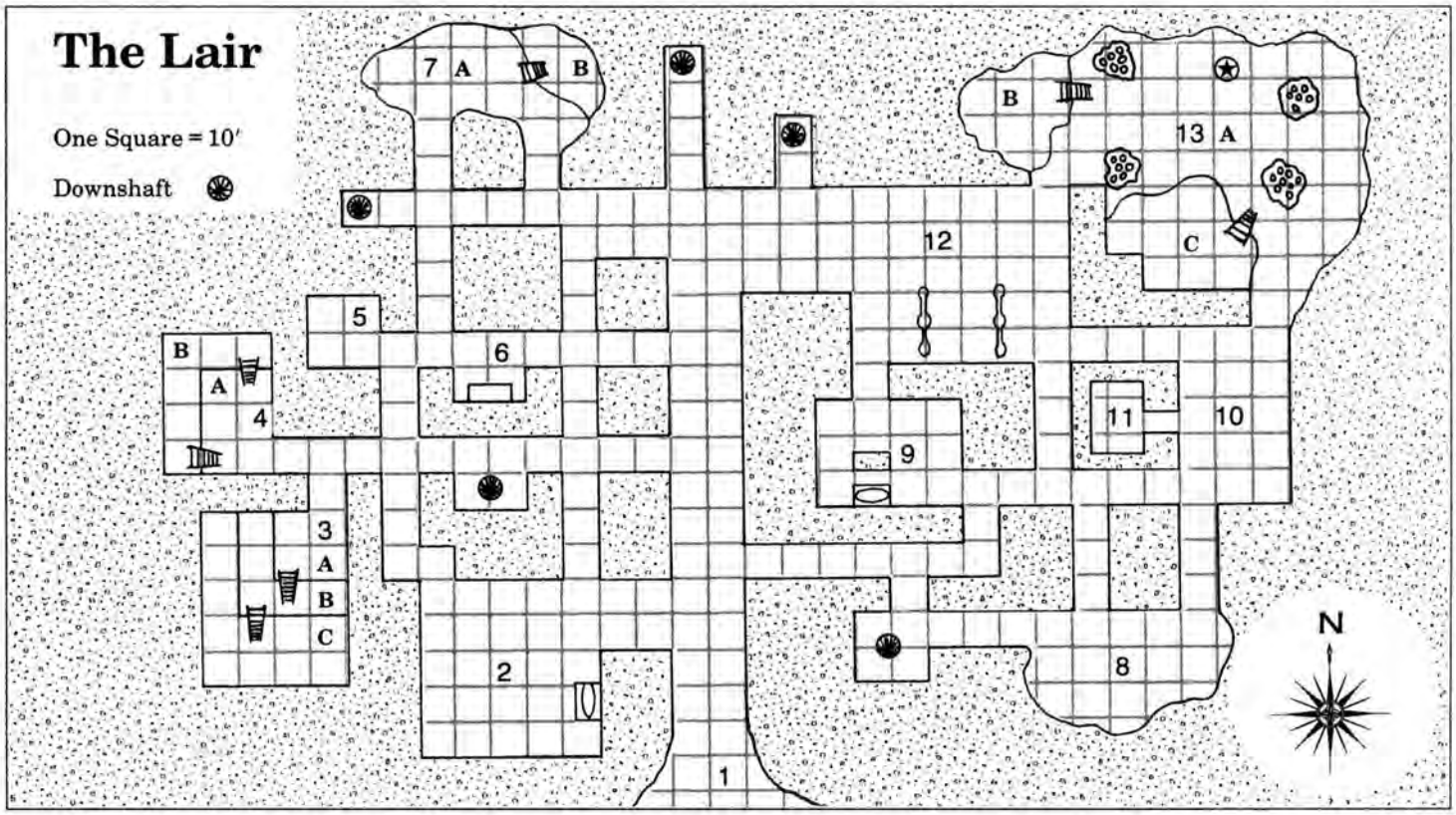
C. The Lair. The trail of footprints leads through meadows, stands of trees, and across rocky soil. The trail ends at the hills. The PCs emerge from the forest and see a rugged group of broken cliffs. A large tunnel can be seen leading into one of the cliffs. No sign of life appears in the area. A huge pile of tailings lies beside the tunnel entrance. The rock around the tunnel looks very weathered, giving it the appearance of a very ancient mine.

Indeed, the tunnel is a mine, dug by dwarves in the ancient days, before there was a Tethyr. The dwarves were searching for iron ore, and this mine was exploratory. The dwarves found a few pockets of ore and built a smelter to refine it. When the ore was gone, the dwarves abandoned the mine. The mine has not been reopened, but hunters and explorers have run across it many times and used it for shelter.

The utahraptors discovered the mine when they were still young and immediately made it their lair. Eventually the raptors matured and raised their own young. With the lair as a base, they have hunted farther and farther afield and eventually ran into the farms around Velen.

The Raptor's Lair

Unless noted otherwise, the rooms and tunnels are 15' high. For convenience, use the statistics below for all utahraptors encountered. The full description for these animals appears at the end of the module.



Adult raptor: AL N; AC 5; MV 19; HD 7 + 3; hp 38; THAC0 13; #AT 5; Dmg 1–6/1–6/2–8/2–8/1–10; SA: jump, grasping claws; ML 19; XP 975.

Young raptor: as above, except; HD 4 + 1; hp 21; THAC0 17; Dmg 1–3/1–3/1–6/1–6/1–8; XP 270.

Hatchling: as above, except; HD 1 – 1; hp 4; THAC0 20; Dmg 1/1/1–2/1–2/1–3; XP 35.

While the raptors have only animal intelligence, they are extremely cunning in devising ambushes and in melee. They know every inch of their lair, and their usual tactic is to attack from more than one direction. If the PCs are fighting in a corridor or a room with more than one entrance, the raptors split up and attack from two or more directions. The DM should use the best tactics available for the raptors, rather than simple mob attacks.

The mines have several levels, with ladders and sunken shafts. The map shows the locations of downshafts; pits that are 50' deep, with no handholds or rungs. The pits were exploratory mines that were abandoned when no trace of ore was found. Some of the rooms have separate levels, shown on the map with ladders leading up or down. These levels have a height difference of 15'.

The dwarves used *continual light* spells cast on iron spikes hammered into the ceiling to illuminate the mine. There is one in every room and several in the corridors; for game purposes, the mine has sufficient light throughout all of it for the PCs to see clearly.

1. Main Tunnel. This large shaft is the center of the mine, and was the main road used by the dwarves. The tunnel was widened to allow carts to move back and forth between the smelter and the ore pockets.

2. Smelter. The dwarves built a simple furnace to smelt down the iron ore, but the only thing left is the chimney. The young males of the pack have taken this room as the "bachelor lair," and there are always 4–7 present. If the PCs enter the room through one tunnel, two of the raptors run out the other entrance, circle around through the corridors, and try attacking the PCs from behind. The shrieking roars of the raptors alert the west half of the lair, and the raptors in room 7 move toward the disturbance, arriving two rounds after combat begins.

3. Ore Pocket. The dwarves found a small pocket of iron ore here and dug down to extract it, leaving behind a room with three levels. An adult female raptor spends much time in this room, on the middle level (B). The raptor's attention is drawn to anyone entering the room on the top level (A), and it waits silently in the dark. If anyone looks over the edge, down onto level B, the raptor leaps up directly at him and attacks; note that the raptor can leap easily from level to level; if reduced to 10 hp or less, it leaps to level A and flees out the door. The ladder between levels A and B is crumbling. A PC weighing more than 50 lbs. who tries to use the ladder causes it to break, dropping the climber onto level B. The fall causes no damage, but the waiting raptor immediately attacks the prone PC.

Level C is the raptor's feeding ground, where she carries small prey to devour. The level has bones scattered over the floor, from small creatures such as sheep, dogs, and swine to adult humans. Some of the bones belonged to a halfling hunter killed by the raptor, and his

possessions are scattered among the skeletons; a pouch with 20 sp, a backpack with clothing and rope, and a sheathed *dagger +1*.

4. Nursery. This chamber was another ore pocket excavated by the dwarves, but the levels climb up into the rock here. The lower level (A) is where the raptor hatchlings are guarded by two adult females. One female is on level A, with one foot on a sheep carcass, holding it down so the hatchlings can feed on it. The other female is on level B. If the PCs enter this room, the females immediately attack; they never check morale in here, as they are defending their young. The raptor on level B leaps down on one PC. The impact knocks the PC prone and, unless a successful Dexterity check is made, any fallen PC must spend one round getting to his feet. The hatchlings cower in a corner as far away from the PCs as possible, chirping loudly in distress. However, if any PC falls to the ground, unconscious or dead, the hatchlings swarm over the body to feed on it. They retreat only if another PC spends one round to shoo them away and stands guard over the body. If the PCs openly attack the hatchlings, their high-pitched shrieks echo through the mine, drawing all surviving raptors from rooms 2, 3, 7, 10, and 12 to their rescue.

5. Dry Storage. This chamber's entrance is 15′ above the floor of the corridor and cannot be seen unless the players say their PCs are looking up as they pass by. The chamber was built high to serve as storage for perishables, since water and vermin could not get into the room. There was once a ladder to the room, but it was broken up for firewood by a hunter who spent a night in the mines. Currently, the chamber is home to three young male raptors. Unless the party is magically hidden, the raptors hear and smell them as they pass by, and they see any light sources. The raptors silently move to the entrance and leap down upon random PCs. If the PCs have not seen the entrance, there is a 50% chance that the raptors surprise them. If the raptors' initial attacks hit the PCs, the PCs must make Dexterity checks; failure means they are knocked prone and lose one round getting back on their feet. The battle in the corridor attracts the attention of the raptors in room 7, who arrive one round after combat begins.

6. Shrine. This chamber holds a small shrine dedicated to Dumathoin, the dwarven god of treasure. The only feature in this spartan chamber is a 6′ tall statue of Dumathoin, a stout dwarf with a pickaxe, set on a block of stone. The statue has one latent magical power: any time a dwarf enters the room, the statue glows with a soft light and emits a low pounding noise, like a pick striking stone. This magic was created for religious reasons, and if a dwarf PC enters the room, the noise attracts the raptors in rooms 5 and 7.

7. Main Lair. This large chamber was another pocket of ore mined out by the dwarves. The room has two levels; the back of the chamber (level B) lies 15′ below level A. This chamber is home to the bulk of the pack. There are eight adult females and 12 young raptors resting in here. Again, if the PCs enter through one tunnel, half of the pack goes out the other tunnel, circles around, and attacks the PCs from behind. The pack fights fearlessly and doesn't check morale unless all the adults are slain.

Level B is filled with the bones of the raptors' prey: livestock, farmers, deer, boar, moose, bears, dogs, and many other forest creatures. There is nothing of value in the mess.

8. Quarters. This rough chamber served as the quarters of the dwarven miners, and the crumbling remains of several wooden bed frames are still here, but all the bedding is gone. There is nothing of value here.

9. Forge. This room was where the dwarves forged weapons and tools out of the smelted ore. The only things remaining are the chimney of the firepit and a low block of dense stone. The latter once was the mount for an anvil. The stone block is heavy but can be moved by a total combined Strength of 40. Beneath the stone is a cache containing several dwarf-crafted items. The cache was stocked by a dwarf smith, but he was later killed in a mine cave-in, taking his secret to the grave. The smith feared that goblins (numerous on the Tethyr Peninsula in those ancient days) would assault the mine, and he wished to have an emergency supply of gear on hand. The cache holds ten short swords, six warhammers, four battle axes, 50 heavy crossbow bolts, and five daggers. The items are of superb dwarven make and, due to the dry conditions of the mine, remain in excellent condition. They can be sold to any weapons dealer for 150% of the normal value.

10. Common Room. This was the meeting and dining room and once held a large table, which has since crumbled into near dust. The room is home to four adult male raptors. The raptors are able to hear any disturbances in rooms 12 and 13, and they quickly respond to any threats.

11. Records Room. This was once the storage chamber for the dwarves' records and ledgers, but they took everything with them when they left. The floor of the room has the bones of a man and a large raptor scattered on it. The man was Federigo, a notorious outlaw wanted for heinous crimes in Amn and Tethyr. Federigo entered the mine seeking shelter from a storm and was attacked by the raptors. Cut off from the entrance, he ran deeper into the mine and was eventually cornered here. Federigo fought to the bitter end, killing one raptor, but the others killed and devoured him. Among the tangle of cloth and bones are Federigo's *bastard sword +2*, dagger, small shield, and belt pouch. The latter item holds 4 gp, 8 sp, and four sheets of parchment. The papers are all bounty notices, offering rewards for Federigo's capture or killing. The notices also give a description of Federigo and list his crimes (numerous and horrible; the DM is free to use his imagination here). Tethyr is offering 100 gp for Federigo or proof of his death. Federigo collected the bounty notices out of a sense of twisted pride for his crimes. The notices also describe Federigo's sword (the very one the PCs find here), with its pommel shaped like a bear's head. If the PCs present the sword to the councilmen of Velen, they receive the 100 gp reward.

12. Stable. This large room was where the dwarves kept their ore carts, and two disintegrating hitching posts for ponies are still here. This room is a favorite playground for young raptors, and there are at least seven of them in here at all times. If attacked, their shrieks attract the adults in rooms 10 and 7, who come to their rescue. Note that the young fight as fiercely as the adults.

13. Egg Chamber. This huge chamber was the largest pocket of ore mined out by the dwarfs, and it has three levels; levels B and C each stand 15′ higher than level A. It is now the nesting chamber of the raptors. There are four dirt nests, each holding six eggs. Twelve hatchlings are playing and running around the nests. There is only one adult female raptor in here, but she is the pack leader and a huge member of her species. She has 58 hp and a +1 bonus to all attack and damage rolls. Note that the chamber has a ceiling 40′ high.

The pack leader watches over the room from level C, where she can guard both entrances. If the PCs enter this room, she leaps down upon one of them, bellowing loudly in rage. Her cry echoes through the mine, and every adult and young raptor surviving runs here at top speed. Note that there are two entrances to this room, and the raptors split up and use both of them, hoping to come up on the PCs from two directions. All raptors have a bonus of +1 to attack and damage rolls in this room.

While the raptors fight fiercely against the PCs, there is an interruption. Three rounds after melee begins, a cloud of foul black smoke appears at the area marked with an X on the map. When the smoke clears, there are three horrid beings standing there. One is Malev, the one-armed nalfeshnee tanar'ri that was mangled by the raptors at Strabon's house. He has come back for revenge, after being healed in the Abyss, and has brought two servants to help him. One is an ugly rutterkin named Huggre, and the other is an apish bar-lgura called Simutan.

The nalfeshnee is a 20′ tall humanoid tanar'ri with an apish head, boar's muzzle, and stunted wings. His huge body is accented by his bloated gut. The fiend's missing hand is severed at the wrist and is capped with a steel cap. The fiend still has long scars over its chest and gut. It wields a short, serrated spear that is a +2 weapon, +4 vs. dinosaurs. Three times per day, the nalfeshnee can unleash a *color spray* in every direction, affecting everyone within 60′, except the dull-witted raptors. Victims must save vs. spells or take 15 hp damage; a successful save vs. spells means that only 8 hp damage is suffered.

Regardless of whether the first saving throw succeeds or fails, a second save at −2 must be rolled. Failure means that the victim wanders in a trance for 1–10 rounds. The nalfeshnee also has these spell-like powers: *alter self, bind, call lightning, chill touch, detect invisibility, distance distortion, ESP, feeblemind, forget, giant insect, invisibility, know alignment, mirror image, protection from good, raise dead, slow, web.*

Malev, (Nalfeshnee): AL CE; AC −8; MV 12, nil 5D; HD 11; hp 55; THAC0 9; #AT 3; Dmg 1/4/1–4/2–8; SA spells; SD never surprised, +2 or better weapon to hit, vulnerable to cold-wrought iron weapons; MR 70%; ML 17; XP 17,000; MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Outer Planes Appendix (MC8) or the PLANESCAPE™ MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM (PS MC), page 107.

The rutterkin looks like a terrible maimed human with a hairless pointed head and long talons. It is carrying a short polearm with two crescent heads (Dmg 1–10/1–8). It has the following powers: *fear by touch, fly, telekinesis 3/day.*

Huggre, (Rutterkin): AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 4; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon or 2–7/2–7; MR 10%; ML 12; XP 2,000; MC8 or PS MC/108.

The bar-lgura looks like a fat orang-

Continued on page 32

Utahraptor

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any tropical
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	5–20 adults
ARMOR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	19
HIT DICE:	7+3
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	5
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1–6/1–6/2–8/2–8/1–10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Jump, grasping claws
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Coloration
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Standard
SIZE:	L (20′ long)
MORALE:	Fearless (19)
XP VALUE:	975

The utahraptor is a carnivorous dinosaur related to the deinonychus, only it is much larger. The utahraptor is 20′ long, stands 15′ high, and weighs around 1,500 lbs. It stands upright on two stout legs, with its tail held stiffly out behind for balance, and has powerful "arms" with 10″ claws. The raptor also has a 12″-long curved sickle claw on each foot; a horrible weapon used for gutting large prey. Their brown and green coloration blends well with trees in the forests.

Combat: Utahraptors attack with their arms first, clawing at the target in hopes of getting a firm grasp. If both claw attacks succeed, the next two attacks (the sickle-clawed feet) are at +2 to attack rolls. The final attack is with the creature's powerful jaws. One weakness of the raptor is that its multiple attacks can be used only against a single target. Utahraptors are quick and agile and can leap at prey out of ambush; the leap is considered a charge, giving the raptor a +2 to attack rolls the first round.

The raptor's coloring allows them to hide well in foliage. If hiding in ambush, the raptors are 75% likely to be unseen (effectively invisible) and can be located only by magic. They are able to leap 15′ high from a standing start; at least 40′ if running. They can leap 25′ high and 50′ forward and can drop down 25′ without damage.

Utahraptors are intelligent for dinosaurs, but still rather stupid. This makes them utterly fearless. They do not check morale unless all adults in the pack are slain (the morale rating is for young and hatchling raptors). Utahraptors are genetically driven to attack creatures much larger than themselves and are immune to magical *fear*.

Habitat/Society: Utahraptors live in packs, much like lions. However, the leader is the largest female, not a male. The raptors are cooperative animals, coordinating hunts to set up cunning ambushes. Each pack has a clearly defined territory, which may expand as more food is needed when the pack increases in number. The raptors prefer dense forests and brush habitat. A pack is roughly divided between males and females. There are also plenty of young, not fully grown (equal to deinonychus from the MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome). The pack includes a number of these young equal to 150% of the adults. There are also several hatchlings, equal in number to 200% of the adults; these have 1–4 hp and a damage of 1/1/1–2/1–2/1–4. Adult raptors become enraged if their young or eggs are threatened, and they gain +1 to attack and damage rolls when fighting these intruders.

Ecology: Utahraptors are pure carnivores. They attack prey of any size and do not hesitate to tackle creatures much larger than themselves. They are on top of the food chain and have no enemies save for other utahraptor packs.

Historical Note: Utahraptor is a recently discovered species, found and named in 1992. The remains were found, obviously, in eastern Utah, and the name of utahraptor is not official yet, however fitting.

THE WITCH'S FIDDLE

BY PAUL F. CULOTTA

Hey, diddle diddle . . .

Artwork by Scott Rosema

Paul just finished "Cleric's Challenge II" for the TSR™ Games Department and is feverishly at work on "Creatures of the Night," a RAVENLOFT® product featuring a bunch of unusual, nightmarish vampires. When he finishes, he plans to take a needed break and then resume sending adventures to DUNGEON® Adventures.

"The Witch's Fiddle" is a short AD&D® game adventure for 3–5 PCs of levels 2–5 (about 13 total levels) who are primarily good-aligned. It helps if one of the PCs is an elf or can speak elvish or the languages of the forest folk in this adventure, but it is not strictly necessary. The forest can be set in any of several published game worlds or one of the DM's creation. Proper role-playing and looking beyond the obvious are needed to accomplish the adventure successfully.

For the Player Characters

While the PCs are traveling through the forest, they hear quite a loud discussion going on about 100' away. If they move quietly, they reach the edge of a clearing and see four satyrs, two centaurs, and five brownies engaged in a tremendous debate. One of the satyrs is seated on a log, while a centaur bandages the satyr's head. The other forest folk are busy talking and gesturing, and it is obvious they are upset. Some of them hold pipes, others fiddles, a few brownies own small lutes, and there are two great big fiddles resting against some trees. The discussion is all in elvish, the one language common to these three types of creatures.

PCs can listen carefully to the discussion, they can gently approach this very disturbed bunch of forest folk, or they can go away. Going away ends the adventure. Listening (by a PC fluent in elvish) reveals that Smiggy, the satyr receiving first aid, was attacked by "an evil old witch." Not only did the witch bonk him hard on the head with her club, but she stole his fiddle and bow, and now their ensemble is unable to practice! The debate is now raging about whether the forest folk should go after the witch or just leave well enough alone and be grateful that the crone didn't take Smiggy's body and soul along with his instrument.

If the PCs just burst out of the woods, the forest folk all holler in fright and scatter, with the brownies casting

dancing lights all over the place to cover their retreat. Without a *sleep* spell or the like to hold a few of the creatures to get the story out of them, the adventure is over. On the other hand, calling out (in elvish) in a soothing voice and giving the definite impression that the PCs are friends will get a better reaction. Even though the brownies cast *mirror images* everywhere to give the impression that there are more of them, instruments are tossed aside, and daggers, slings, and spears appear, at least the forest folk stay put and listen. Once they see that the PCs are good-intentioned and want to help, they stand down and tell their tale. They immediately relax if the overture is made by an elf or a druid PC.

It is also possible to gently call out in any of the other languages known by the brownies (common, brownie, pixie, sprite, halfling), centaurs (centaur only), or satyrs (satyr, centaur, and common).

Brownies (5): INT high; AL LG; AC 3; MV 12; HD ½, hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1–2 (very short swords); SA spells (*protection from evil, ventriloquism, dancing lights; continual light, mirror image* (three images); *confusion; dimension door*); SD save as P9; SZ T (2′ tall); ML 11; XP 175, MM/31.

Centaurs (2): INT average; AL NG; AC 5 (4); MV 18; HD 4; hp 28, 26; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1–6/1–6 or by weapon type; SZ L (8′–9′ tall); ML 14; XP 175 each, MM/41.

Satyrs (4): INT very; AL N; AC 5; MV 18; HD 5; hp 34, 30, 28, 22 (16); THAC0 15; #AT 1 head butt or weapon; Dmg 2–8 or by weapon; SA +2 bonus on surprise rolls, piping ability (one satyr only) to *charm, sleep,* or *cause fear;* SD 90% undetectable in foliage; MR 50%; SZ M; ML 13; XP 975; MM/308.

Smiggy the Satyr's Story

"Well, I was coming to practice, see, and I was a little late." ("It's not the first time," interrupts Bruno, one of the centaurs).

"Yeah, well anyway, the guys and gals had begun playing, and as I get to the clearing, I spot this nasty old witch hiding behind the old oak over there," he gestures to a thick oak about 50′ away, "and she was about to do some black magic on the group. Her fingers were working, and she was mumbling something, and I just knew some awful spell was about to be cast. So I shouted a warning, and that messed up her magic, and she jumped up and smacked me on the side of my head with a big club, and all I saw was stars! The next thing I know, Jocko (pointing to a brownie) is throwing water in my face and asking if I'm all right! I thought so until I seen that my fiddle is gone! That evil sorceress took it, probably to weave some terrible magic that will kill us all!"

At this, most of the forest folk listening nod glumly and agree.

If the PCs ask for more of a description, Smiggy says she was dressed in a dirty robe and wearing a black patch over one eye. He describes her as having gray hair and being incredibly ugly. The PCs may want to go look at the tree where the witch was hiding, but they do not find much: just a little blood on the ground (Smiggy's) and a gash in the tree as if something sharp was stuck in it. ("Oh yeah," Smiggy says, "I forgot—after I yelled my warning, I tried to jab her with my spear but missed, and the darn thing stuck in the tree, so I was easy meat for her when she smacked me with that dang club!")

Boris the Centaur's Story

"We were in the middle of 'The Dryad's Dream' when all of a sudden we heard a yell, and I looked over where it came from. There was some movement, and the next thing I know I hear this clunk and a moan, so I raced on over. Smiggy's on the ground knocked out colder than a steel horseshoe in winter, and a little bit away there's this old lady stumbling off with his fiddle clutched to her chest. I pulled out my bow, but she turned around and saw me. Then she reached into a pouch and threw some sparkly stuff in the air. Next thing I know she's gone! Or at least I thought she was 'cause I thought I could still hear her tramping through the woods. Spooked me, I'll tell you. I've never seen the like! So I picked up Smiggy and told everyone else to get back! She looks just like Smiggy said, with a nasty old face full of lines and that black patch!"

If asked about the satyr's spear, Boris remembers that it was stuck in the tree just like Smiggy said.

Jund-hop the Brownie's Story

Everything they's told you is right, I guess. One moment I's strumming merrily along; the next thing I know, all this uproar. Boris goes tearing over there and then comes running back carrying Smiggy and telling us to take cover! So that's what we did! Then when nothing else happened, we got some water to wake Smiggy up, and he and Boris told us what happened.

"Well, I thought a lot about it, and figured that we would have to ask for some help from somebody, but we could at least track this witch down. So I volunteered and looked around. Her evil magic mighta made her invisible, but she was still there all right, because I found her tracks, I did. They lead to a hill half an hour away and right up to a big cave entrance! I was about to go stick my nose in when I heard the most awful sound in the world coming from there. It sounded just like Smiggy when he was a young'un trying to learn the fiddle from old Preenbreard—lots of moaning and groaning, but not any notes you'll find on sheet music!

"I'm telling you this witch is up to no good, and we'd sure appreciate it if you fellars could straighten this out and get rid of her!"

Jund-hop agrees to lead the PCs to this cave, but he refuses to go inside. Like the rest of the forest folk, he is just too frightened. The nearest druid is at least five days away, and the ensemble plead with the PCs to help them recover Smiggy's fiddle. They have naught but goodwill to give the PCs, but they suggest that helping out will undoubtedly earn the gratitude of the druids who watch over this part of the forest. If nothing else, they promise to throw a great party for the PCs once the fiddle is recovered. Some of the shrewder brownies speculate that an evil witch is bound to have lots of wealth and magic, which all should certainly go to the PCs for their bravery. If none of this gets the PCs' interest, then the DM must make value judgments about the PCs' alignments and go to another adventure.

For the Dungeon Master

The old woman is hardly a witch. Her name is Marna, and she is a refugee slave

from the drow. Many years ago, her mother was stolen in a drow surface raid, and Marna was born in the Underdark. She was one of the few human offspring not sacrificed to Lloth, and she grew up in a drow household, serving a particularly evil drow mage who had little patience for slow servants. Those who could not react quickly enough to his whims were beaten or maimed; thus, Marna lost an eye and suffered terrible disfigurement from the mage's whip.

One month ago the household in which she served became embroiled in one of the countless fratricidal wars that the drow have among themselves. Just as her master was about to cast a spell, Marna came from behind and backstabbed him, killing him instantly. She then grabbed a pouch where he kept his *dust of disappearance*, coated herself with it, and fled the house before it fell to the attackers. Then she left the drow city. For weeks she wandered through the Underdark, avoiding drow patrols and other horrible monstrosities by using the *dust of disappearance* to make herself *invisible* whenever necessary.

Finally she emerged in the present cave where she has stayed. At first her eyes had a hard time adjusting to the sunlight, and the new types of noises and smells on the surface frightened her. Eventually, however, she wandered out and started exploring this new world.

One day, as she was walking through the forest, she heard another new noise, one that was very pleasing to her. Creeping forward, she saw a group of monsters with an assortment of magical items that made wondrous sounds! She watched and listened for three hours, but she was too afraid to approach. Even though these noises were nice and soothing, she had learned to be wary in the Underdark and to trust no one. It turned out that these creatures assembled every five lights (Marna's term for days), and she listened in on three such sessions.

Today, Marna was listening and enjoying the music (moving her hands in cadence to the tune and humming softly) when suddenly one of the monsters crept up behind her, yelled something awful, and tried to kill her with a spear. She was barely able to avoid its thrust, and she cracked the creature over the head with a club. Marna was about to flee, but she saw that the horned and hoofed beast had dropped its magical item. Recognizing it as the one that made a sound that she enjoyed the most, she took Smiggy's fiddle, hoping that she would be able to produce beautiful sounds with it. When another, bigger monster came running up, she used her last pinch of the *dust* to escape.

For the last hour or so, Marna has been trying to use the satyr's fiddle to imitate the wonderful sound she has enjoyed, but all that has come out are creaks and groans and she is getting frustrated. Unfortunately, this awful noise was not only repugnant to Jund-hop the brownie, it has also attracted the attention of some underdark creatures who have come up to see whether the creaking, groaning sound belongs to something good to eat. They arrive at Marna's location soon after the PCs.

Marna's Cave

Travel to the cave should be uneventful except for Jund-hop giving constant advice to the PCs on how to keep quiet in the forest and some of the better ways to take care of witches. Jund-hop's recommendations include constant shooting of arrows, a *silence* spell to keep her quiet, grabbing her hands to prevent her from casting a spell, throwing a pail of water on her in the hope that she melts, etc. Once the PCs arrive at the cave, refer to the map and read the following:

> A barely perceptible cave entrance appears in the wall of the hillside. It is about 6' wide, and most of the entrance is covered with bushes. A rope coming from the floor of the cave goes through the grass and attaches to a short, stout stick holding up one end of a large log. From the cave entrance comes the screeching and groaning of what sounds like a novice trying to play a fiddle. The sound is every bit as bad as Jund-hop described. Farther up the hill you can see a bit of smoke coming out of a hole.

If the log and rope are examined, one can deduce that it appears to be a primitive trap. Under the log is some freshly cut grass and clover. A few feet away, however, is an interesting sight. Burned into the ground is the outline of a dagger. Marna made this trap with the rope from the pack of the dead adventurer she found in the cave (see area 2). Thus far she has been able to catch some rabbits with it. The image of the dagger is just that. After Marna had been in the surface world for several days, the drow dagger that she used to kill her master began to decay in the sunlight, and she tossed it here when it became useless. It had lasted long enough, however, for her to cut the length of rope for the trap and sharpen the stakes found in areas 1 and 3 of the cave.

1. Trap. Fifteen feet inside the cave entrance is a long bed of dry leaves. Marna gathered them here to act as a noise alarm if anyone (or thing) enters the cave. Moreover, she dug out a 6"-deep section of the floor and planted some sharpened stakes as a trap under the leaves. Walking along the 1'-wide strip of the far right hand side of the cave bypasses the stakes. Walking through the leaves with no precautions makes noise (currently drowned out by Marna's ragged attempts at fiddling) and incurs a 50% chance of stepping on a stake (Dmg 1–2, MV is halved until cured) every 5' traveled. Of course the leaves can be moved aside to reveal all the stakes.

2. "The Witch's Lair."

> Here the cavern opens up into a larger chamber, which is lit by a small campfire. Above the fire sits a kettle bubbling with something that smells like cooking meat. Seated next to it is a barefoot, middle-aged woman wearing a tattered brown robe.
>
> You can see her left profile with the black eye patch described by the forest folk, and even in the dim light you can make out significant scars on her face.
>
> There is another feature in this chamber: far to the right is a skeleton dressed in what appears to be tatters of armor. It is sprawled against the wall in a sitting position.
>
> The woman holds the fiddle awkwardly in one hand, the bow in the other. She tries to play, but all that comes out are the same terrible noises you heard before. After a moment, she sighs, puts the fiddle down, crosses her arms, and begins to weep. Directly across from you, the cave continues farther into the hillside and appears to slope downward.

By now, the PCs should have figured out that something is wrong with this picture. Why would a witch be so sensitive that she cries over not being able to play a fiddle? Why would a witch be

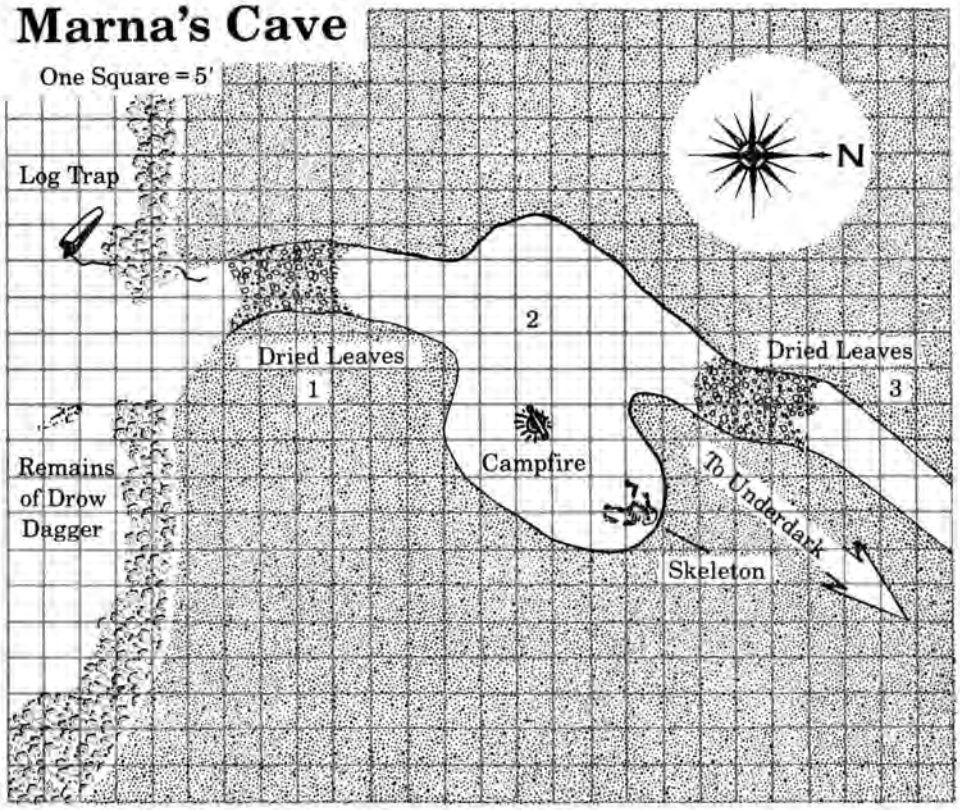
using primitive traps to get her food and guard her lair? How come she didn't just do away with the forest folk with a powerful spell as opposed to using a club for a weapon? And who ever heard of a witch using a club anyway? Why did she run away? How come a witch is going around barefoot? The appearances of the black patch, drab robe, and the skeleton give some impressions to the contrary, but they are only misleading facades.

The skeleton is what's left of a wandering adventurer who was badly mauled by a grizzly bear. He tried to find help but wound up in here trying to gather his strength. Instead of getting better, he died. Marna has salvaged some of his equipment for her own use (e.g., the kettle and the rope).

After the PCs have had a minute or two to discuss options or take action, the underdark creatures who heard the fiddling make a thunderous appearance:

> Barely perceptible above the woman's soft sobs, you hear a sound like rustling leaves and slight clicking noises coming from the darkness of the opposite tunnel. Suddenly there is a terrible screech and an enormous 9'-tall creature bounds into the chamber hopping on one big foot and holding the other with its arms. You can see a wooden stake impaled in the bottom of its foot.
>
> The creature's arms end in large hooks. Screams of pain from its vulturelike beak resound throughout the chamber. Behind the thing come two more of the monstrosities, making anxious clicking, clacking sounds in their throat. The woman screams in fear, drops the fiddle, and looks toward the tunnel, but it is too late—she is cut off, and the two uninjured monsters move toward her. She utters something to them in a strange language and picks up a solid looking tree branch to defend herself.

Now the PCs have a choice to make: let the monsters (hook horrors) do their work for them or go to the aid of the "witch." If the players have been paying attention, they may have deduced that maybe she is not what she at first appeared to be. If not, then let combat run its course. Should any character speak drow, he may understand Marna's words to the hook horrors, "You won't get me easily!"



Marna is no match for the two uninjured hook horrors, and they make short work of her in two rounds. On the fourth round, the wounded hook horror manages to get the stake out of its foot and joins the fray, although it moves at half speed.

Hook horrors (3): INT low; AL N; AC 3; MV 9 (1 at 4); HD 5; hp 32, 31, 29 (27); THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1–8/1–8/2–12; SA beak automatically hits if both hooks hit and hits every round thereafter until one of the hooks dislodges; SD no combat or movement penalties if blinded or in complete darkness; MR nil; SZ L (9' tall); ML 12; XP 175 each; MM/193.

Marna (human female): AL N (good tendencies); AC 10; MV 12; F2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 14, I 12, W 13, D 9, C 12, Ch 5; club.

Investigation of the chamber in which Marna is staying reveals very little. The skeleton of the adventurer is quite old, and its studded leather armor has been ripped to ribbons. Most of the adventurer's equipment is unusable or corroded. In a secret compartment in the heel of his boot is a small emerald worth 500 gp, and on the ground close to its head is a single gold earring, which acts as a *ring of protection +1* to anyone who wears it in his or her ear lobe.

3. Tunnel to the Underdark. The tunnel on the opposite side of the chamber has a bed of leaves concealing sharpened wooden stakes (same as in area 1). It continues down, down, and down; and the DM may use it as a starting point for an Underdark adventure or campaign.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs just watch Marna's murder by the hook horrors, they receive no experience points—not even for the fiddle they hope to recover (once Marna is killed, it is smashed by the hook horror that was injured). That course of action does not relieve the PCs from the fight, however, because once Marna is dead, the hook horrors explore the strange light coming from the PCs' passage (sunlight), and pursue them out of the cave.

If the PCs save Marna, she is glad for

the rescue but remains wary, and she does not put down her club quickly. She can converse freely in Drow, but remembers very little Common (from her mother) and speaks very haltingly and with basic words (much like the captive woman raised by Indians in the film *Dances with Wolves*). With proper roleplaying, Marna can tell her story to include her listening to "sweet noises" and the attack by the "horned, hoofed beast man." She explains, as best she can, that she hoped the monsters were not evil, but that when the beast man attacked her she defended herself and took the fiddle so she could replicate the sounds (only to find out it was not too easy). All things considered, it should become obvious that there was a big misunderstanding on everyone's part. Once the PCs hear the story, they should understand that Marna's ugliness is only skin deep.

When the PCs return to the clearing, the centaurs, brownies, and satyrs do not want to come out at first. Eventually they creep forward to get a good look at the witch. Smiggy immediately wants to impale her with his spear, and the PCs must give him a good talking-to about the disadvantages of spearing first and asking questions later. Once Marna starts to tell the folk about how much she likes their sweet noises and apologizes for taking Smiggy's fiddle (which she returns), the ice is broken, and Smiggy reciprocates with his apology to her.

The PCs may want to take Marna with them to "her own kind" in the civilized world, but Marna does not want to leave the creatures who give her sounds of beauty that she never heard in the Underdark. Finally, the forest folk offer to look after her until one of the druids of the forest comes by and figures out the best course of action. Given Marna's lack of exposure to civilization, taking it slow is probably best. Moreover, the forest folk need a drummer, and although Marna has no aptitude for a fiddle, she can follow a beat and would be delighted to join the ensemble in this capacity (using a hollowed out log and her club).

The PCs should be awarded 1,000 XP in addition to points for defeating the hook horrors. They are treated to a great party by the ensemble, including a concert in their honor. During this celebration, one of the brownies gives each PC a leather thong with a bronze acorn charm, which is a sign to all sylvan creatures in this part of this forest that the PCs are friends and should be left alone. It is also a recognizable symbol for the local druids who will automatically offer free shelter, food, and healing to anyone with the charm. Ω

Continued from page 26

utan with an evil glare and huge claws. It carries no weapons, but has the following powers: *change self* 2/day, *detect invisibility, dispel magic, entangle, fear by touch, invisibility* 2/day, *plant growth, spectral force* 2/day, *telekinesis.* The bar-lgura can spring up to 40' and attack in the same round.

Simutan, (Bar-lgura): AL CE; AC 0; MV 9, Cl 15; HD 6+6; hp 36; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6/2-12; MR 30%; ML 13; XP 8,000; MC8 or PS MC/97.

All tanar'ri have these powers: *darkness 15' radius, infravision, teleport without error.* None of these tanar'ri *gate* in other fiends, as the nalfeshnee is here against orders from his superiors; he sneaked away to carry out his revenge. The nalfeshnee did not expect the presence of the PCs, and the raptors will stare in outraged anger at the huge violators of their lair. The raptors immediately abandon their attack on the PCs and leap on the fiends. The nalfeshnee plans to battle the raptors and bellows out promises to the PCs that, in return for their aid against the raptors, he will pay them a huge reward. Of course, the fiend has no intention of keeping his promise, and Malev plans to turn on the PCs once the raptors are slain. However, his plan is ruined by the bar-lgura. This tanar'ri was once slain on the Prime Material Plane by adventurers and so has a severe hatred of them. Thus, he screams in rage and attacks the PCs, ignoring the raptors; once the raptors see this, they ignore the bar-lgura in return.

The battle is an amazing sight. The nalfeshnee bellows in anger, stabbing with his spear into the hides of the raptors. The raptors swarm over the huge fiend, leaping onto his shoulders and using their arm claws to hang onto the fiend's limbs and gut, slashing with their sickle-clawed feet. The rutterkin fights valiantly for two rounds but is overwhelmed by the raptors; the rutterkin *gates* back to the Abyss three rounds after combat begins. The bar-lgura goes after the PCs, fighting in rage to the death. Once the bar-lgura is dealt with, the PCs can either take a side in the battle or simply watch to see who wins. Regardless of the eventual victor, the winning side turns on the PCs. The raptors attack the PCs as intruders in their precious egg chamber. The nalfeshnee fights until reduced to 10 hp or less before returning to the Abyss. The raptors do not retreat unless the pack leader and every adult is slain; the surviving young and hatchling raptors then flee the lair.

If the PCs are victorious over the fiends and raptors, the eggs are theirs for the taking. If smashed, the menace to Velen is ended, unless the young and hatchling raptors escape the lair. The eggs can be sold to sages or collectors for 50 gp each. If the PCs let the eggs alone or leave the young and hatchling raptors loose in the wild, they hatch and mature, leaving a new batch of raptors to plague Tethyr in the future.

Concluding The Adventure

If the PCs return to Velen, Tobal will be very disappointed that there were no vrocks involved in the raiding. However, if the PCs used his *iron flask* to capture one of the tanar'ri, Tobal is pleased with the substitute. The council of Velen asks the PCs about their encounters and sends a militia squad to investigate; if everything checks out, the reward is paid over to the PCs. Although Tobal's reputation will be a little damaged by the misidentified raptors, the council is impressed by the PCs' performance (if successful) and may hire them for other jobs in the future. Ω

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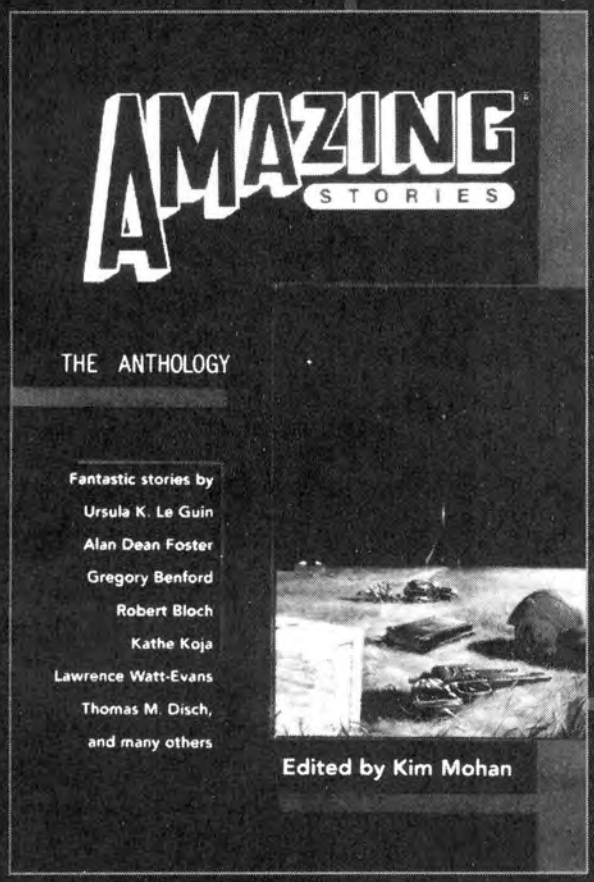

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REDCAP'S RAMPAGE

BY CHRISTOPHER PERKINS

The invisible enemy

Artwork by Michael Scott

Chris's most recent offering is the third in a trilogy of D&D® scenarios. He tells us that his own players are convinced that Dyrk the Redcap is evil incarnate.

"Redcap's Rampage" is a D&D® adventure designed for 2–5 player characters of levels 1–3 (about 8 total levels). The party should contain a variety of character classes, including at least one magic-user and one cleric. Spells like *protection from evil* and *detect invisible*, and religious items such as holy water and holy symbols will be particularly useful.

The DM should have a copy of the D&D *Rules Cyclopedia* (RC). The major antagonist featured in this module is fully described in the *Creature Catalog* (CC).

Adventure Background

Six months ago, the residents of Luskwald heard rumors from passing merchants of a possible goblin incursion into the region. News from the nearest city confirmed speculations that goblin tribes were massing in the distant hills. Worried about the future of his small community, the Laird of Luskwald commissioned a stonemason and several carpenters to rebuild a damaged keep two miles north of the village. The old keep, neglected since the last goblin invasion 10 years ago, could be rebuilt and defended at minimal expense. When the villagers got news of a goblin advance, they could retreat to the security of the keep's thick stone walls.

The repair crew worked for weeks restoring the keep's fallen walls, while waiting nervously for the first goblin to show its ugly head. For the first several days the restoration proceeded according to schedule, but in the weeks that followed several "accidents" led many to believe the keep was cursed or haunted. The first incident was dismissed as a mere mishap: a section of floor collapsed beneath the stonemason, seriously injuring him. Unable to continue his work, the mason left an apprentice in charge of restoring the outer walls. Most of the workers blamed the accident on rotten floorboards, while a handful believed something more sinister was responsible.

But the collapsed floor was just the first of many unfortunate incidents. Over a period of several days, falling blocks of stone struck crewmen, nails pierced their boots, and unsteady scaf-

folding sent more than one worker tumbling to the ground. At the same time, rumors that the keep was haunted began circulating among the crew. The keep's restoration was terminated altogether when, just four weeks into the repair schedule, an entire section of the scaffold collapsed, killing one workman and injuring three others. A study of the wreckage revealed that the scaffold had been sabotaged; someone or something had deliberately sawed through three support beams.

The Laird of Luskwald tried to convince the workers that the keep was an important bastion against the goblin hordes, but the crewmen were adamant about staying away from the haunted ruins, claiming the site had "a life of its own." Fortunately, several bands of brave adventurers (sent from the distant cities) put a quick end to the growing goblin threat, and with the village of Luskwald spared, the laird abandoned his effort to rebuild the fallen keep. However, the haunting did not end.

In the past week three of Luskwald's villagers have died, each the victim of a grisly assassin whose identity remains a mystery. Several citizens have heard or seen peculiar things over the last several days, leading them to believe that Luskwald has been cursed, or worse, ravaged by angry spirits—perhaps sent by a greater evil that dwells within the ruined keep! The laird doesn't believe such nonsense, although he isn't getting much sleep at night. Beyond any doubt, something is stalking the people of Luskwald . . . and everyone is afraid.

For the Dungeon Master

In a sense, the workers were correct when they said the ruined keep had "a life of its own." For years, the keep has been home to a malignant little creature called a redcap, a hateful and reclusive cousin of the brownie. Redcaps despise humans and their like, inflicting harm for no apparent reason other than contempt. (See sidebar for details.)

This particular redcap, Dyrk by name, was once the obedient servant of a scheming shadow elf named Eneivan. The dastardly Eneivan, annoyed by one of Dyrk's snide comments, carved out the redcap's tongue and used it to make a potion of *invisibility*. The agonized Dyrk fled Eneivan's cave and nursed his terrible wound and his even more terrible anger. After months of waiting for Eneivan to lower his defenses, Dyrk returned and sliced off Eneivan's nose with one of the wizard's own daggers. Dyrk caught Eneivan's blood in his cap, staining it crimson, and fled the scene, seeking refuge in the ruined keep outside Luskwald, miles from Eneivan's abode.

The ill-tempered redcap was angry when the workmen from Luskwald arrived to upset its tranquil home. Using his power of *invisibility* to move about unnoticed, Dyrk weakened the floorboards beneath the careless stonemason, pushed heavy stones onto unwary passers-by, drove a rusted dagger through a poor workman's boot, and sawed through the beams of the scaffolding. As planned, the workmen left, convinced the keep was haunted.

The redcap's rampage might have ended right then if nothing else had agitated him further. As the last of the workmen prepared to leave, the evil brownie noticed that his hat was missing. Dyrk frantically searched the keep for the missing hat. Unable to find his treasured belonging, the irate redcap concluded that one of the workmen must have stolen it.

The redcap followed the workers back to the village, where he took up residence in one of Luskwald's cottages. That night, out of sheer malice, he killed the cottage's lone occupant (the village glazier) then tore the place apart looking for his hat. Undaunted by his failure to find the cap, Dyrk moved to the next cottage to continue his evil rampage, leaving chaos and carnage in his wake.

Unknown to the redcap, the missing hat is still in the keep. The evil brownie, distracted by the presence of the workmen from Luskwald, threw it on the ground during one of his temper tantrums and forgot about it. The blood-soaked cap was later taken by one of the rats that infests the ruins.

The mischievous rats inhabiting the keep are under the control of two wererats named Anton and Kristof. The wererats arrived one week ago under the cloak of night and entered the ruins unnoticed in their animal form. The wererats ordered the keep's resident rats to scour the ruins for treasure. The rats gathered a few trinkets of questionable value (including the crimson cap, which they mistook for a small pouch). The wererats are unaware that the cap belongs to Dyrk; in fact, they are unaware of the redcap's existence. Although Dyrk has killed many of the rats for food, he has never bothered to make himself visible to them. (The rats know the redcap only by his pungent smell.) The wererats prefer their natural rodent forms and likewise remain inconspicuous. Dyrk has been too preoccupied lately to imagine Anton and Kristof as anything other than large rats. The vengeful brownie, in his unending search for the cap, continues to slay innocent villagers as he scours Luskwald for his "stolen" possession. The laird has concluded that outside help is needed to stop the sinister and mysterious menace that has beset his peaceful village.

Arrival in Luskwald

The PCs arrive in Luskwald two nights after Dyrk commits his second murder. Read or paraphrase the following when the adventurers first approach the village:

> Dark clouds loom menacingly over the grim, rain-drenched hamlet of Luskwald. The settlement is little more than a cluster of weather-worn cottages surrounded on all sides by solemn, densely wooded hills. Rivers of mud flow between the wood-frame houses. The houses seem unfriendly, as if they were unwilling to relinquish some dreadful secret. They also share one other odd similarity. Flickering in the window of each tenement is a scowling pumpkin, its innards carved out and filled with candlelight.

The villagers of Luskwald are superstitious and wary of strangers by nature. The frightful jack-o'-lanterns are intended to scare away the "evil spirits" that have beset the community. The villagers do not open their doors to strangers (especially the heavily-armed PCs).

The PCs can seek shelter in two places: the local inn (area 1) or the home of Donovan Yanek, the laird (area 4). The PCs meet Yanek regardless. If he is not hiding in his house, the laird is at the inn enjoying the company (and protection) of the local innkeeper. When he spots the adventurers through a window, Yanek quickly races to the front door, unbolts it, and ushers the party in.

"Our village is cursed!" exclaims Yanek on meeting the adventurers. If the PCs ask the laird what he means,

Yanek mentions something about "the murders" and immediately asks the PCs inside, locking the door behind them.

The Laird's Tale

If the PCs seem willing to listen, Yanek recounts the following tale of events in Luskwald:

> "Luskwald is beset by a menace . . . a terrible and mysterious menace. Ezner Mourne, the village glazier, was found dead in his cottage two mornings past, lying in a pool of blood and broken glass. Two others have died since: a pair of local woodsmen named Karn Ironstar and Bryn Bellowforge. Both were murdered in their sleep, and all three victims had their throats slit. Words were scrawled in blood in each of the victims' homes, but we could not decipher their meaning. I believe the message warns of more deaths to come. Only you can help us stop the evil—before it is too late. Please, you must help us!"

If the PCs agree to help Yanek and his village, the laird offers them whatever he can afford. If the PCs request monetary payment, Yanek promises to give them up to five 100 gp garnets once the evil in Luskwald is overcome. (Yanek keeps the gems hidden in his house.) Otherwise, Yanek pays them with horses (from area 2) or supplies (from area 3).

Yanek believes that the murders in Luskwald are somehow related to the peculiar events in the old keep north of the village. The village has been fraught with ill luck ever since repairs to the old keep began. If the PCs choose to save Luskwald from its "curse," Yanek relates the information in the Adventure Background concerning those events. He suggests that the PCs begin their quest in the village itself, where clues concerning the nature of the "curse" may be revealed with careful exploration of the victims' homes.

If the PCs want to question the individuals directly involved in the rebuilding of the keep, Yanek says he hired out-of-town stonemasons (since Luskwald has none), but the remaining crewmen are all Luskwaldians: Hans Bellinek (area 7), Gustav and Justin Orlesky (area 10), Erne and Homm Shyndle (area 11), Karn Ironstar and Bryn Bellowforge (area 17; both now dead), Ezekiel Devek (area 19), Doland Mirklar and his two apprentices (area 20).

The following sections describe the village of Luskwald and the ruined keep. The PCs are free to travel back and forth between the village and the ruins. If the PCs retrieve Dyrk's missing cap, they can coax the redcap into leaving the village and returning to the ruins (once they identify the redcap as the murderer). If the PCs cannot locate the redcap's hat (or are oblivious to its importance), they must find some way to snare or slay the menacing brownie before he kills more innocent villagers.

Exploring the Village

Luskwald is a small community of 20 buildings, most of them residences. In their search for Luskwald's elusive assassin, the PCs will undoubtedly want to explore many of these houses for signs of the redcap or clues to his whereabouts. The buildings and their occupants are described below in more detail. Two basic floor plans are also included, enabling the DM to stage multiple confrontations with the murderous yet evasive villain.

Three of Luskwald's buildings have unique floor plans: the local inn (area 1), the traders' hall (area 2) and the general store (area 3). All other buildings are described only in the text.

Dyrk the Redcap

Dyrk, like most redcaps, appears as a gnarled old brownie with sharp, protruding teeth, tangled gray hair, and bloodshot eyes filled with hatred and malice. He is equipped with a blood-caked pikestaff (Dmg 1d6), a sharp knife (Dmg 1d4), a *wand of trap detection* (10 charges), and a *ring of safety* (negates two failed saving throws). The latter two items were taken from the lair of Eneivan, Dyrk's former master. Hanging from a string around Dyrk's neck is another "gift" from Eneivan: the shadow elf's shrivelled nose.

Dyrk's brief service to Eneivan yielded an additional reward: the redcap learned how to write. However, his writing skills are very limited, and Dyrk is a poor speller. He occasionally leaves blood-scrawled messages and warnings near the remains of slain victims. The messages left in Luskwald reflect Dyrk's desire for the safe return of his cap. Whether the PCs understand Dyrk's messages is another matter.

The redcap is mute and thus remains silent for most of the adventure. However, Dyrk has perfected a series of uncanny noises (ghastly howls, child-like screams, creaking doors and squeaky floorboards) designed to terrorize and confound potential victims. Dyrk will use these noises to lure unsuspecting victims into specially rigged traps. On other occasions, Dyrk might use the sound of a screaming woman or crying child to lure victims out of their homes, or at the very least trick them into opening a locked door or window (allowing the *invisible* redcap to enter).

If the PCs destroy Dyrk's cap (and Dyrk learns of their actions), the redcap will not rest until every member of the party is dead. If the PCs prove too tough or evasive, the redcap will unleash his fury on the poor villagers of Luskwald instead.

Capturing the redcap will prove especially difficult given the magical items in Dyrk's possession. The redcap uses these items to detect and circumvent booby traps if he suspects an area is unsafe. As a precaution, the redcap usually employs his wand when he enters a building for the first time. Dyrk can also render himself *invisible* at will, even when attacking. He remains *invisible* most of the time, unless he wants to terrorize his victim(s) with a momentary appearance. To date, only one person in Luskwald has seen the redcap (see area 14.) Attacks made against the *invisible* brownie are −4 to hit.

Dyrk isn't invincible, of course. He is vulnerable to several items, including properly employed holy symbols, water, and certain spells. Clerics can hold the redcap "at bay" with a holy symbol; the chance of success is 10%/level of the cleric holding the symbol. Similarly, Dyrk will not attack the recipient of a *protection from evil* spell. Holy water inflicts 2d4 + 1 hp damage to the redcap per vial, and Dyrk has never encountered holy water before (though holy water smells repugnant to him, and he won't touch it voluntarily).

Dyrk (redcap): AC 7; HD 2*; hp 14; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1 weapon or 2 scratches/1 bite; Dmg by weapon type or 1d2/1d2/1; SD *invisibility;* Save H2; ML 8; INT 12; AL C; SZ S; XP 250 (story award); CC/17 (brownie).

Most of Luskwald's residents are 0-level humans with the following statistics: AC 9; hp 1–6; MV 120′ (40′); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; Save Normal Man; ML 6; INT varies; AL L. Exceptions are noted in the text.

Finding Dyrk

To determine where in Luskwald the redcap is hiding at any given time, roll 1d20. (For example, a roll of 11 means Dyrk is currently occupying area 11.) The redcap changes location at least once each night (sometimes more) in his search for his cap, killing some occupants while merely terrorizing others. As a general rule, the redcap attacks only those who seem unable or ill-equipped to defend themselves; Dyrk is not foolish enough to risk injury in a direct confrontation.

Most of Luskwald's residences provide many hiding places for the redcap. Dyrk can conceal himself beneath loose floorboards, within hollow walls, among ceiling rafters, under tables, in wardrobes, and behind furniture. The redcap can also take advantage of several means of entrance and egress (holes in thatch or tile rooftops, open chimneys, narrow cracks in walls, unlocked windows) but is careful to scope out all possibilities before staying in a given area for any length of time. If a house affords no easy escape, Dyrk sometimes creates one by carving a "mouse hole" in an outside wall using his pikestaff.

The Cat Brigade

While exploring Luskwald, the PCs notice some peculiar behavior from the village cats (six in all). The cats are searching for the redcap and, at times, can be seen in small packs, skulking around buildings or conferring silently. Their odd behavior can be attributed to Hazel Glaghorn (area 14), who is using the cats' keen feline senses to track down the "evil" that has plagued Luskwald.

A cleric or druid may communicate with the cats using a *speak with animals* spell. The cats claim they are hunting the "bad smell." (They have never actually seen the redcap.) So far, Dyrk has managed to elude them.

Village Rumors

Many of the NPCs in Luskwald are privy to rumors regarding the "evil spirit" inhabiting their community. (See "Rumors in Luskwald" sidebar.) However, most residents are hesitant to speak openly about the "evil" in Luskwald, fearing reprisal. Players will need all their role-playing skills to coax information out of these terrified townsfolk.

Encounter Areas

1. The Dragon's Flagon.

> The village inn is a rain-drenched single-story structure with few windows, adjoining stables, and a large weather-worn crest painted on the front wall. The crest depicts a green dragon, its wings unfolded, clutching an ale tankard with two fearsome claws.

Luskwald's inn is run by a retired dwarf adventurer named Coryston Dalnor, and his human wife, Penelope (hp 4). Like many dwarves, Coryston is rather set in his ways, often scolding Penelope for being "inventive" and doing things differently. It's during these arguments that Penelope's sharp wit emerges, usually putting Coryston in his place.

Penelope's pets are a domesticated pair of blink dogs named Winkin and Blinkin. (Those who have never seen a blink dog usually mistake them for normal dogs.) She also owns a black cat named Nod. The animals have keen senses and can find the redcap by scent or sound.

The Dalnors usually charge 1 sp per person for a meal at their inn. One tankard of ale costs 3 cp, or two tankards for 5 cp. A bed for the night costs another 2 sp, while stable rentals are 5 sp per night.

Rumors in Luskwald (Roll 1d100)

01–07	The ruined keep is haunted by the ghosts of slain goblins. (False)
08–15	I have heard the sound of babies crying in the night, sometimes right outside my door! (True; see "Dyrk the Redcap" sidebar)
16–23	It was a mistake to rebuild that old keep! Anyone who sets foot within the ruins is cursed for life. (False)
24–31	Eerie lights have been seen floating around the old keep at night! (False, but see "Concluding the Adventure")
32–39	Hazel Glaghorn is a witch, and her "House of Spirits" is precisely that! She is responsible for the evil that plagues Luskwald! (False, but see area 14)
40–47	Someone or something deliberately sabotaged our effort to rebuild the fallen keep. Whatever dwells there does not like intruders. (True)
48–55	Goblins are hiding in the dungeons of the keep! They're stalking the villagers one by one, until no one in Luskwald remains to stand against them. (False)
56–63	There was treasure hidden in that old keep. Someone in Luskwald took something that didn't belong to them, and all of us are suffering for it! (False)
64–71	Karn and Bryn (area 17) found something terrible while hunting in the woods, and it followed them back here to Luskwald. (False)
72–79	The laird knows more about the keep's history than he's telling. He knows the nature of the fiend that prowls Luskwald! (False)
80–87	Beware the shadows! Assassins are stalking Luskwald, using the village as a training ground to hone their evil skills. (False)
88–95	Luskwald is beset by a madman. He makes strange noises in the night, trying to lure unsuspecting victims out of their homes. (False)
96–00	Several of the villagers have been possessed by evil spirits from the ruined keep. They are the ones haunting Luskwald. (False)

Coryston Dalnor (dwarf): AC 8 (7 with shield); Dw3; hp 22; MV 60′ (20′); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +2; S 16 (+2/+2), I 9, W 11, D 15, C 17, Ch 12; SD infravision; Save Dw3; ML 10; AL L; war hammer, shield, knife, key to strongbox in area 1b, the private bedroom.

Winkin and **Blinkin** (blink dogs): AC 5; HD 4*; hp 16, 13; MV 120′ (40′); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1d6; SD blinking; Save F4; ML 6; INT 9; AL L; SZ S; RC/162.

Nod (domestic cat): AC 7; HD ½; hp 3; MV 150′ (50′); #AT 3; Dmg 1/1/1–2; SD rake with rear claws for 1/1; Save Normal Man; ML 5; INT 4; AL N; SZ S; new monster.

a. Dining Room. This cozy chamber is lit by lanterns suspended from the rafters. Four circular tables occupy the floor space, and a large ale barrel stands in one corner. Dinner guests may refill their tankards here, simply by twisting the barrel's brass spigot. Coryston keeps mental track of how much ale his guests consume and keeps extra barrels in the kitchen.

b. Private Bedroom. This is where Coryston and Penelope sleep. Their bed is heaped with furs and rests next to a corner fireplace. A three-drawer cedar dresser stuffed with clothing stands next to the door. The bottom drawer has a secret compartment containing a locked iron strongbox. The box contains Coryston's wealth (145 gp, 462 sp, and 608 cp).

c. Kitchen. Cluttered cupboards and shelves line the kitchen walls. A table occupies the middle of the floor, a wash basin stands near the outside door, and a large stew pot hangs above the embers of a corner fireplace. Next to the dining room door stand two unopened barrels of ale. Unknown to Coryston and Penelope, Dyrk has carved a large rat hole (large enough to squeeze through, anyway) in the back wall of the inn, leading to the interior of one of Penelope's cupboards.

d. Guest Rooms. Each of these rooms contains two comfortable beds and two wooden storage trunks (both unlocked).

e. Storage Closet. This 5′ × 5′ room contains cleaning supplies and dining utensils.

f. Stable. This adjoining structure houses the inn's stables. No horses are currently kept here, and all five stalls are clean. Several bales of hay are stored in the loft above the stalls, and a ladder hangs on the wall near the stable doors. The PCs can use the ladder to climb up to the loft if they wish to explore the area, but nothing unusual lurks among the hay.

g. Outhouse. This ramshackle building contains two separate stalls concealed behind ragged curtains. There is little else of interest.

2. Traders' Hall.

> The walls of this building are in desperate need of paint, yet the structure itself seems to have weathered the passage of time. Above the main door hangs a sign that reads "Luskwald Traders' Guild." The guild actually consists of two buildings: the trade-hall and an adjoining stable sealed by a pair of heavy wooden doors.

Housed within this structure are the offices of Luskwald's "traders' guild," which has two members, Skaldar and Vaxalt Larimil. Skaldar acquires items from local craftsmen and trades them on their behalf (for a modest profit), while Vaxalt specializes in the acquisition of items that would interest his fellow Luskwaldians.

Skaldar is a large, friendly man with a serious mind for business. His shorter but heftier brother, Vaxalt, has little patience for customers who dicker over price. Both are prepared to defend themselves against any menace, from irate customers to murderous miscreants like Dyrk the redcap.

Skaldar Larimil (human male): AC 8; F2; hp 12; MV 120′ (40′); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +2; S 17 (+2), I 13, D 13, Ch 13; Save F2; ML 9; AL L; short sword, pouch containing two gems (50 gp each) and 36 gp.

Vaxalt Larimil (human male): AC 7; M2; hp 6; MV 120′ (40′); #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; I 16, W 14, D 16; Save M2; ML 6; AL N; dagger, *wand of magic detection* (21 charges), *ring of memory* (stores one extra *magic missile* spell), key ring. Spells: *analyze, magic missile.*

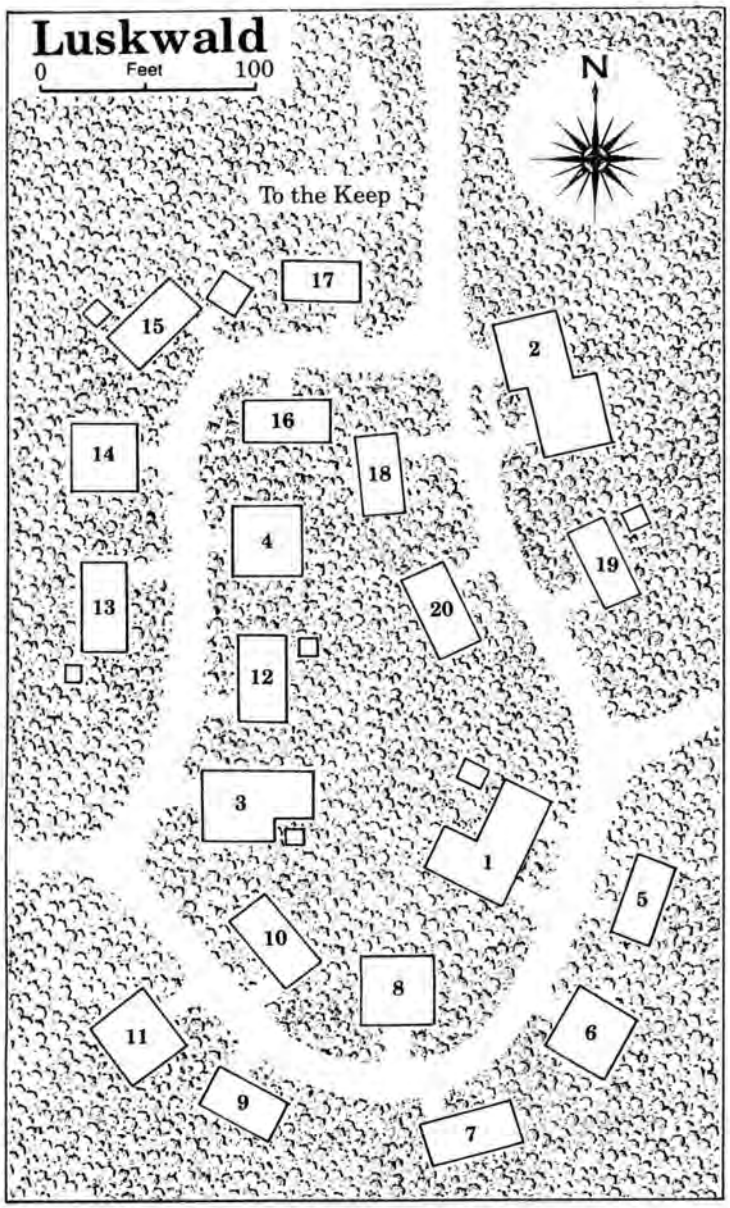
a. Trading Chamber. The walls of this chamber are decorated with banners representing townships and cities in the vicinity of Luskwald. The decor is appropriate given the room's function: this is where traveling merchants come to exchange their wares. The space is taken up by a large oaken table and six impressive chairs, three positioned on either side.

b. Sleeping Quarters. Though Skaldar and Vaxalt sleep here, the chamber also serves as a makeshift kitchen. Clues to the room's dual role are provided by the two trunks of foodstuffs against one wall, the keg of wine in the corner, and the array of pots and pans hanging on the walls near the fireplace. Two beds are pushed against the walls, one for each brother.

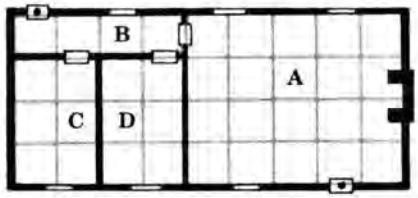
c. Vaxalt's Office. This room is well-kept and nicely appointed. Vaxalt's desk is bare, although the top drawer is filled with ink jars and parchment (used for drawing up contracts). The bottom drawer is locked and contains a sack of 250 sp and a pouch of 12 assorted gems (6 × 10 gp, 3 × 50 gp, 3 × 100 gp). Along one wall of the office are three glass cabinets that Vaxalt normally keeps locked. Displayed within the cabinets are items of curious but nonmagical nature: elegant carpets, adventuring gear (including a fair selection of well-crafted weapons), bolts of silk and satin, stacks of paper, fine leather clothing, exotic lamps, jars of rare spices and herbs, and other curiosities.

d. Skaldar's Office. This office is messy and cluttered. The walls are covered with shelves and pegs used to display various sample items acquired from the village craftsmen: wood carvings from the local woodcarver, horseshoes from the local blacksmith, barrels from the local cooper, bird houses and boxes from the local carpenter, shoes and boots from the local cobbler, and the like.

e. Stable. The Larimils are also horse traders and keep their stables well-stocked with fine mounts: five healthy draft horses, two riding horses, and one pony. The animals are restless during rainstorms and are in need of exercise. With the current threat to Luskwald, Skaldar has been reluctant to let the horses out.

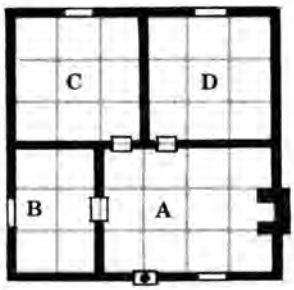


Glazier's House

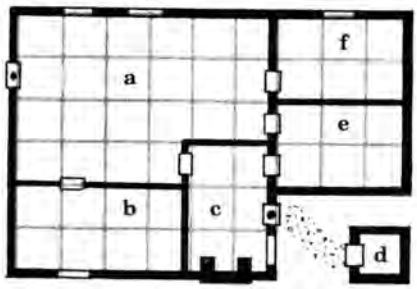


One square = 5'

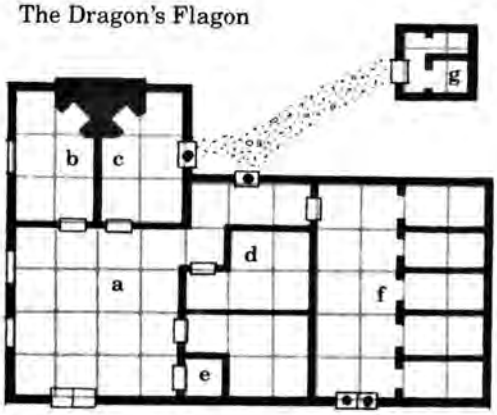
Yanek Residence



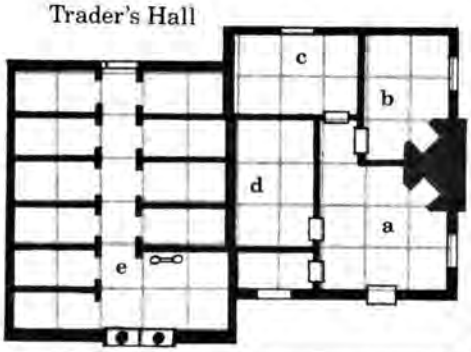
Dalagar's Provisions



The Dragon's Flagon



Trader's Hall



Skaldar keeps a small wagon in the stable. A wooden ladder leads up to a hay-filled loft built atop the stables. If Dyrk uses either the loft or the wagon as a hiding place, he causes the horses some distress (and draws the brothers' attention).

Draft horses (5): AC 7; HD 3; hp 18 each; MV 90′ (30′); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1d3; Save F2; ML 6; INT 2; AL N; SZ L; RC/185.

Riding horses (2): AC 7; HD 2; hp 13 each; MV 240′ (80′); #AT 2 hooves; Dmg 1d4/1d4; Save F1; ML 7; INT 2; AL N; SZ L; RC/185.

Pony: same as riding horse except; hp 10; MV 210′ (70′).

3. Dalagar's Provisions.

> The village store is a dark and foreboding structure, even though lanterns hang on either side of the entrance. A sign that reads "Dalagar's Provisions" swings gently above the portal.

Brynzolf Dalagar (hp 5) is the proprietor of this establishment and lives here with his wife Lorel (hp 4) and their three daughters (hp 2 each). The doors to the store are barred shut, the window shutters are locked, and the family has confined itself to the kitchen (area c). If the redcap finds his way inside, Brynzolf unlocks the back door and rushes his family off to the neighboring inn.

Brynzolf sells common foodstuffs and dry goods, including farming implements, wine, and clothing. He buys some of his supplies from the Larimil brothers (area 2), while other supplies are acquired from visiting caravans.

a. Store. Shelves lined with sacks and jars of foodstuffs occupy most of this area, although there is room enough for a long counter along the south wall (near the storage room).

b. Storage Chamber. The walls of this locked room are lined with shelves and cabinets, each packed with non-perishable farming and household supplies. Several of the tools (pitchforks, shovels, hoes, etc.) can be used as makeshift weapons if the need arises.

c. Kitchen. This kitchen is furnished appropriately. Brynzolf and his family are often found here, sleeping on a pad of furs and blankets taken from their bedrooms or keeping each other company around the kitchen table. Brynzolf keeps the back door locked for protection.

d. Outhouse. A pool of mud surrounds this weather-beaten shack. There is nothing of interest here, unless the redcap uses the outhouse as a hiding place.

e. Master Bedroom. This is where Brynzolf and Lorel usually sleep. Their bed, stripped of blankets, rests against the far wall.

f. Girls' Bedroom. Three small cots occupy this chamber. There is also a 4′ × 2′ × 2′ toy chest resting against one wall. The chest, fashioned by a local carpenter, is filled to the brim with dolls. If the redcap is searching for a place to hide, he may bury himself among the dolls in the toy box, perhaps passing himself off as a doll if he chooses to become visible.

4. Yanek Residence.

> Three steps lead up to the front door of this well-kept house. Mounted on the door is a brass plaque etched with the words "Donovan Yanek, Laird of Luskwald." A sinister pumpkin scowls through the front window of the residence with sinister, candle-lit eyes.

The door to Donovan Yanek's house is always locked. If the PCs have already met the laird at the local inn (area 1), he is not here. Otherwise, Donovan is hiding in his study (area b). If the PCs knock at the front door, Donovan (hp 4) answers only after arming himself with a fireplace poker and spying on the PCs through the front window.

The laird has an ill-tempered cat named Irksome (hp 4; see area 1 for statistics). If it senses Dyrk's presence, it hisses and growls.

a. Parlor. Items of interest in this room include a cedar wine cabinet (fully stocked), a pair of leather armchairs, a cushioned sofa, a wooden coat rack (positioned near the front door), and a pile of wood by the fireplace. A portrait of Laird Yanek hangs above the mantle.

b. Study. A large oak desk rests beneath the window of this room. A tall yet slender chair has been tucked under the desk, its back facing the door. Two tall bookcases (filled with historical indexes, legal doctrines, and volumes pertaining to natural philosophy and music) stand against the north wall.

c. Conservatory. An exquisitely crafted harpsichord rests in one corner of the room, while in another corner stands an iron cooking stove (seldom used, since Yanek prefers to eat his meals at the local inn). The bust of a famous bard rests on a marble pedestal near the window, almost as if the bust were enjoying the view. If the bust is removed from the pedestal, a hollow compartment is revealed. This is where Yanek stores his wealth: a pouch of five 100 gp garnets (which Yanek offers to the PCs as payment for their services) and another pouch holding 162 gp.

d. Bedroom. A large bed occupies most of this 15′ square room. Other furnishings include a cedar wardrobe and matching dresser, both filled with the laird's clothing.

5. Grinstaff Residence.

> The sign hanging above the door of this house is shaped like a loaf of bread. Evidently, this is the residence of Luskwald's baker.

The village baker, Nadia Grinstaff (hp 3) lives here with her nephew, his wife, and their two children. Nadia is an elderly but spirited woman who bakes the most wondrous and tasty rhubarb pies to be found anywhere. She continues to run her business despite recent events in Luskwald.

Nadia's nephew, Peter (hp 5), has held many jobs. He worked eight years as a scrivener and is now composing his own book of poetry. His wife Anabelle (hp 4) fully endorses his artistic pursuits. Their children, Johann and Cara (hp 2, 1), are restless and eager to be allowed outside.

6. Talbut Residence.

> This weather-worn residence sits in a quagmire of mud and rainwater. You can see the flickering eyes of a Jack-o-lantern through the front window.

The village weaver, Tristan Talbut (hp 5), lives here with his wife Meg (hp 4) and 15-year-old son Tristan Jr. (hp 6).

Tristan's son does not share his parents' belief that restless spirits have descended on Luskwald. He believes Luskwald has been overrun by thieves and assassins and would like nothing better than to take on the culprits himself. Not surprisingly, the young Tristan wants to be an adventurer when he gets older; his father has quashed young Tristan's ambitions, maintaining that his son will learn the trade of weaving and continue the family business. PCs who encourage Tristan's adventuring ambitions may find themselves saddled with an additional follower when they leave town; Tristan has been waiting for an opportunity to run away and prove his mettle to the world.

7. Bellinek Residence.

> This house seems especially grim, perhaps the result of its dark wood frame. A boot-shaped sign swings listlessly above the front door.

Luskwald's cobbler, Otto Bellinek (hp 5), lives here with this two sons, Hans and Karl (hp 4 each). Despite his limited materials, Otto creates some of the finest footwear found anywhere in the realm. His shoes are tailored to fit their wearers, yet the price for his handiwork is moderately affordable.

Karl, Otto's younger boy, intends to follow in his father's footsteps. Hans, on the other hand, has no interest in cobbling; for the last three years, he's been an apprentice of the local carpenter (area 20). Several weeks ago, Hans was injured while working at the ruined keep. Someone or something drove a rusted dagger through his left foot, and he still walks with the aid of a crutch.

8. Kerwig Residence.

> Hanging on the front door of this well-tended residence are several sprigs of garlic and wolfsbane tied together in a bundle. Wind chimes dangle from the house's eaves, tinkling and whistling in the wind. A grimacing pumpkin with firelit eyes sits in the window.

The local herbalist, Molly Kerwig (hp 4), lives here with her tomcat Mortimer (hp 3; see area 1 for statistics) and her brother Winston (hp 5). Winston was born without arms and uses a special set of mouth tongs that enable him to grasp relatively light items by biting down on a clamp. All the door handles in Molly's house were fashioned by the local carpenter so Winston could open them with his feet.

Molly is an expert herbalist. Her natural potions heal 1d4 + 1 hp damage each and are relatively inexpensive to prepare (10 gp each). Her personal ethics forbid her from making poisons and other detrimental concoctions. Winston is cautious around strangers and protective of Molly. In his spare time, he paints pictures (holding the brushes in his teeth).

The presence of "evil spirits" in Luskwald has troubled Molly and Winston deeply, and they remain confined to their house.

9. Dalcus Residence.

> The sound of barking dogs—large ones—echoes from this residence. A candlelit pumpkin lights every window of the house.

The village chandler, Emily Dalcus (hp 3), lives here with two large dogs. Emily makes candles for all occasions and has no trouble keeping her many jack-o'-lanterns lit (six pumpkins in all). She fears for her safety, and even the presence of the hounds cannot quell her dread. If the redcap decides to pay a visit to Emily's home, the presence of her temperamental hounds keeps Dyrk at bay.

Dogs (2): AC 7; HD 1 + 1; hp 7 each; MV 150′ (50′); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1d6; Save F1; ML 8; INT 3; AL N; SZ M; new monster.

10. Orlesky Residence.

> This simple house is one of the few residences in Luskwald with a porch. This well-made addition gives the house a distinct appearance, despite the fact that the house itself is as dark and dreary as the buildings on either side of it.

A jack-o'-lantern grimaces menacingly through one of the front windows of this residence. The house is occupied by the village woodcarver Gustav Orlesky (hp 7), his wife Brigit (hp 5), and their son Justin (hp 5). Gustav takes pride in all

of Justin's accomplishments and fully endorses Justin's apprenticeship to the local carpenter (area 20).

Gustav and his son were among those commissioned to rebuild the ruined keep north of Luskwald. Gustav was injured when a block of stone fell on his shoulder, but his wounds were minor. Justin barely avoided injury (he was within a hair of having an entire scaffold fall on top of him).

11. Shyndle Residence.

> Mounted above the door of this house is a half-keg, beneath which are painted the words "Shyndle's Barrelworks." The residence itself appears well-lit and occupied.

This house belongs to the halfling cooper Barglin Shyndle and his two nephews, Erne and Homm, both of whom are serving as apprentices. Although their house is sized for humans, the furniture is built for halflings.

Both of Barglin's nephews worked on the ruined keep, but neither were hurt in the events that took place during the keep's reconstruction. If Dyrk enters the house, Barglin uses his short sword to hold the "fiend" at bay while his nephews bolt toward the inn.

Barglin, Erne, and Homm Shyndle (male halflings): AC 7 (5 vs. large opponents); H1; hp 5, 3 (×2); MV 90' (30'); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA +1 to hit with missiles; Save H1; ML 8; AL L; SZ S; short sword (Barglin only).

12. Morgyr Residence.

> Pounded into the front lawn of this property is a handsomely carved wooden sign with the words "Village Mender—Open All Hours" painted on it. The house is missing a few shingles and shutters.

Ylandra Morgyr, the village "mender," is a young woman living alone and the proverbial apple of many a gentleman's eye. She is skeptical of rumors concerning "evil spirits" in Luskwald and fears that her village is beset by a crazed lunatic. She is suspicious of strangers and casts her *detect evil* spell on PCs who approach her house.

Ylandra Morgyr (female human): AC 8; C3; hp 13; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; Dmg by spell or by weapon type +1; S 15 (+1), I 12, W 16, D 14, C 9, Ch 15; Save C3; ML 8; AL L; mace, holy symbol, three vials of holy water, clerical scroll (*cure light wounds* ×2). Spells: *cure light wounds, detect evil.*

One of the smaller rooms in Ylandra's house has been converted into a "hospital," complete with a patient's bed and locked medicine cabinet. Inside the medicine cabinet are nine potions: three healing potions made by Molly Kerwig (see area 8), three magical *healing* potions, and three antidote potions (one each of first three types, see *RC*, page 232).

13. Karsell Residence.

> This simple house, its windows shuttered tight, stands alone amid a tangle of weeds. A pumpkin patch grows on the south side, but most of the larger pumpkins are gone.

The pumpkin patch growing next to the house is wild and the townsfolk have taken most of its crop, leaving only the smallest pumpkins behind. The occupants of the house don't mind; Frederick and Osten Karsell are hunters, not pumpkin growers. Prior to the redcap's rampage, the burly Karsell brothers (hp 6 each) spent almost every waking moment hunting in the woods or drinking at the local tavern. Lately, however, they've been shut up together in the house, and prolonged enclosure has made them uneasy and quite miserable.

The interior chambers of the house are adorned with all kinds of hunting trophies. Behind the house is a small shack that serves as an outhouse. If the redcap decides to surprise the hunters, it hides inside the shack and ambushes the hunters when they are most vulnerable.

14. Glaghorn Residence.

> A curious sign hangs above the doorway of this modest residence. It reads "House of Spirits." Given the mystique of this eerie little village, you can only imagine what kind of "spirits" lurk within.

A wacky middle-aged woman named Hazel Glaghorn lives in this house, and the spirits she sells are not of the undead variety. On the contrary, locked in her storeroom are several varieties of wine, numerous kegs of ale, and an ample supply of more exotic elixirs (none of them magical). She also owns a huge still, a clattering, cacophonous, contraption easily mistaken for a giant metal monster.

Hazel Glaghorn: AC 9; M5; hp 12; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; Save M5; ML 6; INT 17; AL N; dagger, *ring of animal control.* Spells: *charm person, detect magic, ESP, invisibility; clairvoyance.* Hazel's spellbook contains these spells plus *analyze, read languages, read magic, sleep, ventriloquism; detect invisible, locate object, wizard lock;* and *lightning bolt.*

If the PCs speak to Hazel, they can acquire some useful information regarding the "evil" in Luskwald. Hazel owns a pair of orange cats named Rapscallion and Ragamuffin (hp 3 each; see area 1 for statistics) and uses *clairvoyance* spells to peer through their eyes. Using this scrying technique, Hazel has peeked inside her neighbors' houses, including the nearby homes of Dyrk's recent victims. By chance, she caught a glimpse of a sneering "leprechaun" two nights ago (in area 17). She saw the leprechaun searching the workmen's house with a knife in its hand. Hazel lost track of the mysterious miscreant when, quite unexpectedly, it turned *invisible.* Using her *ring of animal control,* Hazel has been using the village's feline population to scour Luskwald for signs of the wretched redcap.

Hazel is greedy, and PCs hoping to get information from her must pay for it. During payment negotiations, Hazel uses her *ESP* spell to determine what valuables each PC possesses. In the end, she settles for a monetary payment of 100 gp but would much rather obtain a minor magical item (potion, scroll, or ring).

15. Ruldar Residence and Smithy.

> The roof of this modest house seems to have been replaced recently, as evidenced by its weather-worthy appearance. The house itself is covered with creepers and ivy. Standing to one side of the residence is a smaller stone building with a large stone chimney.

Gharon Ruldar, the village blacksmith (hp 5), lives here with his daughter Maldra and his son Bram (hp 4 each), and all three are accomplished black-

smiths. Gharon seldom works in the smithy any more, preferring to spend his time chatting at the local inn. Maldra and Bram are the ones usually seen pounding iron and steel—making horseshoes, nails, iron rings, and caltrops. Their prices are very reasonable, but they do not fashion weapons and armor.

In light of recent events, the Ruldars shut down the smithy and locked themselves inside their house. Gharon has the flu and spends most of his days in bed, tended by his caring children.

The floors around the front and back doors of the house are covered with caltrops (a useless defense against the vigilant redcap).

16. Glazier's Residence and Shop. Ezner Mourne, the village glazier, was Dyrk's first victim. The *invisible* redcap knocked on the front door, waited for Ezner to open the portal, then slipped in unnoticed. Dyrk terrorized the old man for several hours before finally doing him in. Ezner was found pinned beneath a fallen shelf, covered in splintered glass. He has since been buried (along with the victims from area 17) in a nearby woodland plot, but the wreckage inside his house remains.

a. Kitchen and Living Area. Every piece of furniture in this room has been knocked over, pulled down or smashed to bits. At the DM's discretion, observant PCs might notice tiny footprints next to a spilled bag of flour.

b. Display Room. The floor of this room is covered with broken glass. The walls are lined with wooden display shelves, several of which have been knocked over. Only a few glasses and dishes remain unbroken amidst the thousands of shattered pieces.

c. Glassworks. In one corner of this room stands a metal stove used for heating and molding glass. The redcap left the house by climbing up the stovepipe to the roof with the aid of his pikestaff. Anyone studying the stove interior has a 1-in-6 chance of noticing little footprints in the ashes of the furnace.

d. Bedroom. This room's contents are in utter disarray. Many of Ezner's personal belongings lie scattered on the floor, including a spilled pouch of 112 sp.

Written in blood on the side of Ezner's dresser is the following warning:

GIVHAT MINE KEEP OUT

Dyrk meant to write, "Give me my hat. It's mine. Stay out of my keep." but because of his limited writing skills, his warning is much more mysterious than intended.

17. Workmen's Home. This is the home of Dyrk's second and third victims, and has the same layout as the Yanek residence. Karn Ironstar and Bryn Bellowforge were commissioned to help rebuild the ruined keep, and both were found in bed with their throats cut. Their bodies were buried the morning after they died in the same woodland cemetery where the village glazier now rests.

The redcap entered the house by prying back a loose wallboard in the den (area a). After searching the den for his missing cap (and not finding it), Dyrk crept into the bedrooms (using his pikestaff to pull down the door handles), killed the two hunters, and thoroughly searched each chamber (again, finding nothing).

a. Den. The walls of this room are covered with hunting trophies. Scattered across the floor are a deck of cards, 12 sp and 42 cp, and other miscellaneous items belonging to the hunters. PCs who carefully search the room may notice the loosened wallboard through which the redcap entered (and left) the house.

b. Kitchen. A broken table lies in the center of this room. Various jars and food sacks lie broken and empty on the floor, their contents creating a multicolored carpet.

c. Karn's Bedroom. This room contains a blood-soaked bed, an overturned trunk, and a bearskin rug. The straw stuffing inside the mattress has been strewn across the floor along with the contents of Karn's trunk: pieces of hide armor, two wooden candlesticks, a pouch containing two 20-gp gems and 16 sp, a heavy crossbow and several broken bolts. PCs who search these items carefully have a 1-in-6 chance of noticing two very small bloody handprints on one of the candlesticks.

c. Bryn's Bedroom. A blood-soaked, dwarf-sized bed rests against one wall of this room. Next to the bed lies an overturned wooden chest, its contents scattered across the floor: pieces of leather armor, a torn hunter's cap, an emptied wineskin, a pair of bearskin gloves, six iron spearheads, and a spilled sack of 125 cp. A small table has also been overturned, along with the lantern that once stood atop it. (The lantern is smashed and useless, and the lantern's spilled oil is a fire hazard.)

After killing poor Bryn and searching his belongings, the frustrated Dyrk climbed onto the headboard and scrawled a message on the wall above the bed. The warning, written in the dwarf's blood, is as follows:

GIVHAT ORKIL

Dyrk's actual intent was to write "Give me my hat, or die." Instead, a corruption of "Give hat or kill" is what the message conveys.

18. Eregauld Residence.

A rain-filled birdbath stands on the front lawn of this well-tended residence. A sign suspended above the door reads "Eregauld's Pottery & Clayworks." A clay, candlelit pumpkin peers through every glass pane.

The village clayworker, Lorna Eregauld (hp 4), lives here with her six young children (three boys and three girls, hp 2 (×3), 1 (×3)) and her cat, Ichabod (hp 4, see area 1 for statistics). Lorna has taken precautions to ensure her family's safety and refuses to answer her front door. She constantly carries a light crossbow but is understandably hesitant to use it. Besides, she has only one bolt.

19. Devek Residence.

An old horse-drawn cart sits in the front yard of this residence, its wheels mired in mud. The house itself is a proud testament to its builder, standing against the elements without the slightest sign of wear. A candlelit jack-o'-lantern sneers through one curtained window.

Ezekiel Devek (hp 5), a carpenter and wagon maker, lives here with his wife, Jezebel (hp 3), and their youngest son, Zandor (hp 2). Ezekiel's elder son, Voltan, was crushed beneath a collapsed scaffold while helping to repair the ruined keep north of the village. The Devek family has spent the last several weeks mourning Voltan's death and are terrified by current events in Luskwald. Ezekiel wants to leave the village but cannot afford to buy horses from the local traders to pull the cart that sits in his front yard.

Ezekiel is an expert wagon builder (particularly wagon wheels, which he sells whenever merchants visit Luskwald). He also collaborates with Doland Mirklar (area 20) on a variety of building projects that require more than one carpenter, including doomed projects like the ruined keep.

20. Mirklar Residence.

A solid, well-kept porch embellishes the front of this house. The windows have all been shuttered, giving this otherwise quaint residence an unwelcome appearance.

Doland Mirklar, a carpenter and roofer (and lately the town's coffin builder and gravedigger), occupies this house. A frugal businessman, Doland (hp 5) can afford to be choosy about his jobs; his name stands for quality just about anywhere in the realm. Although he has no family, Doland shares the house with two orphaned apprentices, Angus (hp 6) and Timmel (hp 3). He has two other apprentices, Hans Bellinek and Justin Orlesky, who live with their families in the village. (See areas 7 and 10.)

Both of Doland's resident apprentices sustained slight injuries while working at the keep: Angus put his foot through a nail jutting out of the floor, and Timmel had a chunk of rock dropped on his head.

The Ruined Keep

The road between Luskwald and the ruins is muddy and rarely traveled. Read or paraphrase the following as the party approaches the ruined keep for the first time:

Two miles north of Luskwald lie the ruins of a fallen keep. The ivy-covered structure is partially obscured behind the skeletons of dead trees. Both the gate house and the keep itself show signs of collapse, and one of the courtyard walls has completely crumbled. The roof's tiles have peeled away from the rooftops, leaving plenty of holes for the rain to trickle through.

PCs exploring the ruins encounter a few unpleasant surprises: Anton and Kristof (the wererats) and their rodent minions. The wererats know nothing of the redcap's existence; they have claimed the keep for themselves with no knowledge of its prior inhabitant. The lycanthropes are currently in the planning stages of a scheme to terrorize poor Luskwald. For now, they are enjoying sanctuary within the ruins.

The Wererats' Wiles

The wererats are devious and cowardly, preferring to avoid direct confrontations when they are outnumbered. They have no such qualms about attacking a solitary victim. If more than a single PC arrives at the keep, the wererats try to frighten them away or dispatch them one at a time.

Anton and Kristof usually remain in rat form, so they can mingle with their fellow rodents and move about the ruins more easily. The PCs may suspect the presence of wererats given the sheer number of common rats within the ruins. The DM should not allay these suspicions, since the presence of even one lycanthrope is usually enough to instill fear in a low-level party.

The wererats are virtually impossible to surprise. As soon as the PCs are detected by the keep's ordinary rats, the wererats are warned of the party's presence. In many respects, the wererat's tactics are similar to the redcap's. Both Anton and Kristof are masters of sabotage, using their weapons and skills to weaken floors, set up trip wires, and stage several untimely "accidents." They are completely familiar with the layout of the ruins and retreat to a safer location if injured.

Dyrk's crimson cap is kept with the wererats' other "treasures" in area 15. The PCs need to recover this item and return safely to Luskwald with it. If Anton and Kristof are captured or cornered, the wererats gladly exchange the cap (and their treasure) for their lives.

Anton and **Kristof** (wererats): AC 7 (9 in human form); HD 3*; hp 16, 11; MV 120' (40'); #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (bite) or by weapon; SA surprise, lycanthropy; SD silver or magical weapons to hit (animal form only); Save F3; ML 8; INT 10; AL C; XP 50; RC/190 (lycanthrope); short sword.

Anton and Kristof are not harmed by wolfsbane but are repelled by the sight of a dead rat. (They must make a morale check or retreat in fear.) When in animal form, the wererats store their weapons in easy-to-access hiding places, such as the dining hall (area 5), the kitchen (area 8), or the bedroom (area 12).

PCs who can *speak with animals* may question one or more of the keep's resident rats. The rats are not exactly friendly, but they speak with PCs grudgingly and cautiously, suspecting a trap. Although nominally under the wererats' command, these vicious little heathens gladly reveal the location of the cap in exchange for food. They do not, however, assist the PCs in the safe recovery of the cap.

The rats, like their masters, have never seen Dyrk. However, they've smelled the redcap (and fallen prey to him on several occasions when Dyrk was hungry). The rodents associate Dyrk's blood-soaked cap with "the thing that kills rats," but they have no idea what the "thing" is.

Normal rats (36 total): AC 9; HD 1 hp; MV 60' (20'), swim 30' (10'); #AT 1 bite/pack; Dmg 1d6/pack; SA disease; Save Normal Man; ML 5; INT 2; AL N; XP 2; RC/201. These ravenous creatures roam in packs of six.

Giant rats (12 total): AC 7; HD ½; hp 4 (×4), 3 (×4), 2 (×4); MV 120' (40'), swim 60' (20'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1d3; SA disease; Save Normal Man; ML 8; INT 2; AL N; XP 5; RC/201. These giant specimens usually hunt in fours.

Ground Floor

1. Entrance Doors.

A muddy path leads to an arched entrance in which two wooden doors stand splintered and agape. Although ruined by the ravages of war and time, the doors are still affixed to their rusted iron hinges.

The doors tear free of their hinges if moved, causing 1d4 hp damage to any nearby PCs. A successful Dexterity check at +2 negates damage.

2. Crumbled Guardhouse.

Most of this section still lies in ruins, and the thick walls that once repelled the goblin hordes have been reduced to piles of rubble by the passage of time. A broken door lies amidst the crumbled stonework, while the collapsed remains of an upper level can be seen above.

The repair crew from Luskwald never reached this fallen section of the keep, though plans and materials to rebuild this area had been arranged. The PCs can climb up to the second floor of the gate house by standing on the rubble or using ropes. Climbing up to the second floor in either manner has a 2-in-6 chance of further collapsing the floor above. If the floor does collapse, anyone underneath must make a Dexterity check to avoid 1d6 hp damage from falling floorboards and debris.

3. Rebuilt Guardhouse.

Several of this chamber's walls show signs of recent repair. Huge holes have been replaced with solid brickwork, and pieces of wood that have fallen from the ceiling lie neatly stacked on the floor. Through a hole in the ceiling, you can see the upper level of the gate house.

Many of the floorboards in the second story of the gate house are too weak to support much weight. Over the years, steady rains pouring through the holes in the gate house roof have contributed to the slow rot of the floorboards. PCs attempting to climb through the hole in the ceiling pull more of the floor down; those who fail a Dexterity check tumble down with it.

4. Courtyard.

The keep and its crumbling gate house are joined together by stone walls, forming a courtyard about 35' wide. The south wall has almost entirely collapsed, leaving nothing but scattered piles of rubble. The north wall, still intact but crumbling, has a broken scaffold leaning against it. A set of iron-bound doors lead into the keep, and a stone staircase leads up to the second floor of the gate house.

The doors leading into the keep are barred shut from the inside. PCs must inflict 40 hp damage to break down the doors.

The wrecked scaffold was left behind by Luskwald's repair crew after Dyrk sabotaged it, collapsing the westernmost section. The crew never began work on the crumbled south wall, which fell during the last goblin incursion.

This area is well-traversed by rats. The rodents creep along the tops of walls and around piles of rubble, waiting for a signal from the wererats to attack.

5. Main Hall.

Littering the floor of this dark, undecorated hall are the bones of several humanoid creatures who died here many years ago. To the south, a wooden door hangs loosely on its hinges. To the north you see an ascending staircase.

The bones are all that's left of the keep's human defenders and goblin assailants. Although there are no valuables hidden among the remains, the wererats sometimes hide their short swords under piles of bones before assuming rat form. If Anton and Kristof are currently in rat form, there is a 30% chance their swords are here.

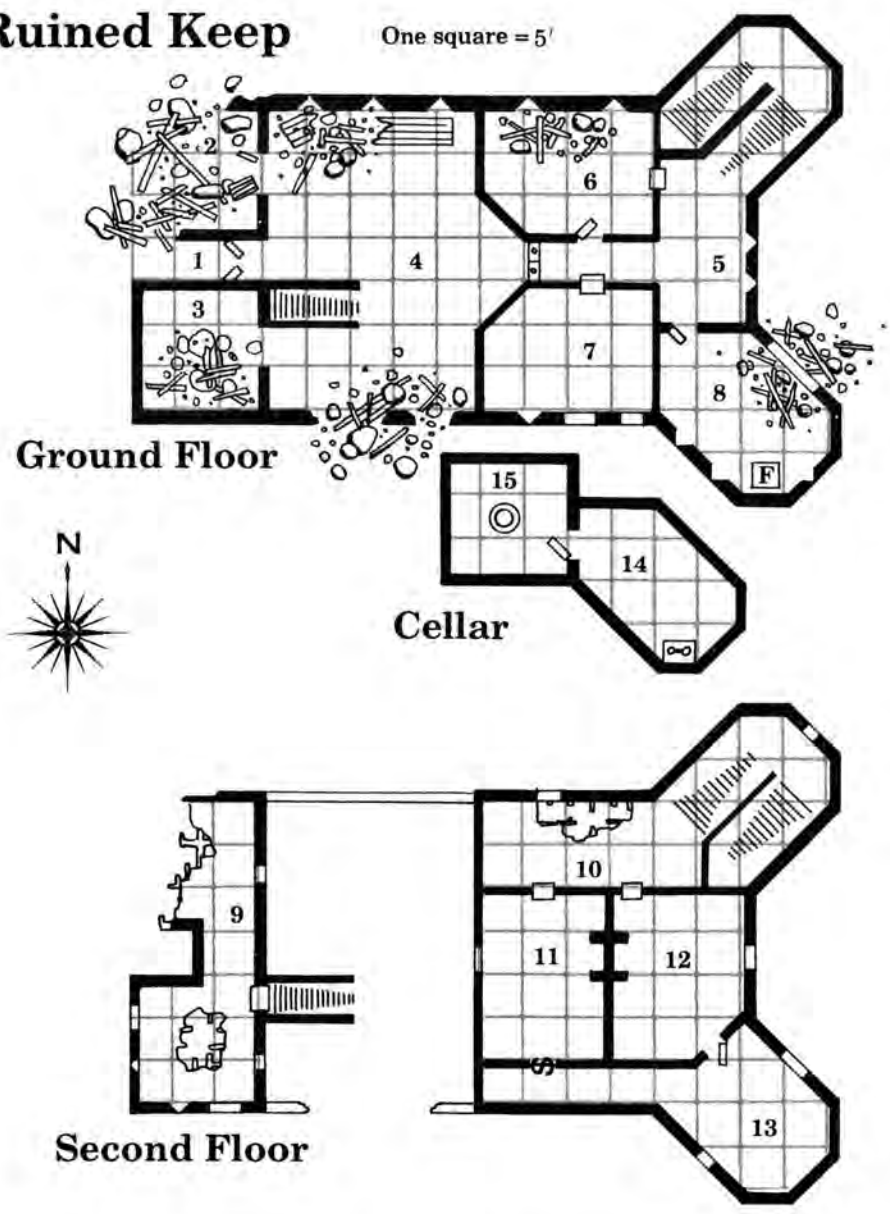
6. Dining Room.

Standing in the middle of this dreary chamber is a large oak dining table that has barely withstood the passage of time. A wrought-iron chandelier still hangs above the table, and three chairs have also endured. The others chairs lie in splinters on the floor. Part of the ceiling has collapsed near the outer wall, leaving a large pile of debris.

Dyrk deliberately weakened the ceiling near the outer wall. The stonemason who fell through survived the unexpected plunge, but he was too injured to continue repairs. The floorboards that Dyrk weakened have all been broken; PCs can climb up through the hole without fear of further collapse.

7. Barracks.

The shattered remains of several cots lie strewn on the floor of this damp, unlit chamber. Holes that once penetrated the outer wall have since been repaired.



This room is a favorite gathering place for the keep's rats; the dampness suits them. Several rat-sized holes in the base of the eastern wall lead to the kitchen.

8. Kitchen.

The floor of this chamber is littered with the remains of several broken shelves and tables. Strewn along the base of a repaired section of wall are the sundered remnants of an old fireplace. A heavy iron cauldron rests in the corner behind the door.

This room is guarded by six normal and four giant rats. The rats swarm any PCs who open the concealed trap door in the floor (see below). If Anton and Kristof have assumed rat form, there's a 50% chance that their swords are hidden inside the cauldron behind the door. If forced to retreat to the cellar, they seize these weapons.

The trap door to the cellar is concealed under a pile of rubble. The wooden door can be opened easily with its iron pull-ring and is neither locked nor trapped. Opening the door reveals a wood ladder descending 20' into the ground.

Second Floor

9. Gate House, Upper Level. Anton and Kristof have rigged a crossbow trap in this area. The heavy crossbow is positioned to fire at the first person to walk through the door. The bolt (THAC0 18) inflicts 2d4 hp damage. The trap can be detected and disarmed normally, and the crossbow may be used as a weapon.

The roof of this building is riddled with holes, all trickling water. Years of exposure to the elements have all but destroyed the interior of this upper story. There are no furnishings—just pools of water, warped floorboards, broken weapons, and more holes.

The remaining floorboards above areas 2 and 3 are weak and only the bridging section directly above area 1 is not at risk of sudden collapse. PCs who stay close to the walls are safe; those who venture close to the collapsed sections of floor have a base 10% chance of falling through (sustaining 1d6 hp damage). This chance increases by 1% for every 10 lbs. of weight applied.

10. Upper Hallway.

Tattered tapestries hang from the walls of this corridor, but their designs are faded from years of neglect and decay. The floor has collapsed near the outer wall, leaving a jagged opening to the chamber below.

Despite the gaping hole, the floor in this hallway is safe to walk on. The tapestries are worthless but quite heavy (500 cn each).

11. Bedchamber.

A large bed frame stands against the south wall of this room. Hanging on the wall next to the fireplace is a torn tapestry depicting an armored knight. Beneath the tapestry sits a heavy oak trunk with talon-like feet.

The trunk measures 4' × 2' × 2' and weighs 220 lbs. It is not locked but is large enough for a wererat to hide in, if the need arises; otherwise it's empty. The tapestry hanging above the trunk is worthless.

A PC searching the fireplace has a 1-in-6 chance of finding a secret compart-

ment beneath the mantle. Hidden inside the compartment is a *sword +1*. This enchanted weapon was once the property of Lord Manxom, the last castellan of the keep. Manxom died defending the keep, and his loyal squire returned the sword to its hiding place, fearing the weapon might fall into humanoid hands. The PCs can use this weapon to harm the wererats.

A secret door in the south wall opens into a dark corridor; the door may be found at the usual odds. If the wererats were forced to retreat to the secret room (area 13), at least one of them is lurking behind this secret door, waiting to strike.

12. Bedchamber. This room contains an opened (normally secret) door leading to the secret room (area 13). If the wererats are forced to retreat to the secret room, they close the secret door behind them.

> Piles of kindling are all that's left of the bed and desk that once furnished this chamber. Carved into the bed's broken headboard are some barely legible words. A bronze shield shaped like a dragon's head hangs above the room's blackened fireplace.

The words carved into the headboard are a warning from the redcap to all intruders who would dare enter his lair:

KEEP MINE BWARE IKILL

The wererats are illiterate, so they are unable to grasp the significance of Dyrk's warning.

The shield above the fireplace is magical and bestows a constant *resist fire* spell on its bearer. However, the shield is fastened to the wall by a hidden latch that can be opened only by a thief making a successful find traps and open locks roll.

If Anton and Kristof have assumed rat form, there is a 20% chance they have hidden their swords inside the fireplace for safekeeping. They seize these weapons before retreating to area 13. Other than the swords and shield, there's little worth taking from this chamber.

13. Secret Room. Two secret doors lead into this chamber. The repair crew from Luskwald found them only after an hour of close scrutiny. The wererats were lucky and arrived to find one of the secret doors left open.

If the PCs pursue them through the keep, the wererats hide behind the secret doors, hoping to gain surprise. On a roll of 1–4, their opponent is surprised.

> This room shows signs of recent repair. Sturdy wooden beams support the damaged roof, and most of the old floorboards have been replaced. Chunks of rubble that once constituted a fireplace have been piled against a rebuilt section of wall. The room is unfurnished.

Anton and Kristof keep a pair of light crossbows in this chamber. Both weapons are loaded and ready to fire. Twelve crossbow bolts lie strewn in one corner, if the wererats require more ammunition.

Cellar

14. Storage Room.

> The walls of this cold, dark chamber are lined with broken shelves. A few empty kegs and smashed crates litter the floor, along with small heaps of rat droppings and loose timber.

This area is a gathering place for rats (both normal and giant varieties), and is strewn with odd bits of bone, cloth, and other items that the rats have brought here. The chamber smells like a garbage pail.

The rats have orders to attack any creature other than a wererat who tries to cross this room (to area 15). The rats swarm a single target, delivering relatively massive amounts of damage with repeated bites (1d6 hp per pack of six). Anyone bitten by a rat has a 5% chance of contracting a disease that takes hold in 2d6 turns. The victim is allowed a Saving Throw vs. Poison; if the saving throw fails, the victim may die in 1–4 days (1-in-4 chance) or be bedridden for one month, unable to adventure. A *cure disease* immediately rids the victim of the affliction. Attacks directed at the swarming rats have a 50% chance of harming the rats' victim as well. (Damage is split equally between the victim and the rodents.)

If Anton and Kristof were forced to retreat to the cellar, they are also present (in their natural rat forms). If the fight goes poorly, they retreat to the well (area 15), assume human form, and bolt the door behind them.

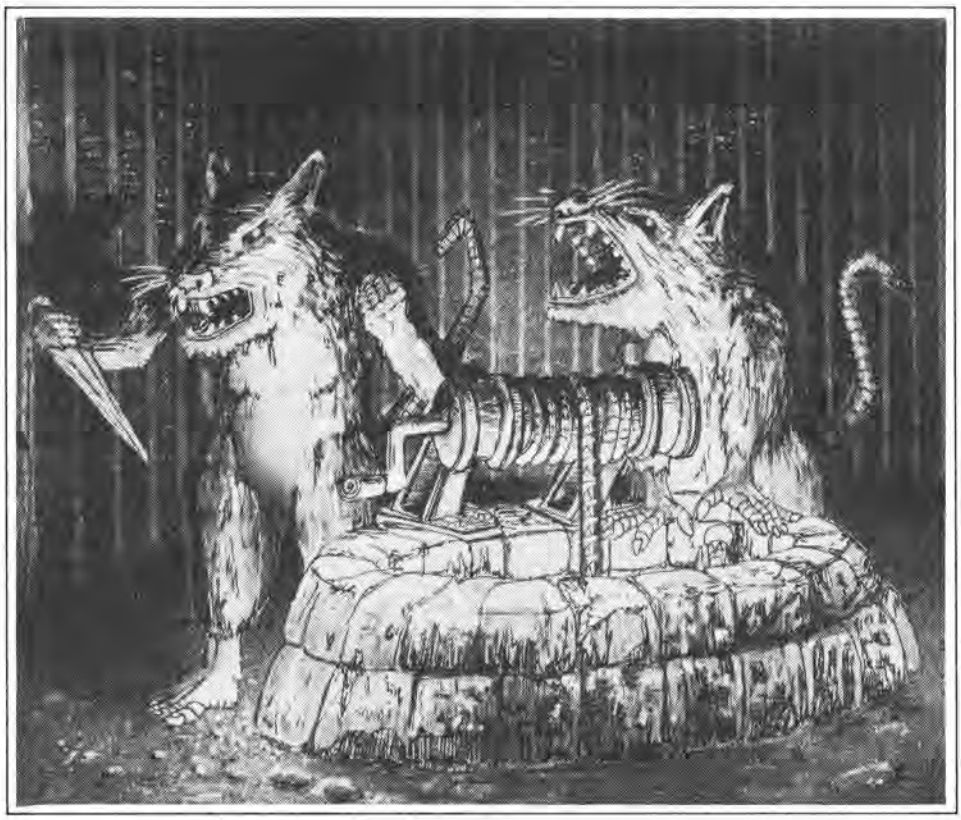
15. Wererats' Well. The door to this room is usually left open so the wererats can enter it in rat form. The portal can be closed and locked from the inside, although thieves have normal chances to pick the lock.

> A 5′-diameter well descends through the floor of this damp chamber. The stone ledge surrounding the well is covered with phosphorescent green moss that casts a dull light on the room's glistening walls. Attached to the well is a rusted iron winch. A rope, no doubt attached to a bucket, plunges through the well's dark orifice.

The wererats keep a pair of daggers hidden behind the edge of the well, just in case they lose their short swords. The moss that grows on the sides and top of the well is a natural phenomenon and does not radiate magic when a *detect magic* spell is cast.

If forced into this chamber, the wererats prepare to make their final stand (in human or rat form, whichever is most advantageous). If they fail a morale check, the wererats either surrender or try to escape. They will not die to protect their treasure (see below).

The well is 40′ deep but filled with 10′ of mildly poisonous water. Anyone who swallows water from the well must make a Saving Throw vs. Poison or suffer a −2 penalty on all attack rolls, ability checks, and saving throws for 2d6 turns. A wooden bucket is indeed attached to the end of the rope, suspended a few feet above the water level. The bucket contains the wererats' accumulated treasure, and lowering the bucket into the well soaks the treasure but otherwise does it no harm. The wererats' treasure includes 39 gp, 92 sp, 245 cp, an electrum dragon's head medallion (worth 150 gp), a gold earring set with three small agates (45 gp), a silver-plated belt buckle (7 sp), a silver spear tip (5 gp), a magical earring (see *RC*, page 238), a steel cloak pin (5 sp), three pieces of goblin bone jewelry (2 sp each), and a platinum signet ring bearing the dragon-crest of Lord Manxom (50 gp) wrapped in a tiny, blood-soaked "bag" (actually the redcap's hat).



Lord Manxom (the keep's knight-protector) died during the last goblin incursion, but his family lives on in some distant city of the DM's choosing. They pay well (up to 250 gp) for the safe return of Manxom's family ring. A PC who intends to return the heirloom may consult with NPCs in Luskwald (perhaps Laird Yanek) regarding the location of the Manxom family estate.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs recover Dyrk's missing cap, they must return with it to Luskwald. Tracking down the redcap shouldn't be too difficult if the PCs openly declare they have the cap in their possession. Forever cautious, Dyrk continues threatening the people of Luskwald until his cap is left in an unguarded place where Dyrk feels he can snatch it without fear of reprisal. The redcap can remain *invisible* and, on seizing his hat, render it *invisible* as well. Once he regains his cap, Dyrk abandons Luskwald and returns to the keep.

The PCs may decide to use Dyrk's cap as bait to snare the evil redcap. Dyrk has several items that make such a feat problematic. (See "Dyrk the Redcap" sidebar.) The longer the PCs hold Dyrk's cap, the more frustrated and dangerous Dyrk becomes. No matter how incensed he becomes, the redcap never charges headlong into a battle with the PCs, but he may threaten to kill more villagers if the PCs withhold his prized possession.

If the PCs found the redcap's hat but failed to grasp its importance, they may have left it in the keep. If the redcap learns that his cap is still in the keep, he returns to the ruins to confirm this, but returns to Luskwald in anger if he fails to find it. Whether or not he finds his cap depends on where the PCs tell him to look; if the PCs provide its exact location, Dyrk finds the cap without much difficulty. If the PCs do not give Dyrk its exact location, the redcap has a 10% cumulative chance per hour of finding it. However, if he has not found it within three hours, Dyrk becomes frustrated and returns to the village seeking revenge.

If the PCs manage to kill Dyrk, the hideous little brownie explodes like a firecracker, leaving nothing behind but a few shreds of cloth, two small iron boots, and a burnt (but intact) *wand of trap detection*. Amid the redcap's material remains lies a single split tooth.

Anyone who takes Dyrk's tooth is the recipient of a curse that persists as long as the tooth remains in the PC's possession. The PC is regarded unfavorably by all Lawful creatures in his presence. Lawful NPCs neither trust nor associate with the affected individual until the tooth is discarded. Ancient folklore says that redcap's teeth may be used to make potions; whether such stories have any shred of truth is for the DM to decide.

Donovan Yanek and the surviving citizens of Luskwald rejoice if the PCs successfully deal with the redcap. Triumphant PCs are given their promised reward, and Luskwald returns to its prior, peaceful state. If Dyrk or the wererats survive, the DM can use these chaotic NPCs as recurring villains in future adventures set near Luskwald.

The ruined keep can be the setting for countless more adventures. The ruins could become a lair for roving bands of goblins, a haunt for evil wyrds (*CC*, pages 115-116) or the sinister sanctuary of an evil, traveling cleric and his undead servants. The PCs find the keep and nearby Luskwald bountiful sources of further adventure—once they've put an end to the redcap's rampage. Ω

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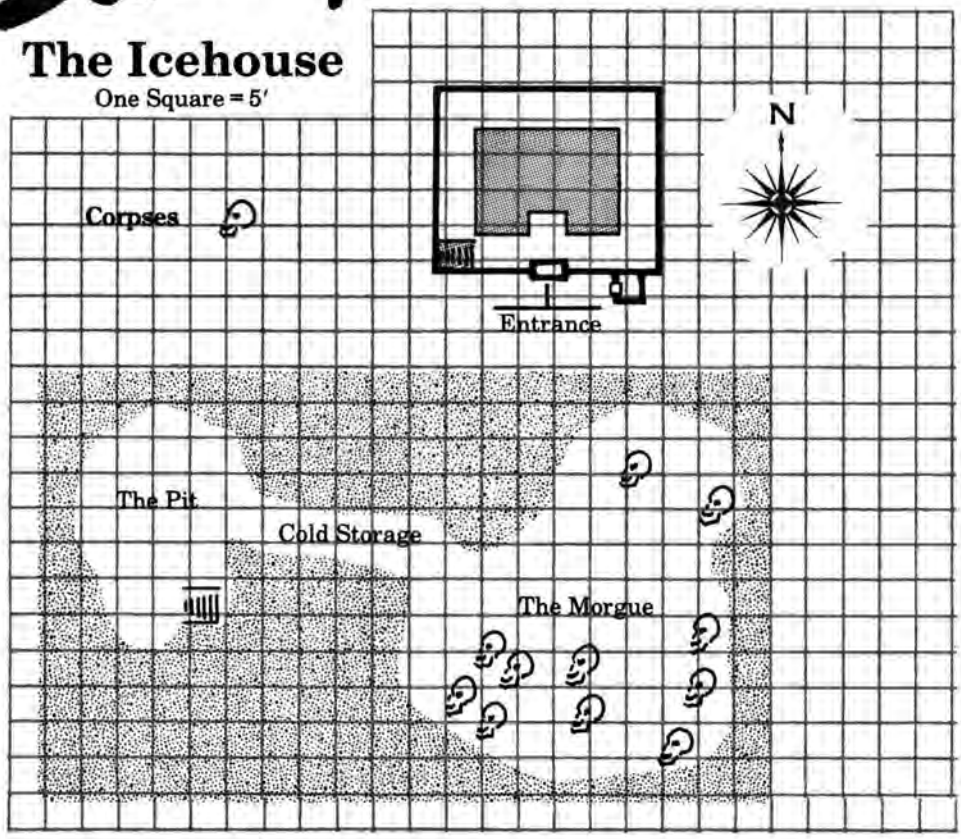


EYES OF THE ICEBORN

A chilling encounter

BY JEFF CROOK

"Eyes of the Iceborn" is an AD&D® solo adventure for one PC wizard or priest of 4th–7th level, although it is also suitable for multiple characters (about 10 total levels). The adventure is designed to fit into most campaign worlds, and the events are localized enough not to affect any larger-scale campaign designs of the DM. It can be used as a short break from campaigning or as a chance for a character to gain some experience before beginning a larger campaign.

Adventure Background

It is winter in a small- to medium-sized town of the DM's choice. The PC has been in town, resting, healing, conducting research, or just staying out of the cold. The night before the adventure begins, a heavy fog precedes a break in the weather. The next morning comes sunny, bright, and unseasonably warm. This spring-like change brings people out of doors to enjoy the sunshine while it lasts. Yet before the midday meal, rumors speak of strange happenings at the Icehouse, a small establishment at the edge of town where glacial ice is warehoused until summer. People store slaughtered cattle and sheep in the Icehouse's cellars—as well as loved ones who died during winter and cannot be buried until the ground thaws.

This morning, the town guard was summoned to the Icehouse at the report of a murder. Josiah the watchman was slain during the night. Three constables entered the Icehouse's cellars to investigate, but only two returned.

Some rumors state that the constables were horribly burned, while others say their faces were clawed and mangled and their clothes torn to shreds. They say old Josiah the watchman died of terrible burns as well. The sole surviving constable reportedly raved that "it" could not be slain, that no weapon could touch "it." When asked what "it" was, the constable only screamed hysterically.

Last night, when the fog swallowed up the town, a fogwarden came with it. A fogwarden is a rare type of elemental that lives in great icy fog banks. It feeds on the fear of those lost in the fog. When the sudden change in the weather dissipated its natural habitat, the fogwarden was forced to hide. The Icehouse proved a suitable haven, but when the fogwarden was discovered, it was forced to kill the watchman.

For the Dungeon Master

If the PC is well known as an adventurer, he is approached before sunset by Andreda Dera, owner of the Icehouse, who offers him a sum of 200 gp and 200 sp to solve the mystery of the Icehouse.

Andreda Dera: AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level human female; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 10; S 15, D 12, C 13, I 10, W 12, Ch 9.

Andreda does not normally carry a weapon, but she can wield an ice hook effectively (damage as a dagger). She does not have the reward money with her, but she can retrieve it from her home, some distance from the Icehouse. Andreda is short and powerfully built, with thick black hair and eyebrows, dark, deep-set eyes, and red cheeks made raw from working in the cold. She is not poor, but by no means rich, either. The reward she offers will be a sore blow to her purse, but she feels it is her only option.

If the PC asks, Andreda leads the way to the one surviving constable, Frankin, to learn what he saw. Andreda tells what she knows: This morning she found old Josiah dead in the Icehouse. She had no reason to suspect a burglary (the door was still locked). Three constables decided to search the interior of the Icehouse anyway. They entered, and about an hour later only two of them emerged. One was blistered and burned like Josiah, the other covered in hideous wounds, like claw marks. The burned man died, but the other is under the care of a cleric.

Interview with the Constable

Should the PC wish to speak with Frankin, the surviving constable is found in his home near the Icehouse (anyone, including Andreda, can point out the constable's location). Frankin is resting inside, under the care of a local cleric. His wounds have been healed, but the shock has left him weak and disoriented. He is sleeping when the PC arrives, and although the cleric disapproves, he allows the constable to be awakened, but only for a short time.

When Frankin is questioned, read or paraphrase the following:

> The man thinks for a moment, then his eyes wander up to the ceiling before he speaks.
>
> "Me and Woni and Benjur decides to take a look around inside the Icehouse, to see if maybe burglary wasn't the motive. So we gets our cloaks and unlock the door, and we takes a lantern and goes down the steps.
>
> "There weren't nothing we could do for Josi, poor fellow. But when we got down them steps, we knowed something was wrong. It weren't just the dark, nor the cold, 'cause it was supposed to be dark and cold down there. And it weren't the carcasses all hanging up, nor the corpses lined along the walls, neither. I seen dead folk before. It was something else, I tell you. Something unnatural.
>
> "It was foggy, like someone had left the door open. But the door was closed, and I felt like there was something in the fog with us. The feeling wouldn't go away. *It* was there, and it was watching us, you see. So we figured maybe we should leave, but we couldn't find the door. We couldn't even find the stairs!
>
> "We must have gotten turned around in the fog, and it kept getting thicker and thicker so as you couldn't see the fellow next to you. We started calling to each other, and then I heard Benjur scream. There was this flash of light, an' then a smell like burned meat and hair. So I started to run, and I got tripped up in them corpses and fell. They was laying all over me, and I couldn't move for the weight of them!
>
> "And then I see *it*!" Suddenly the man screams and sits up. His face is wrenched in terror as beads of sweat form on his face. "I seen it."
>
> "It comes out at me from the fog. And it's got them eyes, them blue, blue eyes, like stones. Except there's life in them, and hate, and evil. They come near me, and then the corpses start to move! They're clawing me with their cold fingers, and I can't get away! And then Woni pulls me out, and somehow we finds the stairs. Woni pushes me up, and then I hear him scream, and then the flash again, and the smell of burning flesh, and I grab him and drag him up the stairs out into the sun."
>
> The constable collapses on the bed and begins mumbling. "I ain't never seen sun so beautiful before. I won't never go underground again, never again."
>
> The cleric enters the room and asks you to leave. But before you can turn to go, the constable calls out. "Wait!" he says. "You can't kill it. Look, I hit it with this. I don't know how. But look what it done." He hands you a twisted, warped, and melted dagger.

The Icehouse

> The exterior of the Icehouse is small, low-roofed, windowless, and somewhat shabby-looking. Near the entrance is a small shed where the night watchman is said to have been killed. His body has been moved, but his axe is still stuck in the wall, where presumably he tried and failed to strike his attacker.

The interior of the Icehouse remains a constant 28°F, so the PC must protect himself against the cold. As a general rule, characters without sufficient clothing or some magical means of warmth (e.g., a *ring of warmth*) begin to shake uncontrollably after one turn of exposure to the cold. This shaking causes a −2 penalty to AC and attack rolls, as well as making spell-casting impossible. Two rounds of strenuous activity relieves this shaking for one turn. After an hour of exposure, the PC begins to suffer frostbite and eventually succumbs to hypothermia, unless a save vs. paralyzation is made each turn after the first hour.

The PC must provide some source of light, for the interior of the Icehouse is dark. Open flames are not a good idea, as they will melt the ice. If the PC does use a torch and remains in the same spot for more than one round, melting ice drips from the ceiling and extinguishes the torch, making it useless until dried, and plunging the room into darkness. Fire-based spells are also problematic. Should the PC cast a *fireball* spell inside, it causes the same effect as a *transmute rock to mud* (to a depth of 1′) in the same area as the *fireball*. The DM should determine the effects of other fire-based spells.

1. Entrance.

> As soon as the door is opened, cold billows out in a cloud of icy fog. The fog clears momentarily, revealing a balcony surrounding a great pit in the floor. Ropes attached to the balcony rail lead down into the pit and up to a block-and-tackle attached to a great wooden beam that spans the ceiling. To the left of the door, stairs lead down into the cold, foggy darkness.

The block-and-tackle is used to lower blocks of ice and other wares into the pit. The interior walls are constructed of thick logs, as is the roof. The floor and stairs are made of wood and are kept clean of ice build-up.

2. The Pit.

> The stairs wind down around the sides of the pit, but because of the thick, icy fog, you cannot see the bottom until you almost reach it. The floor is made of hard-packed earth, frozen solid by the extreme cold. There is an uncanny silence in this place, one that cannot be accounted for by the depth and fog alone. It is as if the stone walls were waiting for something, as if the earth were holding her breath.

This chamber holds nothing of real interest. As the PC explores, he eventually finds the exit in the east wall of the pit. The exit is not visible until the PC is within 10′ of it.

3. Cold Storage.

You enter a passage lined with the carcasses of slaughtered cattle and sheep. A double-line of beef and mutton forms a sort of corridor in the rock-hewn tunnel as the bodies dangle by hooks on iron rods extending the length of the passage. The tunnel also holds great icicles as thick as a man's arm, some of them extending unbroken from floor to ceiling. As you progress deeper into the passage, the fog becomes thicker and the silence more profound.

The fogwarden (see MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® sheet on page 71) can animate these carcasses to terrify intruders. The flopping, jerking bodies are horrifying, but not otherwise dangerous.

4. The Morgue.

The passage opens into a low-roofed chamber rather like a catacomb, with walls extending in either direction as far as the fog allows you to see. The fog swirls and shifts in your light, as if stirred by some impossible breeze in this deep place. Shadows move about at the very edges of your vision. Great man-thick icicles reach like columns from floor to roof, and in them you see weird swirls of blue and green.

Just before you is a corpse, frozen stiff, with blue lids shut over distended eyeballs and hands clasped and frozen over its breast. Its lips have drawn back into a hideous, almost-knowing smile. Suddenly you see a dark shape, cloaked and heavily cowled in misty robes. It moves toward you, blue eyes burning within the black depths of its hood.

This is the dread fogwarden. If the PC attacks, the fogwarden defends itself with devastating effect. But at first it only seeks to feed off the fear of the PC. Before any attacks are made, the PC must save vs. spells or flee in terror.

Fogwarden: INT very; AL NE; AC 0; MV 15; HD 4 hp 27; THAC0 nil (see MC sheet); #AT special; Dmg special; SA lightning bolt; SD special; SZ M; ML 15; XP 4,000.

As the fogwarden moves in on the PC, the human corpses in the immediate area animate and attack.

Corpses (6): INT non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1–8; SD spell immunity; MR see below; SZ M; ML special; XP 120.

Like normal zombies, the corpses always attack last. They are immune to mind-affecting spells such as *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold*, as well as to poison and holy water (they are not undead). Even when the corpses are cut to pieces, the fogwarden can continue to animate them. Once reduced to 0 hp, however, the corpses can no longer attack successfully. There are a total of 11 corpses in the room, indicated on the map but only the first six are animated by the fogwarden.

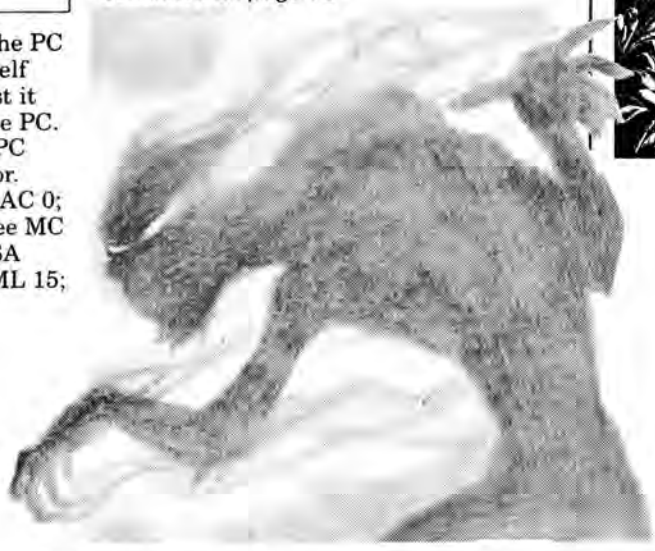
If the PC does not attack the fogwarden, the creature simply follows the PC, feeding off his fear. If the PC has failed to save vs. spells to resist the fear, he becomes lost and disoriented in the fog, especially if the fear caused the PC to drop his light source.

Concluding the Adventure

The purpose of the adventure is to destroy the fogwarden. The creature, however, leaves of its own accord at nightfall, so the problem ends whether the PC succeeds or not. If the adventure ends this way, the PC may be left wondering what happened.

If the PC defeats the fogwarden he must report slaying the creature to Andreda, who will want to see the Icehouse for herself. As long as the fogwarden is slain or the PC waits until the next day, the Icehouse is pronounced safe, and Andreda pays the promised reward. Ω

Continued on page 75



Continued from page 17

including magical curses such as lycanthropy or mummy rot. The water is effective only once per PC. The monks allow uninjured PCs to bottle the water and take some with them for future consumption.

Word of the healing waters of Montelegro spreads like wildfire throughout the land, prompting the sick and crippled to flock to the monastery. Eventually the monastery is returned to its former glory.

Brother Anselm gives the PCs the following rewards: potions of *extra-healing, healing, heroism,* and *strength,* clerical scrolls containing *cure disease, neutralize poison, purify food and water,* and wizard scrolls including the spells *magic missile, shield, levitate, strength,* and *flame arrow.* The PCs may also accept Brother Anselm's offering of 100 gp if they wish.

For solving the mystery each PC receives 1,000 XP. For digging the well the PCs receive 500 XP each. For saving Brother Bernadino they earn 250 XP each. Each PC who refused Brother Anselm's gold offering receives 200 XP. Furthermore, any PC who *donates* money to the monastery gains 5 XP for every gold piece he gives away. Ω

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DARK THANE MACBETH

ADAPTED BY MICHAEL SELINKER

"What's done cannot be undone"

Artwork by James Holloway

Michael writes: "Macbeth *is the most obvious candidate of Shakepeare's works for becoming an AD&D® module. The emphasis on magic will be familiar to most players, so much so that they may chant along with the witches when they do their 'Double, double . . .' incantation. But they shouldn't get over-confident, as I've thrown in some mean surprises along the way.*"

"Dark Thane Macbeth" is a game adaptation of Shakespeare's dire morality play *Macbeth*. Shakespeare's web of intrigue traps a villain who throws away power and respect in a vain attempt to gain more. A nobleman murders a regal guest, setting in motion a chain of secrecy so dark that he must draw more blood until, at the end, he accepts that the last blood drawn must be his own.

This story provides an ideal base for an AD&D® game scenario for 4–7 PCs averaging 9th–10th level (a total of 65 levels). It revolves around elven nobles and uses elven concepts from four supplements: *Monster Mythology, Elves of Evermeet, The Complete Book of Elves,* and *Drow of the Underdark*. The core concepts of these books are summarized here, but DMs might find the broader information in the supplements useful. In the adventure, two villages of gray and dark elves, with centuries of magic and power at their behest, are on the brink of war. The PCs enter the drama at the beginning of a civil war that, if not prevented, will destroy both villages. Heeding prophecies from dangerous witches, the PCs must follow through to the tragic ending of the play.

Prologue

The gray elven village of Cawdor shares little with the sprawling stone cities of most gray elf societies. The Cawdorians splintered from such a city three centuries ago because their brethren had grown too dependent upon magic and slavery. The nomadic band sought a more natural and tolerant home, and they found it in the Birnam Wood, a rich forest steeped in elemental power. Here they set up an illusory shield to hide their village, and they lived in peace and what they believed to be true harmony with their gods.

Cawdor's tolerance was tested when dark elves breached the surface. The drow also had fled from their society,

deeming it too cruel and savage. In a pilgrimage for the Dark Maiden Eilistraee, they forged up toward the land of sun. They found they could not live on the surface and established a village just below the land, calling it Glamis. Here, below the enchanted wood, the elemental magical energy sustained their natural drow abilities.

Glamis and Cawdor lived in mutual distrust for some time, but their pacifist bents eventually engendered a quiet alliance. A noble gray elf elder ("thane") named Duncan went to Glamis bringing words of peace. Though trust took years to build, Duncan's mission was successful. An 11-member Court of Thanes now loosely rules both villages, with Thane Duncan spending half of each year in Glamis. Cawdor and Glamis have lived in peace for half a century.

This cooperation was recently cemented by a common enemy, a tribe of ogres that tried to lay waste to Birnam. When the first defense of the dwarven village of Northambria fell to the Ogres of the Eye, the elven tribes united to aid the dwarves. Day and night the elves and dwarves pounded the ogres, never giving them a moment to regroup or retreat. In days, the ogres were all slain.

This combined victory may prove to be the elves' downfall. The Ogres of the Eye were servitors of the Weird Sisters, three greenhags who live in the wood. For revenge they tapped the power of Hecate, goddess of sorcery, and forged *Hecate's black blade*, a dagger with wicked power. The Sisters gave this dagger to the wife of the drow Thane Macbeth, who longed for traditional dark elven ways. Macbeth and his lady needed little prompting from the blade to set in motion a chain of events they now cannot stop or slow.

Macbeth plotted to kill Thane Duncan to gain control of the Court of Thanes. When Duncan arrived in Glamis for his half-year stay, Lady Macbeth used the dagger to turn Duncan's guards into werewolves. The lycanthropes killed Duncan in his sleep and then were murdered by Macbeth. Though Macbeth claimed innocence, Duncan's sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, did not believe him. At their urging, the gray elf Thane Macduff marshalled a force against Macbeth. Lady Macbeth used the blade to rain undead shadows upon the Cawdorians, forcing their retreat. Macduff called on the dwarves of Northambria for aid, and the gray elf Thane Banquo went in search of other allies.

But Macbeth needed a Cawdorian thane to fall so that he might gain control of the Court, and he chose Banquo. The witches had prophesied that Macbeth would rule Cawdor and Glamis, but that Banquo would beget thanes of both. Macbeth aims to ensure that only the first comes true. The PCs enter the drama after Banquo's death.

Act I, Scene i: The Fate of that Dark Hour

The PCs begin camped under the tall trees of the Birnam Wood. They may choose watches. Two hours into the first watch, drow werewolves chase Banquo's son, Fleance, into the PCs' camp. The werewolves, transformed by Lady Macbeth's horrid dagger, look to kill Fleance and those who protect him.

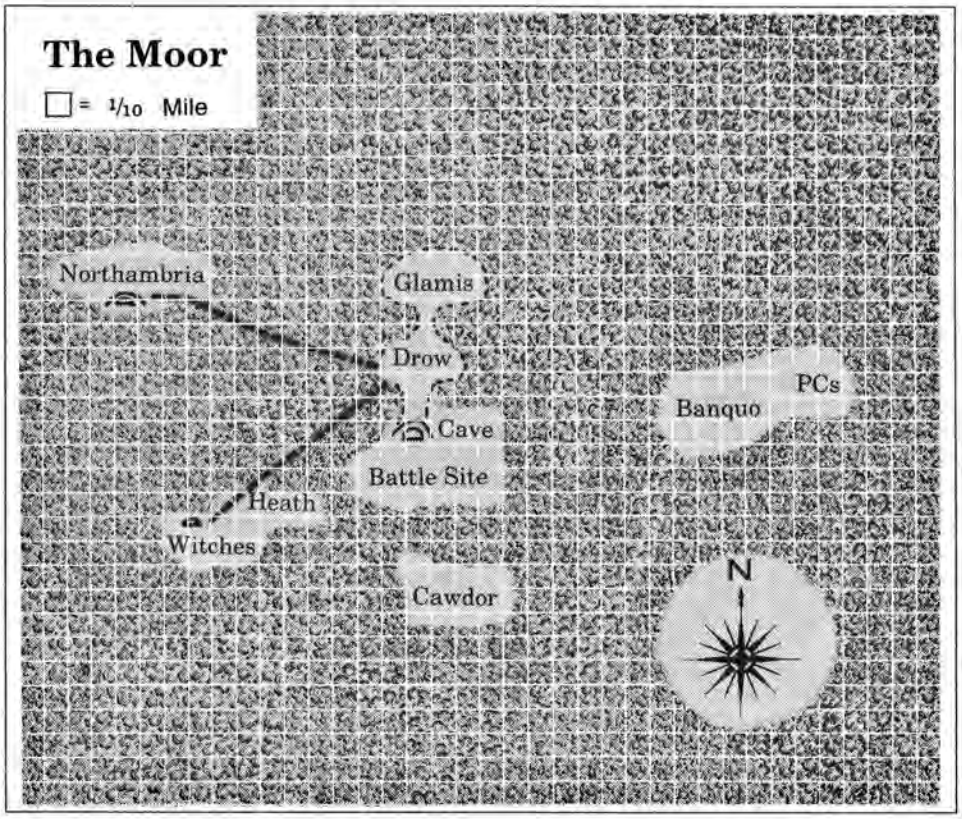
> The sinister taste of a night fog settles around your camp. You feel a hint of rain in the air. These woods grow dense and foreboding in the darkness, and you hear the howl of wolves at the moon.
>
> All day the omens have been wrong. The day was darker than any in your memory, little brighter than now. Your horses, normally calm when you camp, bit and kicked at each other until you separated them. At your campsite, a mousing owl hawked at and killed a falcon perched on a tree. This night turns predators to prey.
>
> Those of you in your bedrolls sleep fitfully. Your night is haunted by macabre visions of horrid witches who ply a black cauldron and call dark magic down on contented souls. There is murder in their eyes. But these are only night phantasms, so you curl into your bedrolls and fight for sleep.
>
> But sleep will not come tonight. Your watchers hear the cry first, but it is loud enough to rouse all. From the woods comes the sound of footsteps, and a cry for help. "Fly, fly, O treachery!" shouts a golden-haired elf as he runs toward your camp. You look to the trees and see the reddish glints of the eyes of wolves. "Let it come down," comes a growl from the trees, and then there is only darkness.

The werewolves retain innate drow powers in wolf form; up to four cast *darkness* on light sources while the others cast *faerie fire* on as many targets as they can before attacking. Fleance defends himself and can fight one werewolf to a standstill without help. If a *remove curse* is cast on a werewolf, he gains a magic resistance check to avoid the removal; failing that, he must fail a saving throw to retain wolf form. The werewolves flee if five are incapacitated. They return to naked drow form if slain. *Speak with dead* reveals that the drow do not know that they were werewolves; remember that *raise dead* cannot work on elves.

Drow werewolves (8): INT high; AL CE; AC 5; MV 15; HD 4+3; hp 29; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2–8; SA 19 Strength; SD +1 or silver weapon to hit, +2 saving throws vs. magic; MR 52%; SZ M (5'); ML 12; XP 1,400; MM/112 & 240 (Elf & Lycanthrope). Spells: *dancing lights, darkness, faerie fire*. The wolves cannot transmit lycanthropy.

Fleance has never seen drow lycanthropes, but the last few days have proven that he can count on nothing. If helped, he relates a sad tale.

> "I am Fleance, and this night I am cursed. I have seen my father slain and can credit only the dark elves of Glamis with his murder. My father, Banquo, was a member of the Court of Thanes, which rules both my village of Cawdor and the drow settlement of Glamis under Birnam Wood. It is a rare thing for light and dark elves to unite. We of Cawdor have abandoned our kind's reliance on racial supremacy, and the drow of Glamis follow Eilistraee, their goddess of hope. We have been at peace all of my life, but that peace lies in ruins now.
>
> "Mine is not the only patricide troubling this wood. Thane Malcolm and Thane Donalbain of my village have lost their father, Duncan, who unified Cawdor and Glamis five decades ago. Thane Duncan arrived in Glamis a week ago to begin the half year he spends among the drow in the name of peace. While visiting noble Macbeth's underground tower of Dunsinane, Duncan was slain, apparently by his own guards. His host killed the guards in feigned outrage, though my father knew Duncan's murder was at Macbeth's urging.
>
> "Now we stand at war with our former allies. My father and I joined Malcolm, Donalbain, and our militia commander, Macduff, at the entrance to Glamis. At our side were three



dozen elven warriors, a powerful force. But we were met by Macbeth's sorcerous lady, who unleashed chilling undead spirits upon us. We retreated with few casualties, but only because the shadowy creatures did not pursue.

"This day Macduff rode to secure the aid of the dwarves of Northambria, whom Glamis and Cawdor united to save from an ogre invasion. My father and I sought dwarven allies, but we were met by these murderous dark wolves.

"Tonight another assault begins, and we need aid. We fight a dark prophecy whispered by witches. As my father and Macbeth returned as victors in the battles with the Ogres of the Eye, they met three hags in the wood. The witches divined that Macbeth would rule both Cawdor and Glamis, and that my father would beget thanes of both hereafter. I do not know if this be true, but we may learn tonight. Will you assist me in returning my father's body to Cawdor, and help restore peace to Birnam Wood?"

The PCs may question Fleance and he offers them his tiara as payment if necessary. He can tell them details of life in Cawdor and Glamis, the ascent of the drow, and the Court of Thanes. Fleance says that he must lead the party, as they cannot penetrate the magical *screen* that hides Cawdor. He wants to see to his father's body, which lies a quarter mile toward Cawdor.

Fleance (gray elf): AL CG; AC 5; MV 12; F4; hp 27; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 14, C 12, I 14, W 12, Ch 12; ML 12; XP 975; elven chain mail, *long sword +1*. Fleance wears loose cloaks and a jewelled tiara worth 1,000 gp.

Act I, Scene ii: Banquo's End

"There," calls Fleance, and runs toward a ditch. An elder elf lies face up with a score of deep gashes in his head. His sword lies at his side. Fleance mournfully says, "Father."

Careful PCs can see that though most of the gashes are from claws and teeth, the killing blow appears to be from a sword thrust through the back. However, the only tracks belong to wolves, and the only sword around is Banquo's. (Macbeth's *boots of varied tracks* gave him wolf prints, and he *teleported* out after slaying Banquo.) The wolves can be tracked back to Glamis.

Banquo cannot be affected by *resurrection* or *speak with dead*, as he is now a ghost. His *long sword +1 (+3 vs. regenerating creatures), ring of feather falling,* and *elven chain mail +2* are on his body.

Fleance wants to take Banquo's body back to Cawdor. From there, Fleance can direct the PCs to the Weird Sisters' heath, the dwarven community of Northambria, or the entrance to Glamis.

Act II, Scene i: Outside Cawdor

Fleance gasps when he sees Cawdor without its *screen*. Normally, the village just looks like a tangled copse. But the *Birnam spell anchor*, the sacred item that maintains the *screen*, has been moved to the battlefield. Fleance can describe the *anchor* but only can guess its location. On approach, the PCs see Cawdor.

In this strange village, wood apartments are stacked 30' high against the trees and seem at points to meld into them. Lights come from all windows. One metal building seems out of place here, though it is covered in wild vines. Gray elves, mostly children and elders, fortify a barrier around the oddly square village. As you approach, some reach for weapons until they notice Fleance is with you. An elf in armor climbs down from the barricade to meet you.

The PCs are met by Thane Ross. Like most gray elves, Ross distrusts strangers, but he realizes that Cawdor needs any help it can get. He respects his opponents, and he considered Macbeth a noble lord until recent events. After hearing of the attack on Banquo and Fleance, Ross will be impelled to join the battle.

"Banquo is slain? Is it known who did this bloody deed? Alas the day. The witches' prophecy has come true, and control of the Court will surely fall to Macbeth. If I stay longer, it shall be my disgrace. Please, seek Lady Macduff if you wish comfort. I'll take my leave at once."

Once Banquo's body is placed in a cairn for later burial, Fleance and Ross head to the battlefield. Though they want the PCs to join them, they can also give directions to the witches' heath. If the PCs want to defend Cawdor, Ross suggests seeing his cousin Sencia and Duncan's steward, Olan.

Ross (gray elf): AL CG; AC 4; MV 12; R7; hp 41; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 16, C 14, I 13, W 14, Ch 15; ML 15; SA +4 to hit ogres, use two weapons; SD animal empathy; XP 3,000; *studded leather armor +1, long sword +2, dagger +2*. Ross wears furs and a 500 gp gold locket holding a painting of Sencia.

Act II, Scene ii: Exploring Cawdor

Cawdor's 6′ wood apartments are stacked five high to reach 30′. The apartments grow into the trees and are sustained by the trees' roots. They are connected by ladders and are lit by *continual light* stones that can be covered at night or when drow visit. Fire is never allowed in Cawdor.

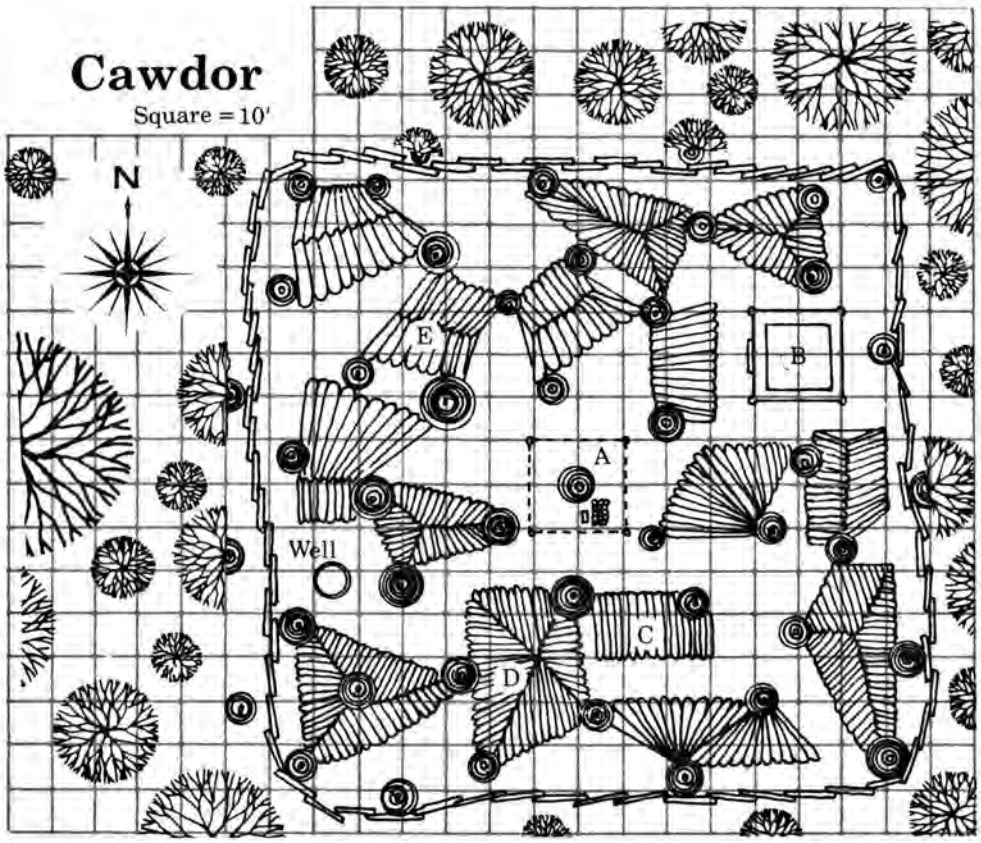
The Cawdorians distrust outsiders. The elves remaining in the village and not at the battlefield are mostly noncombatants. A few elderly (350+) elves can tell that, when they found Birnam, it resonated with a magical energy that seemed attuned to elves. Only Olan, Duncan's steward, knows why.

Gray elves (42): INT high; AL CG; AC 10 or 5; HD 1+1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA +1 to hit with sword or bow; MR 90% to *sleep* and *charm*; SZ M (5′); ML 13; XP 420. Two-thirds are noncombatants; the other 14 have swords or spears.

Key locations in Cawdor include:

A. Colmekill. The town square is not much bigger than the tree in the center. Next to a metal stand (which until today housed the *Birnam spell anchor*), stones cover a cairn containing Duncan's body coated in *oil of timelessness*. The Cawdorians refuse to allow anyone to cast spells such as *speak with dead* upon his corpse, explaining that he now rests gently in Arvanaith and has earned his respite from this life. Banquo's body is placed in a stone-covered cairn next to Duncans.

B. Thane Duncan's fortress. Duncan's family occupies this 30′ *Daern's instant fortress*, huge by



Cawdorian standards but still quite compact. It has the standard arrowslits and battlements, but the adamantine walls have grown a century worth of vines so that it doesn't look so inappropriate to the rest of Cawdor. The walls cannot be affected by normal weapons, and can absorb 200 hp damage before collapsing. If the magic of the fortress is dispelled against a 16th-level caster, it shrinks to a cube, crushing all inside.

Only Malcolm, Donalbain, and Duncan's stewards can open its door. If the PCs try to enter, Olan, Duncan's elderly steward, meets them. Olan quietly mourns Thane Duncan's death. If the PCs swear to help, he tells of Cawdor's distress and gives them a boon.

> "Three centuries and ten can I remember well. Within that time I have seen hours dreadful and things strange, but in all of my years I have not seen tragedies this dark.
>
> "Thane Duncan believed that dark elf and light should live together in Birnam. The source of this peace is the strength of our wood, as it was strong when Duncan and I arrived as lads in our first century. This is the land of the Great Stand, when our elven ancestors held fast against an otherworldly invasion from the underground portal millennia ago. Our ancestors bound the ancient warriors' spirits to the forest before the entrance to the underdark, and the warriors stand ready to protect us again if they are needed.
>
> "But our foes today are no hellions; indeed, we call our foes friends. Thane Duncan trusted our dark-skinned brethren, even hateful Macbeth. Now Duncan lies under stones, and we face the worst. My path to eternity is clear, but I must honor Duncan's wish to see Birnam reunited. He left this for those that would make good of bad and friends of foes. The gods' benison go with you." He hands you an ornate scroll case.

The scroll contains a *dispel magic* spell readable by either a mage or a priest. Olan does not know what the PCs are to do with the scroll, only that they should use it in defense of the wood.

The tower has four 7′ high floors united by spiral stairs. The bottom foyer

has rich oak furniture and a crowded bookshelf with subjects from forest lore to masonry. Olan and his wife Mardia live with their three children on the second floor, while Malcolm and Donalbain live on the third. Malcolm's room contains swords and a fencing mat, while Donalbain's has an altar to Corellon Larethian and a vial of *oil of timelessness*. Duncan's library and bedroom occupy the fourth floor. The furniture is centuries old, but sturdy. In the library are a *manual of golems* (scarecrow), a *scroll of protection from lycanthropes*, and spellbooks containing 100 spells of 1st–8th level (DM's choice, including *screen* along with *camouflage, conduit* and *seeking* from *The Complete Book of Elves*). PCs can also learn about the Battle of Birnam, as Olan has explained.

C. Thane Banquo's home. Only Fleance can let PCs into this household, which occupies the top two stories of this building. Fleance lives on the top floor, his room decorated with shields, swords and books of heroic tales. Banquo's lower chamber contains gold and silver *objets d'art* from his younger days (25 pieces averaging 500 gp apiece). Also present is Banquo's journal, which contains one entry since he returned from fighting the ogres:

> *A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, and yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts that haunt my sleep. In the great hands of the gods I stand, and then against good pretense disguising treasonous malice.*

> *I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters. They have shown some truth. He has it now—Cawdor, Glamis, all, as the weird women promised; and I fear he played most foully for it. Yet it was said it should not stand for all time, but that I should be the father of many thanes. If there come truth from them, as their speeches shine upon Macbeth, why may they not be my oracles as well and set me up in hope?*

D. Thane Macduff's home. Macduff, his wife Sencia, his son Frie, and two baby daughters live in the top story apartment with 24 birds under the spell of Sencia's *ring of animal friendship*. Due to the birds, the apartment contains few valuables. Though she loves

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Macduff, Sencia hates his decision to pull fighters away from Cawdor, and she has insisted that 14-year-old Frie stay home. Macduff's decision may prove fatal, for during the battle 30 shadows break for Cawdor and attack (Act IV, Scene i). Sencia entreats the PCs to defend Cawdor.

> "My husband was filled with madness to leave his wife and babes in a place from where he does fly. His flight so runs against all reason. Why should I fly with him? I have done no harm. But I am in this earthly world, where harm is often lauded and good sometimes accounted dangerous folly. Though my husband fails in my defense, will you take up his duty?"

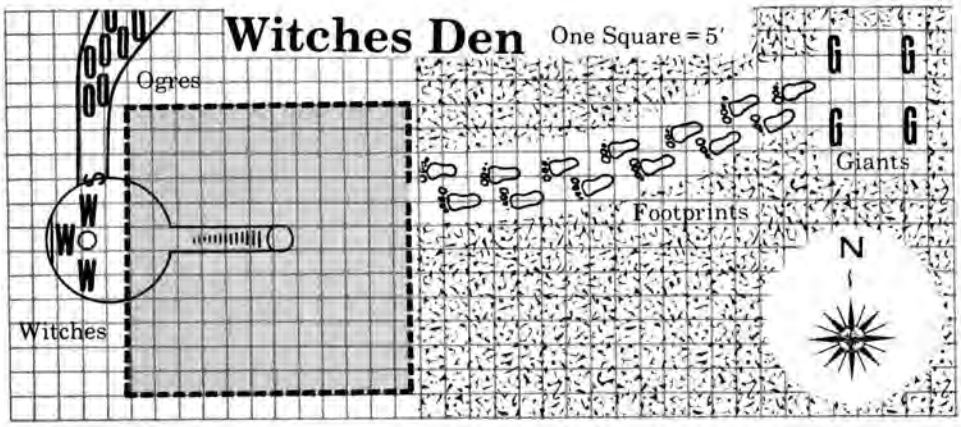
Sencia (gray elf): AL N; AC 10; MV 12; D2 of Aerdrie Faenya; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 13, C 14, I 15, W 14, Ch 15; ML 9; SD +2 saves vs. fire and electricity; XP 975; *ring of animal friendship*, 10 *darts of homing*. Spells: *cure light wounds, detect evil, entangle, pass without trace.* Sencia is tied to Aerdrie Faenya, goddess of air and fertility. She is 110, with beautiful golden braids complementing her white robes.

Frie (gray elf): AL CG; AC 5; MV 12; F1; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 17, C 13, I 13, W 10, Ch 9; ML 14; XP 975; *long bow +1*, 10 flight arrows, short sword. Frie wears leather armor given by his father.

E. Thane Ross's home. Sencia's cousin lives in this spartan apartment. The outside vines and leaves have grown into his room. Ross has souvenirs from the fight against the ogres here: a spear, a shield crudely painted with an eye, and a 20 gp cat's-eye that also serves as a *hag eye* (MM/181). This allows the Weird Sisters to see into Cawdor. If viewed through *true seeing*, a disembodied eye can be seen in the gem. If the *eye* is destroyed, each sister suffers 1–10 hp damage, and one is blinded for 24 hours.

Act III, Scene i: Upon the Heath

If the PCs seek out the Weird Sisters, they can get directions from Fleance, Ross, or Olan, to the heath where Macbeth and Banquo met the greenhags. The overgrown wasteland is a stage to the hags, who live in a cave beyond the heath. The PCs will meet the hags' servitor fog giants, who protect the lair entrance. The PCs must be inaudible, invisible, and untraceable to avoid this encounter.



> The fog is thick and stagnant, as the forest becomes progressively darker. Vegetation twists around itself, forcing you to slash through the brush, yet it is hard to find living plants. It is as if the forest is poisoned and struggles to find release. Through the fog you hear a horn.

The pair of fog giants count on the PCs to seek the sound, taking at least two rounds to cover 100 yards of rough terrain. The *horn of fog* obscures 10 cubic feet per round to normal sight and infravision as per a *wall of fog* spell. The giants should fill an area at least 20′ × 20′ before the PCs can close, assuming the party uses no magic to cross the heath. In the magical fog, vision is limited to 2′, meaning PCs might not be able to see each other. The giants attack individual PCs, who make surprise checks at −5. After surprise, the giants slip back into the fog, allowing new surprise chances or rock throwing. The giants can see through the fog, but PCs probably need a *gust of wind*, *control weather*, or *dispel magic* spell to do so.

The giants wear *hag eyes* similar to the ones in Thane Ross's home. If the PCs take these eyes, the hags can watch their every move, even through fog. Each destroyed gem causes each hag 1–10 hp damage and blinds one hag for 24 hours.

If the giants flee, PCs waiting out the fog (lasting 7 rounds after the *horn of fog* is blown) can track the giants back to the hags' lair. If the PCs surrender to or *charm* the giants, the giants take them to the hags' entrance.

Fog giants (4): INT average; AC −2; MV 15; HD 14; hp 68 each; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +11 or 1–10; SA throw rocks for 2–20 to 240 yards, surprise at +5; SD 45% to catch large missiles, surprised only on 1; SZ H (24′); ML 14; XP 5,000; MM/138 (Giant); clubs (3–18 base), leather armor, *hag eyes*, *horn of fog*. Each dresses in white and wears a platinum necklace worth 50 gp.

Act III, Scene ii: Witches' Brew

The Weird Sisters, Virago, Erichtho, and Canidia, live in a subterranean cave below the heath. If the PCs were seen by the giants or the *hag eye* from Ross's home, the witches know they are coming. Before the PCs arrive, the witches cast *veil* on the entrance, making it appear as part of the briar. Only *true seeing* can pierce the *veil*, but PCs tracking the giants lose the tracks without warning. *Dispel magic* against a 9th-level caster reveals an entrance; otherwise, physical searching reveals nothing. If the PCs call out that they wish to hear prophecy, the hags remove the *veil*.

> The underbrush separates to uncover an opening into the earth. A dark stairwell of roots and thorny banisters descends into the ground. Inside, you hear a chorus of chanting.

PCs must roll higher than their Armor Classes on 1d20 or suffer 1–4 hp damage from the thorns; *free action* also avoids the damage. The root stairs twist down 40′, stretching into a level corridor. Inside, three hags stir their *cauldron of lost souls*,a powerful new magical item (see sidebar). When PCs are in the deepest 20′ of the corridor, the hags subtly cast *force-*

cage on the area, creating an invisible barrier around PCs in a 20′ cube. *Forcecage* allows arrows, spells, and breath weapons to pass through it, but beings inside the cube are trapped. The PCs may interrupt the hags' incantation as they like, but if the witches get to the end, they conjure three haunts.

"Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble!" Three horrid-looking witches, indistinguishable from each other, ply a boiling black pot and chant an eldritch incantation. Above the pot floats the shadowy image of Hecate, a dark-haired woman with hell hounds at her heel.

As she tosses in slithery items from an overstocked shelf, one of the witches intones, "Round about the cauldron go; in the poison entrails throw. Toad, that under cold stone days and nights has thirty-one. Sweltered venom, sleeping got, boil first in the charmed pot."

Another takes up the chant: "Fillet of a fenny snake, in the cauldron boil and bake; eye of newt, and toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog, adder's fork, and blindworm's sting, lizard's leg, and howlet's wing—for a charm of powerful trouble, like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

The third witch follows her sisters. "Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, witch's mummy, maw and gulf of the ravined salt-sea shark, root of hemlock digged in dark. Cool it with a baboon's blood, then the charm is firm and good."

And with that, the shadowy figure vanishes. In her place, wisps of light become horrific apparitions. The witches look at the ghosts with malevolent grins, and one cackles, "By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes."

If the PCs attack, they must fight three greenhags and three haunts. In addition to wands and spells (the hags have cast *forcecage, control weather, veil* and *vision*—the last to get the image of Hecate), the hags can use perishables from the shelf behind them, including *smoke powder* and *oil of fiery burning*. They loose the haunts and let in their ogres (see below) to cover their escape. The haunts drain 2 Dexterity points per hit. If a target reaches 0 Dexterity, the haunt possesses and strangles him. On the first round, strangulation causes 1 hp damage but doubles every round thereafter. Once a target is possessed, only *dispel evil* can destroy the haunt; *hold person* forces it to save vs. paralyzation or be ejected. The haunts take negligible damage from weapons while semi-material; while they are in bodies, attacks on the haunts affect the bodies only.

Haunts (3): INT non; AL CE; AC 0; MV 6; HD 5; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2 Dexterity points; SA possession at 0 Dexterity; SD +1 or silver weapon to hit, weapons cause 1 hp plus magical bonus, normal fire causes 1 hp/round, possession negated only by *dispel evil* (destroys haunt) and *hold person* (forces save vs. paralyzation or be ejected), cannot be turned; SZ M; ML 16; XP 3,000; MM/186.

If, instead, the PCs ask for prophecy and lay down their weapons, one of the sisters says, "Open locks, whoever knocks!" and drops the *forcecage*. If the PCs are nonconfrontational, the hags have the summoned haunts relate their prophecy.

A hag leans over the pot and intones, "Come, high or low, come like shadows and so depart!" She cautions you, "They know your thought; hear their speech, and say you nought."

An apparition appears, a head disembodied and helmeted. The spirit moans, "Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth, he fears Macduff. Guard his family. Dismiss me. Enough."

A second apparition, a bloody child, cries, "Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth is bold and resolute. He laughs to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

Finally, a crowned child speaks his prophecy. "Macbeth, Macbeth,

Props

Three powerful new items are used in this scenario, the *Birnam spell anchor*, the *cauldron of lost souls* and *Hecate's black blade*.

The *Birnam spell anchor* works in these woods only. The spiked wooden rod, if staked into the ground, channels the energy of one spell into the earth. The consecrated woodland sustains the spell until the anchor is removed from the ground. The *spell anchor* can sustain only spells with durations greater than "instantaneous" and cannot affect spells cast on individuals. Thus, it could sustain *sequester*, but not *prismatic spray* or *slow poison*. The rod makes saving throws as metal +3. A *dispel magic* cast against the anchor is resolved as though the *anchor* user's level were doubled; if the magic holds, the dispelling affects all magic in a 40′ radius except the *anchor*.

The *cauldron of lost souls* is a black pot in which the Weird Sisters make their potions. However, devotees of Hecate can use it to channel lost souls in a powerful *contact other plane* spell. By using alchemical ingredients, the hags can call forth chaotic evil haunts to deliver prophecies as if casting the spell *contact other plane* (Consider their chances of insanity, knowledge, and veracity as Outer Planes, Intelligence 25—see *PHB*, page 167). The hags can order the haunts to attack and to possess living beings. The haunts can be dispelled against an 18th-level caster.

Hecate's black blade is a dagger created with the blessing of the goddess of magic. Like the drow spell *black blade of disaster* (see *Drow of the Underdark*, page 58), this *dagger +5* attacks twice a round for 2–24 hp damage and *disintegrates* its target on a natural 20. Anyone grabbing the blade suffers 2–24 hp damage. The dagger absorbs all magical attacks or effects directed at it or its wielder. It easily cuts through magical barriers, including *prismatic walls* and *anti-magic shells*; against structures, it does 1–12 structural or hull points per round.

The blade has 17 Intelligence, 20 Ego, and chaotic evil alignment. Its purpose is to *defeat elves*, including drow. In this aim, it has two powers: *summon shadow* (100 shadows) and *curse of lycanthropy* (MM/230). Its wielder suffers nightmares and permanently loses one point of Constitution each day; it also leaves a stain of blood on the user's skin that expands with use. The blade can be destroyed by immersing it in the *cauldron of lost souls*, but it disintegrates if Lady Macbeth is killed or incapacitated.

Macbeth is lion-mettled, proud, and takes no care where conspirers are. Macbeth shall never be vanquished until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane shall come against him."

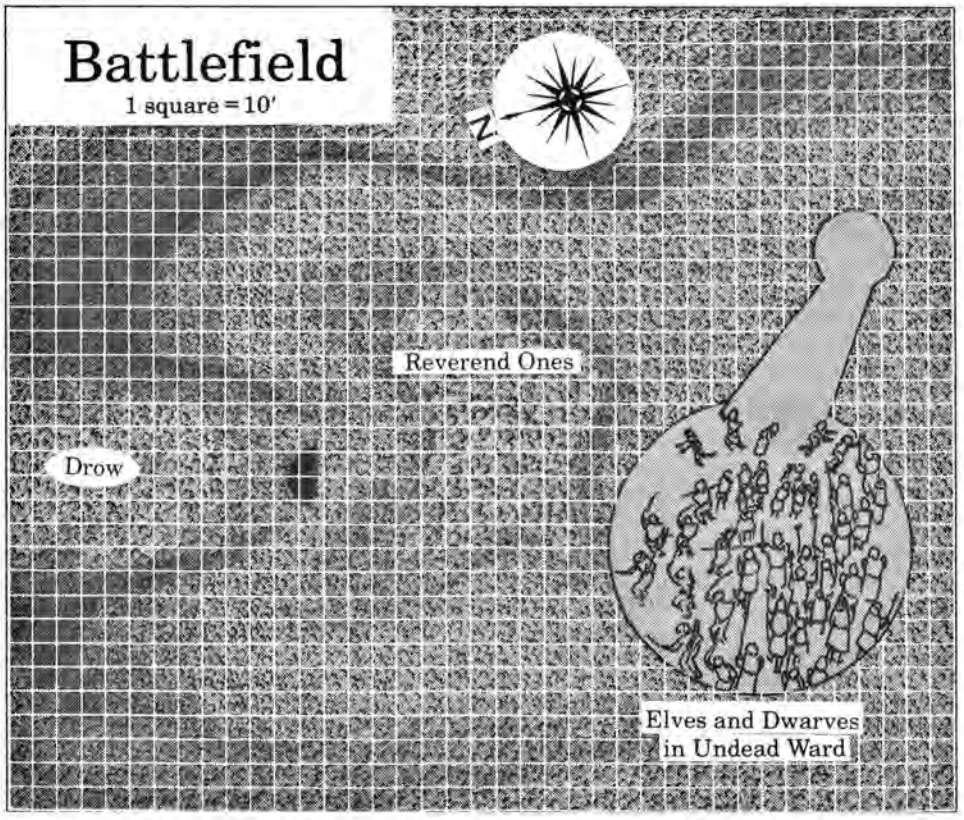
Then, with little fanfare, the apparitions vanish. One of the witches says, "Seek to know no more."

The witches do not explain this. They also do not allow PCs to raid their home, which contains straw beds, three *brooms of flying*, and a large potion shelf. The shelf holds one unlabeled bottle or jar each of: *potions of clairaudience, climbing, delusion, extra-healing, gaseous form, hill giant strength, levitation, rainbow hues, treasure finding, wraith control; oil of acid resistance, earth elemental invulnerability, fiery burning, fumbling, impact, slipperiness; philter of stammering and stuttering; smoke powder; Keoghtom's ointment; ultimate solvent*; assorted poisons; an *eversmoking bottle*; and a *flask of curses* (save vs. breath weapon or affected by *fear* spell in every combat).

After dealing with the witches, the group may leave through either the heath exit or the door into the earth. Behind a secret panel are the witches' three familiars: Virago's toad Paddock, Erichtho's black cat Graymalkin, and Canidia's crow Anon. If the hags die, the familiars also perish.

Greenhags (3): INT very; AL NE; AC −2; MV 12 Swim 12; HD 9; hp 50 each; THAC0 8; #AT 2; Dmg 7–8/7–8; SA 18/00 Strength, +5 to surprise, imitate voices; SD never surprised; MR 35%; SZ M (5′); ML 17; XP 5,000; MM/181 (Hag); magic wands each with 35 charges: *fear, magic missiles* and *size alteration*. Spells: *audible glamer, change self, dancing lights, pass without trace, invisibility, weakness, water breathing,* and *speak with monsters* (all cast at 9th level). The three together may cast each of these covey spells once a day: *curse, polymorph other, animate dead, dream, control weather, veil, forcecage, vision,* and *mind blank*.

Familiars (toad, cat, and crow): INT animal; AL CE; AC 7; MV 9 (crow fly 9); HD 2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1 (cat 2); Dmg 1 (cat 1–2/1 + rake for 1–2); SA crow 10% likely to put out eye; SD cat boost move to 18 for 1–10 rounds, empathic link to hag; SZ T; ML 12; XP 35; PHB/134 and MM/27 (Bird), 38 (Cat) and 345 (Toad). If a familiar dies, its hag must successfully roll an immediate system shock check (85% for each hag) or die.



Act III, Scene iii: Beneath the Heath

This passage leads to Glamis. It is guarded by eight Ogres of the Eye, all wearing *hag eyes*.

Eight ogres block the passage, each wearing a gem on a necklace. They carry clubs and shields with poorly painted eyes as their symbol.

The ogres allow anyone to leave the witches' cave but let in only expected visitors. The ogres are not bright, but they have been told that if an attack occurs, each is to drink his potion. The eight potions are: *super-heroism* (gives HD 8+1, THAC0 13, and 47 hp), *invulnerability* (makes immune to normal weapons and +2 on AC and saving throws), *invisibility* (+4 AC), *human control* (up to 32 HD of humans, elves, and half-elves), *fire giant strength* (+4 damage and throw rocks for 1–8 hp damage), *flying* (18 Move), *speed* (double Move and attacks) and *fire breath* (20′ wide × 80′ long cone for 5–50 hp damage, save to half). If the PCs allow all eight to drink their potions, the ogres are very tough indeed.

The passage continues toward Glamis, intersecting with another passage to Northambria, the dwarven stronghold. If the PCs follow the passage, they meet the drow forces defending Glamis.

Ogres (8): INT low; AC 4; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 27 each; THAC0 17 or 15 with weapons; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +6 or 1–10; SZ L (9′); ML 12; XP 420; MM/272; clubs (2–12 base), shields, *hag eyes*.

Act III, Scene iv: Northambria

Some parties may seek another entrance to Glamis, so they may go to the hill dwarf community of Northambria. It is cut into a hill about two miles from Cawdor and Glamis. It can be reached overland or through a twisting underground passage. In either case, visitors come to a locked iron door that can withstand 100 hp damage before being forced open. Due to the events of the last few weeks, the dwarves are very suspicious of strangers. But if PCs make a convincing show of allegiance at the door, it opens.

This small dwarven stronghold is a central hall surrounded by passages to warrenlike homes. The lodgings are spartan; what chalices and statuettes they have are made of amber. Off the central chamber is a spiral down to an underground stream.

The dwarves' chief is Siward, who, with his son, is at the battleground near the entrance to Glamis. The dwarven warriors that remain guard the underground entrance from a drow invasion. Without Siward's order, they do not venture the passage.

Siward (hill dwarf): AL LG; AC 1; MV 6; F6; hp 55; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +5; S 18, D 8, C 18, I 13, W 12, Ch 15; ML 15; SA specialized in battle axe; SD +5 to saving throws vs. rods, wands, staves, spells, and poison; XP 2,000; *banded mail +3, battle axe +2*. Siward wears furs and a great helm, and carries 10 gems worth 300 gp each.

Dwarven lieutenants (2): INT very; AL LG; AC 4; HD 2; hp 13 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SD +3 to saves vs. rods, wands, staves, spells, and poison; SZ M (4'); ML 14. These leaders are armed with short swords, light crossbows, and shields.

Hill dwarves (45): INT very; AL LG; AC 4; HD 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SD +3 to saves vs. rods, wands, staves, spells, and poison; SZ M (4'); ML 13. About half can fight and are armed with short swords and battle axes.

Act IV, Scene i: Death and Bane

The battle site is a bleak place. Macduff, Donalbain, and Malcolm are here with 43 elven warriors, as well as 16 Northambrian dwarves under the command of the dwarf warrior Siward. They suffer from a recent attack by Lady Macbeth's shadows, which they turned back only when Donalbain cast *undead ward* (from the *Tome of Magic*) into the *Birnam spell anchor*. This gives the demihumans a 45' cube of protection against the shadows and shelters their wounded. The elves' ministrations would go much faster if Donalbain hadn't been gravely injured in the last attack.

In a copse of trees, 40 or 50 elves and dwarves rest from a recent battle. Many moan and shiver, though none have been cut or bruised. At the center, an ornate rod is staked into the ground. From your vantage point you see that beyond the demihumans is a rise to a cave. There appears to be a woman silhouetted in the cave mouth. From the demihuman encampment, a gray elf, his sword shining in the night, stands over the body of a priest and shouts at the cave, "Tyrant, show thy face!"

Macduff stands with his *sun blade* next to Malcolm and the wounded of Donalbain. The elves and dwarves recover lost Strength naturally, but 35 are injured. Because of Macduff and Donalbain's strategy, none were turned into shadows. The *undead ward* allowed the demihumans a place where shadows could not enter. The demihumans, aided by Macduff's sword and Donalbain's turning, fought them off, but Donalbain was reduced to zero Strength by the shadows' touch. His *amulet of life protection* has kept his life force from being drained, so he will not become a shadow. However, the *amulet* cannot bring him back to consciousness; only *restoration* or *strength* can do that. If neither is applied, Donalbain dies in seven days.

If the PCs talk to Macduff, he introduces Malcolm and Siward. The dwarven warrior points out his son, Young Siward, who is wounded to 1 hp. Anything the PCs can do to help the injured is appreciated; Donalbain helps if revived. Macduff and Malcolm relate the disaster as follows:

Thane Macduff's commanding presence is impossible to ignore as he tells of the battle lost. "In the cavern stands Macbeth's Lady, once thought to be a gentlewoman. Last night, we pressed our case to Macbeth but were met at the entrance by the Lady. In her harshest voice she spoke an incantation, 'O never shall that sun tomorrow see!' And then the world was blocked in shadow. We retreated and retrieved our anchor, exposing our village to the outside world for the first time in centuries.

"Thane Donalbain moored the anchor here and created a field of faith against the shadows. A torch's span ago, Lady Macbeth called her unliving minions, but the barrier held. I myself and other warriors stayed out to fight the shadows, sending many to their rest. We thought we had won the day, but then the remaining creatures assaulted the barrier at once. We destroyed all, but not before Donalbain had fallen. Without his aid, we cannot withstand another attack. And so each new morn, new widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows strike heaven on the face."

Then Macduff turns to his allies and commands, "Let us rather hold fast the mortal sword like good men! Here the reverend ones fought the Great Stand, and they side with us in spirit today! Rise and be strong!" His cry heartens the elves and dwarves, who struggle to their feet with weapons drawn.

Young Siward (hill dwarf): AL LG; AC 4; MV 6; F2; hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +5; S 18, D 12, C 14, I 11, W 10, Ch 10; ML 15; SA specialized in battleaxe; SD +4 to saving throws vs. magic; XP 975; banded mail, *battle axe +1*. Young Siward dresses as his father in furs and a great helm, and he carries 10 gems worth 100 gp each.

Gray elves (43): INT high; AL CG; AC 5; HD 1+1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA +1 to hit with sword or bow; MR 90% to *sleep* and *charm*; SZ M (5'); ML 13; XP 420. The elves have long swords, spears, and eight *long swords +1*.

PCs should deduce that alone, the forces face annihilation. If Donalbain is resuscitated, his priestly might will let them hold their own, but they cannot advance on Lady Macduff. If the PCs stay, they can ally with Malcolm and Macduff against 100 shadows, which pour out in a wave from Lady Macbeth's dagger when anyone leaves the ward.

The *undead ward* turns shadows automatically as a 7th-level priest on contact, but only 10 per round, so most of a large force can breach the barrier. (The *undead ward* retains its strength even if breached and is dispelled against an 18th-level caster.) The shadows' Strength drain transforms victims into shadows at 0 Strength; otherwise, Strength returns after 2–8 turns.

Macduff's *armor of command* keeps the demihumans rallied, while his *sun blade* is +4 to attack rolls and causes double damage against the shadows. Though he is affected by the shadows' chilling touch, Malcolm's *ring of warmth* restores one Strength point extra per turn.

After three rounds of combat, 30 shadows already turned by the *undead ward* rally and break for Cawdor. Malcolm and Macduff cannot leave their forces, but they may entreat the PCs to follow. The shadows have a Movement Rate of 12, but they do not stop for any reason. If the PCs catch the shadows, the party may try to stop them from killing Macduff's wife and children. If the shadows succeed in their murder, they cause as much destruction as they can in Cawdor.

Shadows (100): INT low; AL CE; AC 7; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 15 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2–5 plus 1 Strength point; SA turn victim to shadow at 0 Strength; SD +1 weapon to hit, immune to *sleep, charm, hold* and *cold*; SZ M (6'); ML 20; XP 420; MM/312.

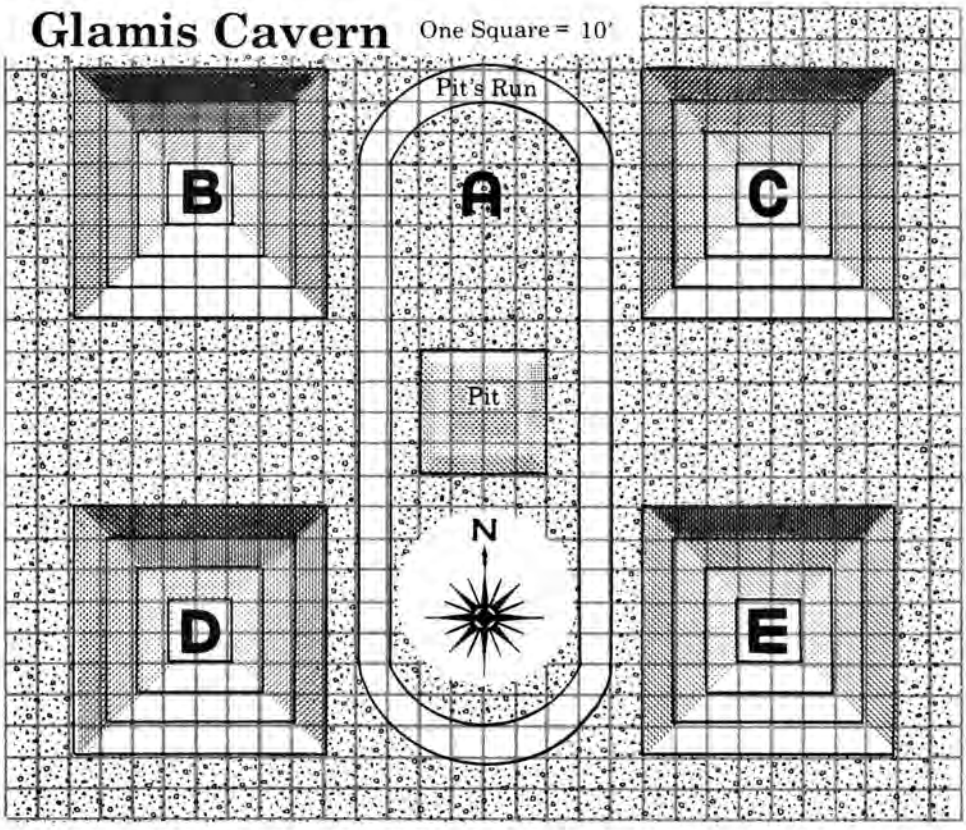
The PCs have two other ways to help the Cawdorians, only one of which the Cawdorians realize is possible. Malcolm has a *scroll of protection against undead* that can create a 5' radius circle of invulnerability which moves with the reader. Malcolm and Macduff cannot leave their allies, for they fear the demihumans would quickly succumb. But under the cover of the shadows, a group of PCs in the 5' radius might be able to reach Lady Macbeth.

The second way the PCs can help the Cawdorians is to deduce the secret of the Battle of Birnam. Matching Olan's description of the battle to the apparition's warning that Birnam Wood must come to Dunsinane (or using a *divination, idea,* or other such spell) may suggest that the "reverend ones" still guard the forest. *Detect magic* reveals that the 40' square area of trees directly before the entrance to Glamis radiates strong alteration magic. This is because the elves of millennia past *massmorphed* 100 ancient elven warriors ("Reverend Ones," from *Elves of Evermeet*) to appear as trees. Using the *dispel magic* scroll from Olan releases the reverend ones from their sylvan forms.

> The trees of Birnam Wood shake and crack apart, emitting an expansive, blinding light. Where tall trees stood, pale-skinned elves in gleaming armor now stand. They stretch to life and draw swords for battle.

The reverend ones engage any shadows they see. Each reverend one bears a *long sword +1*; on a hit, the shadows must save vs. death magic (13 or better) or be destroyed. The shadows and anyone else attacking the reverend ones suffer −2 to attack rolls in melee. This turns the tide, for each reverend one can destroy a shadow every other round. Once the reverend ones have dealt with the shadows, they march toward Glamis where Lady Macbeth awaits.

Reverend ones (100): INT high; AL CG; AC 2; MV 15; HD 8+3; hp 50 each; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1–10/1–10 or by weapon +2; SA destroy undead on hit (save vs. death or destroyed), specialized in long sword; MR 10%; SZ M (6'); ML 18; XP 4,000; EoE/126; *long swords +1, gleaming armor* (opponents have −2 to attack rolls in melee and −4 with missiles). Reverend ones are turned as "Special" creatures. When a reverend one dies, he and his items vanish.



Act IV, Scene ii: Look to the Lady

Lady Macbeth protects the cave mouth, with *Hecate's black blade* in one hand and a *candle of invocation* in the other. She has not slept in a week and will collapse tomorrow. Still, she is a deadly foe.

> In the cave mouth stands a black-robed woman lit by a candle in one hand; in the other she holds a pulsating black dagger. Her white hair and brows suggest she is a dark elf, but half her obsidian skin is stained with a bloody crimson blotch. Her face looks prematurely aged, and her body is drawn and sickly. She focuses on you and shouts, "Out, damned spot! What's done cannot be undone!" Then she is gone behind a wall of darkness.

The *curtain of blackness* from Lady Macbeth's *wand of conjuration* is a delaying tactic. She follows with a *creeping doom* spell that causes up to 1,000 hp damage. She continues to give herself layers of defense: Any round she is not stopped, she builds a new layer of a *prismatic wall*. If she has time, she casts *globe of invulnerability, stoneskin,* and *protection from fire, lightning* and *good 10' radius* before the PCs close; in any event, the dagger should absorb any spell cast at her. She uses *chaos, wall of fire, acid bolt* (from *Drow of the Underdark*), and her *scarab of enraging enemies* to thwart PCs, and she can conjure giant spiders or summon monsters. Against elves, she can inflict a *curse of lycanthropy* from her dagger; a lycanthrope so created fights anyone around it.

If the reverend ones lead the charge, they brave any obstacle to get at Lady Macbeth, who can turn 10 of them. Twenty reverend ones are killed by *creeping doom* before she puts up a *wall of force* to cover her retreat. The reverend ones' magic resistance allows one-tenth of them to get through the field, and Lady Macbeth kills them with spells like *flame strike*. By the time she gets to the intersection, at least 30 reverend ones are slain.

Lady Macbeth is vulnerable on a physical level. The dagger has dropped her Constitution to 1 and her hit points to 17. Anything that causes a System Shock roll will likely kill her. Also, the *stoneskin* protects against only the first nine physical attacks, so if she can be attacked more often, the PCs might win. She cannot survive even a few hits from powerful PCs, so she keeps her distance. PCs facing her dagger risk *disintegration*.

Lady Macbeth's major weakness is her obsession over the blood she has spilled. PCs who can reach her even briefly have one chance to point out the blood stain that covers her body, a side effect of the dagger. She loses initiative on the next round while she feels a twinge of remorse, but if not stopped immediately, she then turns her deadliest magic on the person who brought up the stain.

If PCs and others attack from both sides, she is much more vulnerable. If in serious danger, she uses *word of recall* to reach her tower's temple (area 16).

Act IV, Scene iii: Those He Commands

If the PCs get past Lady Macbeth, they meet Glamis's entire population: 28 drow led by Thanes Angus, Caithness, Mentieth, and Lady Lennox. None want to be at war, but they know they cannot defeat the Macbeths. They have heard the prophecy that Macbeth cannot be harmed by any of woman born, which includes everyone they know. Macbeth has ordered them to defend Glamis, so here they are.

However, if the PCs have defeated Lady Macbeth, they gain allies here. Quiet PCs hear the dark thanes talking.

> Near an intersection of passages is a drow encampment, with 30 or so dark elves ready for battle. Three drow lords and a lady are talking at the front of the group. "What does the tyrant?" asks a lord wearing black robes over his chain mail.
>
> Another in like garb answers, "Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he's mad; others who do not hate him, do call it valiant fury; but all concur that he cannot buckle his evil cause within the belt of goodness."
>
> The third lord, this one in black leather, agrees. "Now he feels his secret murders sticking on his hands. Those he commands move only in command, not in love. Now he feels his title hang loose about him, like a giant's robe upon a dwarvish thief. What say you, Lady?"
>
> The woman, who has bright silver hair and wears white robes, contemplates the question for a moment,

then says, "I say only that things have been strangely borne." The drow return to silent thought.

If the PCs have chased Lady Macbeth here, the pragmatic Lennox orders the drow to fight intruders. Lady Macbeth likely uses *spiderform* (from *Drow of the Underdark*) to change 12 of the 2nd-level male drow into driders under her control; this control lasts 12 rounds. Few PC parties can fight Lady Macbeth, 12 driders, four mid-level drow, and 16 drow fighting priestesses; however, the reverend ones may turn the tide. Lady Lennox is especially tough, as her *harp of charming* works on human PCs but has little effect on elves. Lady Macbeth lets the PCs go if they retreat; she needs all her energy for her gray elf foes.

If the PCs have forced Lady Macbeth back to her tower, the drow pretend to fight, so as to fool the magically observant Macbeths into believing they are loyal. However, the drow strike to the sides of the PCs, and experienced PCs know the drow are not trying to harm them. The drow encourage them to fake a fight.

If the PCs approach without bright light and prove they have killed Lady Macbeth, the drow go with them to take Dunsinane. Lady Lennox introduces Thanes Caithness, Angus, and Mentieth. The priestesses heal their own wounds and those of the PCs, if possible. Lennox explains what has afflicted Glamis.

Lady Lennox pulls out a harp and plays discordant tones, echoed by the voices of the women around her. "Things have been strangely borne," she says to the drow around her, and they sing a concordant note in response.

"Years ago, when my mother brought us to this place we call Glamis, we founded a colony of serenity far from our clamorous homeland. Maelis, my mother, held Glamis true to the ideals of Eilistraee, and though we could not settle on the surface, we made peace with our neighbors there.

"One of the strongest voices for peace was Thane Macbeth, who found comfort in the tenets of Eilistraee, if not in her worship. But since my mother's passing two years ago, Macbeth has become cold and obsessed with power. Worse, his Lady turned more brazen in her once clandestine worship of the Forbidden Goddess. Together, they have made Dunsinane the strongest house in Glamis, and we have adjusted.

"A week ago, Lady Macbeth emerged from Dunsinane holding a black dagger. We believe it was a present from three witches, though it has been no gift to us. With this blade, she has taken control of our village. Her sympathizers have paid a high price, being turned into wolves or worse. And how Cawdor has paid! Thane Duncan is dead, and others too.

"And now Macbeth locks himself in high Dunsinane, protected only by his steward, Peyton. The steward has taken many forms: drow, snake, dragon. We know not which is real, but his wyrm form cautions us to hold what distance our wisdom can provide. And Macbeth, the true power, lies inside. We have heard prophecies that Macbeth is invulnerable. If you have other beliefs, we would hear them."

Behind the drow is a subterranean pass to the Weird Sisters' cave and Northambria. Beyond the passage is Glamis. The drow let the PCs go whichever way they wish. If the PCs go to the Weird Sisters, Siward goes to Northambria to get reinforcements.

Mentieth (drow): AL CG; AC 4; MV 12; F5/M4; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 14, D 11, C 15, I 15, W 12, Ch 11; SZ M (5'); MR 60%; ML 16; XP 4,000; *elven chain mail +1, long sword +2 (+3 vs. magic-using and enchanted creatures).* Spells: *burning hands, dancing lights, darkness, detect magic, faerie fire, magic missile, spider-eyes; know alignment, levitate, strength.* Mentieth wears black robes and a 500 gp black opal bracelet.

Caithness (drow): AL CG; AC 0; MV 12; F8; hp 70; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +3; S 16, D 10, C 17, I 13, W 10, Ch 15; SA specialized in short sword; SZ M (5'); MR 66%; ML 16; XP 5,000; *elven chain mail +3, short sword +3.* Spells: *dancing lights, darkness, detect magic, faerie fire; know alignment, levitate.* Caithness wears black robes with platinum trim worth 50 gp.

Angus (drow): AL CG; AC 4; MV 12; F5/T5; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 14, D 17, C 15, I 14, W 11, Ch 13; ML 14; SA +4 to attack roll and triple damage on backstab; SD thieving abilities (PP 25, OL 35, FT 25, MS 80, HS 50, DN 30, CW 80, RL 0); SZ M (5'); MR 60%; ML 16; XP 3,000; *leather armor +1, ring of invisibility, short sword of quickness +2, ring of spell storing (illusionary wall, spectral force, audible glamer).* Spells: *dancing lights, darkness, detect magic, faerie fire; know alignment, levitate.* Angus wears black leather with red trim; his gold ring is worth 400 gp.

Drow females (16): INT high; AL CG; AC 5; F2/P2 of Eilistraee; hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA turn undead; SD +2 to saving throws vs. magic, surprised only on 1; SZ M (5'); MR 54%; ML 14; XP 975. Spells: *cure light wounds, dancing lights, darkness, faerie fire, pass without trace; clairvoyance, dispel magic, suggestion; detect lie.* The drow wear elven chain mail and use long swords only.

Drow males (12): INT high; AL CG; AC 5; F2; hp 16 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SD +2 to saving throws vs. magic, surprised only on 1; SZ M (5'); MR 54%; ML 14; XP 640. Spells: *dancing lights, darkness, faerie fire.* These drow wear elven chain mail and use long swords, shields, and light crossbows. (In drider form these statistics apply: AC 3; THAC0 13; Dmg 1–4 + save vs. poison at −2 or paralyzed 1–2 turns; XP 1,400.)

Act V, Scene i: Glamis in Shroud

After Lady Macbeth moves the drow to the intersection, she summons giant spiders to enshroud Glamis in decor more appropriate to Lolth. Though Lennox and some other priestesses have seen Glamis through *clairvoyance*, other drow and Cawdorians are stunned to see Glamis' new appearance.

Illuminated by the glint of fireflies in the cave walls, Glamis is shrouded in sinister webs that extend 100' from the top to the bottom of the cave. Four ziggurats extend from the cave floor, apparently built around stalactites that protrude through the tops of the ziggurats. An inverted ziggurat is built into the ceiling. Coiled around the downward point of this ceiling structure is a purple, serpentine creature.

The creature is Peyton, an adult deep dragon who spends most of his time in drow form as Macbeth's steward. He has

Dunsinane Detail Map

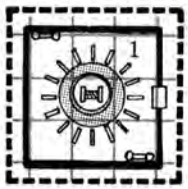
One Square = 5'

Winch

Couch

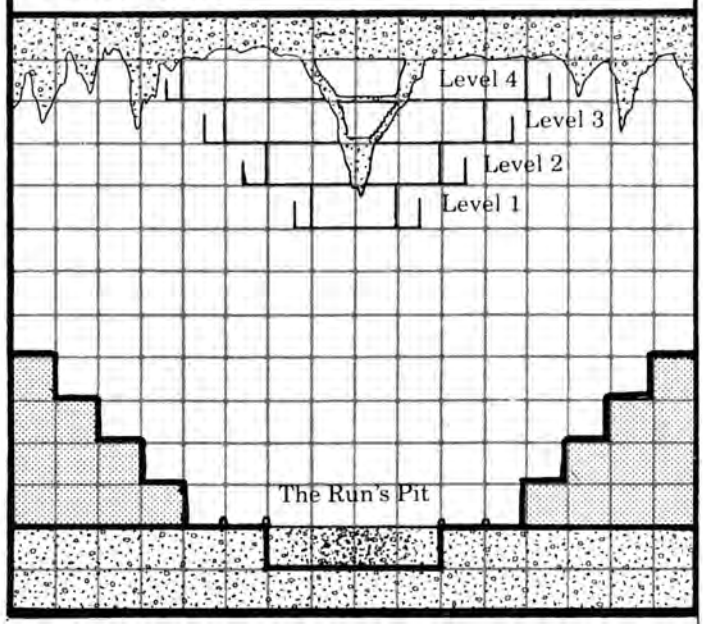
Illusionary Wall

Level 1



High Dunsinane Side View

One Square = 10'



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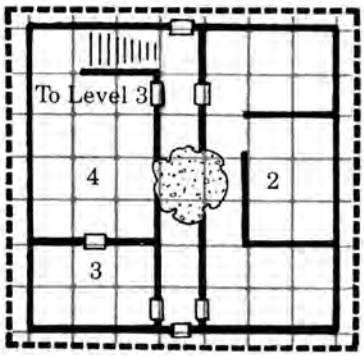

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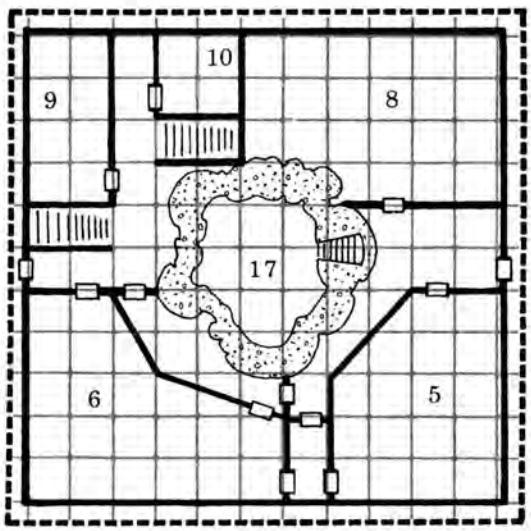
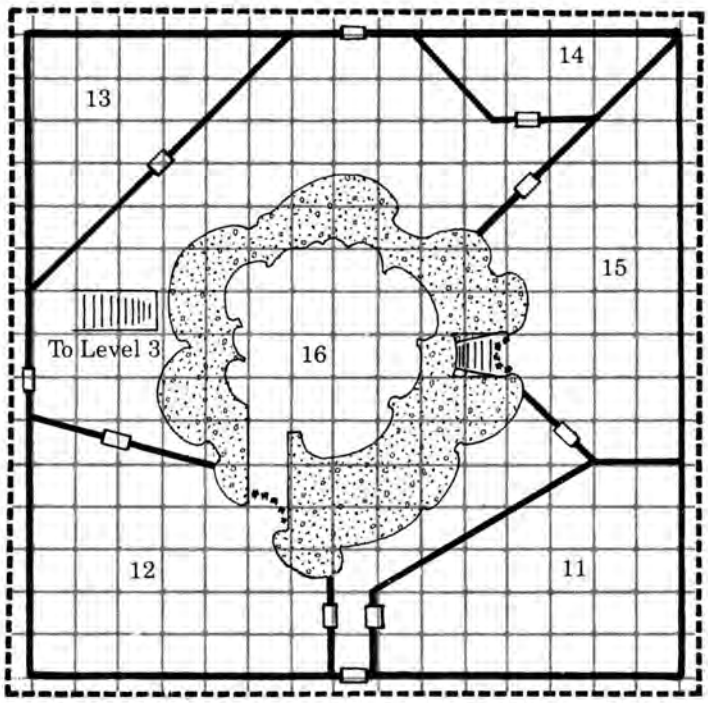


Level 4



been given orders to protect Glamis against anyone except Macbeth and his Lady. He casts *protection from good* when he sees invaders.

The webs act as a *web* spell, trapping anyone entering them. Those with 19 Strength are unaffected; otherwise, it takes a PC or NPC one round per Strength point below 19 to break free. *Free action* lets PCs climb the webs toward House Macbeth, the ziggurat on the ceiling. Unfortunately for the PCs, Peyton can do the same thing. He cannot fly in the webs, but his *free action* ability makes him extremely mobile in the super-strong webs. Also, his corrosive gas breath severs any web in its path, including any supporting PCs hit by the breath. He can also use *spider climb* and *web* to heighten his effectiveness in the webs. On rounds that he does not breathe, he uses physical attacks.

The other drow, elves, and dwarves will not risk attacking the dragon, except for the Siwards, Fleance, and any thane present. Spellcasting thanes use whatever spells they can before closing to melee. PCs may discover that their safest position is on the cavern floor, as Peyton's breath cannot reach them from his current position; this may force Peyton to assume snake form to traverse the webs. Peyton focuses his efforts on whoever is doing the most damage to him; in the absence of PCs, this would be Macduff, as everyone else will be trapped by the webs.

PCs might also think of burning the webs, but this has two effects that anger the drow: It blinds them, and it destroys their homes. Still, if burning the webs is the only way to get to House Macbeth, the drow allow it.

If Peyton is reduced to fewer than 20 hit points, he must make a morale check. If he fails, he turns to snake form and slithers through a hole in the ceiling. If beaten but not killed, Peyton makes a difficult prisoner. He claims a soldier's allegiance to Macbeth and threatens anyone who harms him. He was raised from hatchling stage by Macbeth, and though Macbeth holds the reins tight, Peyton loves Macbeth like a father.

Peyton (adult deep dragon): INT exceptional; AL CE; AC −2; MV 12, fly 30 (C), burrow 6, swim 9; HD 16; hp 108; THAC0 5; #AT 3; Dmg 3d4 + 6/ 3d4 + 6/ 3d8 + 6; SA flesh-corrosive gas breath every three rounds for 12d8 + 6 damage, 50' long by 40' base cone, dry exposed skin means save is at −2, wing buffet or kick to knock over on failed Dexterity check, tail slap causes 6d4 + 12 hp damage and save vs. petrification or stunned for 2–5 minutes; SD fear aura 15 yards (save at +3), *free action* at will, assume drow or snake form 4 times/day each, regenerate 1–4 hp/turn, *true seeing* and *detect magic* at all times, immune to *charm*, *sleep* and *hold* spells, −3/die damage on heat and cold; MR 25%; SZ G; ML 18; XP 10,000; MM/82. Spells (cast at 15th level): *protection from good, spider climb* and *web*.

Snake form: AC 6; MV 9, fly 4 (D), swim 11; #AT 1; Dmg constrict for 3–18 per round and disruption of spellcasting and combat attacks.

Drow form: AC 10; MV 12, swim 12; Dmg by spell or weapon.

Act V, Scene ii: The Houses of Glamis

The five houses in Glamis correspond to the thanes on the Court. In theory, Glamis has abandoned the cruel system of "station," in which powerful drow houses oppress and even slaughter lesser houses. In practice, House Lennox leads, but in recent weeks, House Macbeth has become strongest. No living beings are in the lower ziggurats, as all are at the intersection. Each apartment contains a shrine, a music and dancing room, a fighting area, and 3–10 *objets d'art* worth 100–1,000 gp. In most cases, the four-story houses have only everpresent fireflies as light.

A. The Run. The central area of Glamis is a racetrack around a fire pit. The pit's walls are *walls of iron* and every night, residents tell stories at communal meals. Twice a month, the priestesses of Glamis hold a Circle of Song, a religious storytelling where worshippers sing and dance in a circle. This pattern has been disrupted of late.

B. House Lennox. The highest house in Glamis was founded by Maelis, the high priestess of Eilistraee who led the good drow to Glamis. Her death two years ago left Lennox as the highest priestess of the Dark Maiden in Glamis. Lennox's house is home to 11 drow. The third floor houses Lady Lennox's quarters and the largest personal shrine to Eilistraee in Glamis. In a brazier are eight pieces of *incense of meditation*. Lady Lennox's quarters are defended by a *glyph of warding* triggered when someone steps on the front carpet without touching a sword to the threshold; the glyph creates the effect of *Evard's black tentacles*. In her library are books on drow civilization worth 5,000 gp to sages, a *manual of clay golems*, spellbooks belonging to Maelis and Lennox (DM's choice of 100 spells), and Lennox's treasure chest (100 50 gp gems, 2,000 pp and a *carpet of flying*). The top level of House Lennox contains Maelis' tomb, with her preserved body and 50 jewelled items worth an average of 300 gp.

C. House Caithness. The second biggest house in Glamis is home to nine drow. Caithness' quarters is a fighter's dream, with underdark weapons of every kind: kuo-toan man-catchers, derro spiked bucklers, svirfneblin stun darts, drow hand crossbows and so on. His weapon room is locked; picking the lock or bashing the door triggers a rack of spears to strike the door (12 spears divided among targets). Caithness' treasure includes a *folding boat*, a *spade of colossal excavation*, and a chest with 50 pieces of jewelry worth 50 gp each, 1,000 pp and a *scarab of death*.

D. House Mentieth. This house is decorated in purple and blue banners that combine with the fireflies' yellow light to give the house a slight green glow. Seven drow live here. The bottom floor is occupied by Mentieth and is guarded by a magical trap which triggers a *rug of welcome* if someone steps on the carpet without passing a hand over a candle. In Mentieth's laboratory, the best he could put together without supplies from the underdark, are found his spellbooks (DM's choice of 25 wizard spells), 12 normal potions (DM's choice) and a complete set of myconid potions (MM, page 265). His treasure includes 50 gems valued at 50 gp each, 1,000 pp, and *wings of flying*.

E. House Angus. This is the home of five drow and is the roomiest house in Glamis. To get from one room to an adjacent one, a nonresident has to go up and down stairs and wind around the entire building. (Residents know where the secret doors are.) In the middle of the second floor is Angus' chamber, behind an *illusionary wall*. Everything in Angus' room contains at least one secret compartment. The altar's secret

compartment contains Angus' treasure: 100 gems worth 50 gp, 1,500 pp and a black mask of a priest of Vhaeraun, the drow god of duplicity. When worn, the mask allows the wearer to appear as anyone he knows personally.

F. House Macbeth. This upside-down house, called Dunsinane, is where the Macbeths live. See below for details.

Act V, Scene iv: Dunsinane

If the PCs get here, they must have beaten Peyton; otherwise, the dragon defends the house. The PCs must also have a way to get to House Macbeth. The drow thanes all can *levitate* long enough to bring at least the PCs and elven thanes up here. Lennox's *carpet of flying* and Mentieth's *wings of flying* also may help, as may other magical items the PCs might have. Once the first level is breached, the PCs may lower the rope ladder to allow allies to climb up. Falling causes 6d6 hp damage, plus a number of 1d6 equal to the number of the level of House Macbeth from which the PC falls. The webs, if present, break falls but are too sticky for anyone without *free action* to climb.

When the PCs reach Dunsinane, read the following:

> The inverted ziggurat is made of reinforced stone embedded deep in the ceiling. The stalactite in the center is surrounded by construction. The outside balconies allow uninterrupted walking around each of the four levels; the balconies are also connected by ropes. On each of the balconies are arrow slits, in which you can see haze but no light. There do not appear to be any doors.

The thanes all know the approximate site of the lowest door into Dunsinane, which, like all exterior doors, is masked by the *illusionary wall* effect of the *staff of stewardship's guards and wards*. Other PCs must find a door through typical means. The doors are also all *wizard locked*. Finally, all exterior doors and arrow slits are laden with *glyphs of warding* that detonate if anyone goes through without knocking first (the thanes can tell PCs this); each *glyph* shocks the intruder for 12d4 hp damage (save to half), and then the *glyph* is disabled.

The whole structure radiates magic. *Dispel magic* eliminates one *guards and wards* effect at random, not necessarily the caster's choice. Inside all corridors are misty, and visibility even with light is only 10'. The stairs are filled with regenerating *webs*, and a minor *confusion* effect makes changes in direction difficult. Creatures with magic resistance can get through some of these effects.

If Lady Macbeth is still alive and has used her *word of recall*, she will not be a passive defender of her house. After using whatever healing spells she might need and perhaps lighting another *candle of invocation*, she prepares for the PCs. Her tactics rely on spells, her *wand of conjuration*, and *Hecate's black blade*. She can add *death fog* to the mist, or add *chaos* to the minor *confusion* of the *guards and wards*. If the party includes elves, she may use *summon shadow* from her dagger. She summons new monsters every round she can, always using six charges to get monsters like phase spiders and driders. If she must, she retreats to the inner chamber, where Macbeth broods.

In the absence of Lady Macbeth, Dunsinane is quiet. PCs, thanes, and other allies can fan out, but they cannot find Macbeth in the main complex. They do find another obstacle: Lady Macbeth has summoned a spectator to guard her house from being "taken," a loose but acceptable command for the spectator. It hears any knocking, no matter how soft, and goes to the source. Read the following when the first PC breaches Dunsinane:

> "Knock, knock," a voice clatters in your brain, though you hear no sound. "Never at quiet! What are you?" From the darkness comes a spherical creature with eyestalks whirling above its slavering maw. The creature looks at you with its wide central eye, and you hear a hint of threat in its telepathic words, "I pray you, remember the porter."

The spectator does not want to fight anyone, but it will allows no one inside except the Macbeths and Peyton. The first PC telepathically contacted hears a *suggestion* to leave. The unfailingly polite porter entreats the PCs not to make it kill them. It can even serve the group dinner and drinks; it especially likes wine. If the PCs do not leave, the spectator uses its eyestalks on one target each round, interposing itself in any door frame the PCs try to enter. Its

central eye reflects one nontouch spell per round at a caster; the spectator must make a saving throw vs. spell to reflect it at the caster. The spectator can be banished by reducing it to zero hp or by blinding all of its eyes either through damage (1 hp each) or a *blindness* spell. It reappears in 24 hours, undamaged.

Spectator: INT high; AL LN; AC 4/7/7; MV fly 9 (B); HD 4+4; hp 34; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2–5; SA eyestalks (*paralyzation* 90′ for 8–32 rounds; *cause serious wounds* 180′ for 2d8+3 hp damage, save to half; *telepathy* and *suggestion* 120′; *create food and water* for six people), +1 to initiative; SD central eye allows *reflection* of one spell per round if spectator saves, +2 to avoid surprise; MR 5%; SZ M (4′ diameter); ML 14; XP 4,000; MM/21 (Beholder-kin).

The effects of *guards and wards* are constant as PCs pass through Dunsinane. The house is dark, and where an inner wall is curved, it is part of the central stalactite, which is reinforced by added layers of *wall of stone* spells. The areas of Dunsinane include:

1. Observatory. Through the arrow slits, those inside can view all of Glamis. A circular pillow couch studded with black pearls (2,500 gp value) allows viewers to lie on their sides and look through the slits. A *permanent illusion* of warmth, a suffusive glow, and a soothing scent permeates the room; those who relax on the couch for more than three rounds must make a saving throw vs. spells or drift off to sleep. At the center of the room is a winch system and a trap door (also masked and trapped with a *glyph* on the outside) for lowering two rope ladders to the cavern floor.

2. Servant quarters. Dunsinane is the only house in Glamis with drow servants who border on being slaves. All were turned into lycanthropes by Lady Macbeth, and some were met at the PCs' campsite. These are the worst quarters in Glamis, with beds stacked close and few frills. The smaller area is an ill-equipped bath chamber. An obvious central feature is a rack of studded leather loops suspended from the ceiling. The PCs may not know what this is, but any drow present recognize it as a "darkulg," a painful stockade from which penitents can be hung upside down for days on end. There is no treasure or magic here.

3. Kitchen. Among the more normal kitchen utensils here are a black cooking cauldron, a cage of a dozen large lizards (a favorite drow snack), and a rack with some powerful drow spices (250 gp value to a spice merchant) and a bottle of powdered unicorn horn (three doses which act as a *purify food and drink* spell, but elf merchants will be outraged if a PC tries to sell this). Also on the rack are drow cookbooks containing quite a few poison recipes.

4. Dining room. A 15′ long table is *stone shaped* out of the floor, and the chairs are made of marble inlaid with copper (100 gp value and 20 lbs. each). In a mahogany credenza is a locked box of silverware inlaid with rock crystal teardrops (32 pieces each worth 100 gp) and two bandannas that allow *infravision* as the spell (for nonelven dinner guests).

5. Minor guest chamber. Malcolm and Donalbain occupied this chamber while their father was killed next door. The brass beds have been remade since the night of the murder. The dresser, empty weapon rack, candlestand, and nightstand are also made of brass. The door to the other guest chamber is locked with a conventional lock as well as the *guards and wards' wizard lock*. A thief can make a Find Traps roll to tell from dust that it has been locked for a week.

6. Major guest chamber. On the hallway door to this chamber is Lady Macbeth's *glyph of warding*; anyone touching it suffers 12d4 hp electrical damage. Inside, the walls and doors have gashes from what appears to be clawing. Everything in this well furnished chamber has been scrubbed raw, some of it still bearing soap suds and water slicks. Despite the intensive cleaning, a tiny blood stain remains on the headboard of the jewelled brass bed (1,000 gp value, 120 lbs.). The bed has been made and remade, and the brass nightstand, weapons rack, candlestand and dresser also are polished to shine.

If *time pool* (from the *Tome of Magic*) or a similar spell is cast to replay the events in this room, a sleeping Thane Duncan is attacked by werewolves. The thane tries to cast spells, but he is thwarted by magical silence. He defends himself, but he cannot reach a magical sword. After the guards tear Duncan apart, they claw at the door to get out. Shortly after, the wolves fall asleep. When they awake, they again are in elf form, terrified of what they see. Macbeth opens the door, kills the guards, and raises the alarm.

7. Guest bath. The fixtures are brass-handled stone. The soap rack contains rich perfumed soaps worth 100 gp to a collector, but their scents are far too strong to wear in most human societies.

8. Peyton's chamber. Though Peyton spends most of his time in drow form, he nonetheless decorates his quarters as a dragon's hoard. There is no bed here; instead, the floor is covered with a mound of 500 gp, 1,100 sp, 38,000 cp, 100 gems and jewelry pieces averaging 20 gp in value, a bone-encased *scroll of protection from dragon breath*, two potions of *extra-healing*, a *shield −1 missile attractor*, and a *stone horse* (destrier). A 15′-wide mirror and a wardrobe of black drow cloaks and clothing abut a wall.

9. Fighting room. This room is laid out with practice mats and many types of weapons, including maces, swords, and a *crossbow of speed* with quarrels and a target. The mats have not been used in at least a few weeks, but dried blood can be seen dotting the mats. (This is not Duncan's blood; drow just practice like it matters.)

10. Doctor's room. Lady Macbeth's personal physician lived here and monitored her restlessness after she was given the dagger. While she sleepwalked, she killed him and fed his body to a *bag of devouring* under the bed. The room contains a fake altar to Eilistraee that disassembles into a consecrated altar to Lolth. In a locked baseboard are lotions and daggers for sacrifice, but they have not been used for some time. Alongside the *bag* under the bed is a priest scroll (*neutralize poison, giant spider*) and a medical log of the Lady's condition. It describes a series of maladies made worse over the last few entries. The final entry reads:

> *This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds. Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles. More needs she the divine than the*

physician. My mind she has paralyzed and amazed my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

11. Gathering room. A stone table is molded from the stone floor, and the marble chairs are a little more functional than those in the dining room. A desk contains scrolls, rare inks (value 100 gp), wine (to seal negotiations), a vial of sleep poison (onset time one hour, save at −3 or unconscious for 2d4 hours), a set of 12 golden goblets (50 gp each), and a dagger in a hidden panel.

12. Shrine to Eilistraee. Lady Macbeth's false temple has all the trappings of a real one. A harp dangles from above; someone making a musical instrument proficiency check can learn that its strings have never been played or tuned. Four swords are arrayed in a semicircle over the image of a dark woman, so that the swords resemble silver hair. A black banner displays Eilistraee's symbol, a long sword against a silver moon surrounded by silvery filaments. Behind this is an *illusionary wall*, which leads to Lady Macbeth's real temple.

13. Master bedroom. Lady Macbeth and her husband sleep here, when they sleep at all. The front door's *glyph of warding* operates only when the door is locked, as now; anyone not using the key triggers the *glyph*'s gas (12–48 hp damage plus coma for 1–6 turns, save for half and no coma). The bedroom contains a brass nightstand, a mahogany dresser and a plush black pillow bed set at an angle to the wall. The locked wardrobe is trapped with a *glyph of warding* that creates a black hand to crush the hand of anyone trying to force it open; the crushing causes 2–8 hp damage until the *glyph* is dispelled or the victim makes a Bend Bars roll. Inside the wardrobe are dark clothes, among them a *cloak of poisonousness*. The top of the wardrobe folds open, exposing an iron box containing 14 black opals each worth 1,000 gp, seven black sapphires worth 5,000 gp each, a star ruby necklace worth 7,500 gp, a *potion of plant control*, and a *scroll of protection from poison*.

14. Master bath. The perfumes in this room force any creature with an acute sense of smell to make a Constitution check or be repulsed from the room. The fixtures are brass on stone.

15. Library. This is as false as the temple to Eilistraee. Around a stone table and candlestands, four oak bookshelves contain tomes on dark elven society, legends, and religion that would bring at least 3,000 gp from an interested sage. The books on the shelf against the stalactite do not bring any such price, as they do not exist. They constitute a *permanent illusion* over an *illusionary wall*, which allows access to Macbeth's sanctum.

16. Shrine to Lolth. The *illusionary wall* is set into the shrine. A massive spider is painted on the ceiling and braziers hang from the eight legs so that the shrine suggests that visitors are under a leaping spider. And they are, because the top part of the ceiling is a 15′ wide chimney to a sword spider's lair. When anyone other than the Macbeths enters, the 10′ spider drops down on the first person it can. It has two attacks, a bite and a dizzying array of slashing bony plates. The 30′ drop gives the spider +1 on damage on the blades, and defenders –4 to attack rolls.

Dramatis Personae

The Court of Thanes is an 11-member council that runs Cawdor and Glamis. Until a week ago, Cawdor's five envoys were Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Macduff, and Ross; Glamis sent Macbeth, Mentieth, Angus, Caithness, and Lennox. The last vote belonged to Duncan, unifier of the two villages. But Duncan and Banquo are slain, so Glamis has a lock on the court and a war on its hands.

Key court members and Macbeth's Lady are detailed here. If listed with bonuses, drow weapons and armor are magical; none have innate properties that can be destroyed by sunlight.

Macduff is a elven lord whose stature in Cawdor equals Macbeth's in Glamis. Macduff is proud and headstrong, fearing no foe save sorcery. He is willing to risk everything, even his wife and children, to defend Cawdor and preserve the alliance. Macduff is as good a swordsman as elves can be. In Duncan's absence, he believes Donalbain and Malcolm to be the best hopes for peace. He is 130 and wears bearskin over his chain and prominent girdle.

Macduff (gray elf): AL CG; AC −2; MV 12; F12; hp 99; THAC0 4; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type +13; S 17, D 17, C 18, I 15, W 14, Ch 15; ML 16; specialized in long sword; XP 8,000; *elven chain mail of command +4, sun blade, girdle of cloud giant strength.*

Donalbain, Duncan's first heir, is weak of body but strong of spirit. As the highest priest in Cawdor, he is the village's religious speaker. He feels it is his job to protect Cawdor from Macbeth's evil, and will try anything to save the alliance. He tends the *Birnam spell anchor*, a time-treasured village relic. An elf of 75 years, he wears light blue robes over his chain mail.

Donalbain (gray elf): AL CG; AC 2; MV 12; P9 of Corellon Larethian; hp 39; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 15, C 7, I 15, W 16, Ch 15 (17 to elves); ML 15; SA turn undead, goblinoids save against spells at −2; SD +2 saves vs. poison (automatic save against spider venoms); XP 6,000; *elven chain mail +1, staff of curing, long sword +1 flame tongue, amulet of life protection, Birnam spell anchor* (see item description).

Spells: *cure light wounds* (×4), *detect evil, invisibility to undead; aid, augury, chant, know alignment, resist cold, wyvern watch; negative plane protection* (×3); *cloak of bravery, protection from evil 10′ radius; undead ward* (from *Tome of Magic*).

Malcolm, Donalbain's younger brother, is a good warrior with few pretensions of power. He castigates himself with insecurities, believing he is avaricious, lustful, and lacking in royal graces. In truth, he would make a fine if undistinguished village elder. Cawdor's small army is under his command, though he accedes to his friend Macduff's counsel on military matters. Though only 50, Malcolm has shock white hair. He wears gold-lined battle cloaks worth 300 gp over his chain mail.

Malcolm (gray elf): AL CG; AC 2; MV 12; F7; hp 56; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 15, D 16, C 15, I 14, W 12, Ch 14; ML 15; XP 4,000; *elven chain mail +1, long sword +1, ring of warmth, scroll of protection from undead.*

Dramatis Personae

Macbeth, the highest lord in Glamis, is overcome with a self-consuming lust for power thrust upon him by opportunity and sorcery. In hindsight, he believes the murder of Duncan was a mistake, but he knows he must fight to conceal his crime and face the opposition from Duncan's sons and allies. He believes he can take complete control of both Cawdor and Glamis. However, Banquo's ghost and Lady Macbeth's spiral into darkness convince him that he faces long odds. He wears black and red robes with an opal necklace worth 750 gp.

Macbeth (drow): AL CN (E); AC −7 (see below); MV 12; F12/M12; hp 98; THAC0 7; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type +6; S 15, D 16, C 18, I 15, W 9, Ch 14; ML 16; MR 74%; XP 19,000; *plate armor +5 of invulnerability* (temporarily enchanted by Hecate, gives immunity to melee attacks from humans, demi-humans, and humanoids), *sword of life stealing* (+2, AL CE, INT 12, Ego 6, *teleport* once/day), *shield +1, gauntlets of ogre power, ring of anti-venom* (16 charges of *neutralize poison* for internal venoms), *boots of varied tracks* (horse, stag, wolf, wyvern), *staff of stewardship* (11 charges of *guards and wards* at 12th level).

Spells: *affect normal fires, dancing lights, darkness, detect magic, faerie fire, jump, spider climb, spidereyes*; invisibility, fog cloud, know alignment, levitate, spectral hand, web; dispel magic, fireball, hand of darkness*, haste; acid bolt*, detect scrying, Evard's black tentacles, improved invisibility; cloudkill, cone of cold, feeblemind, hold monster; globe of invulnerability.* (* from *Drow of the Underdark*; if *Drow of the Underdark* is unavailable, replace these spells with *magic missile; hold undead; solid fog.*)

Lady Macbeth is also overcome with lust for power, but in her case it results from dabbling in sorceries she cannot control. She believes the Weird Sisters are allies, but their gift, *Hecate's black blade,* pushes her physical and emotional limits to the brink. If not stopped, the blade consumes her when its blood stain effect (see the item description) covers her entire body. The Lady is a spiteful woman who deems her husband too emotional for his own good, but she holds his welfare above all others', including her own. She is 175, and though she wears attractive black and white robes, her sickly state makes her unappealing. She wears a black opal, and black sapphire bracelet worth 10,000 gp that draws attention from her own haggard appearance.

Lady Macbeth (drow): AL CE; AC −1; MV 12; M12/P12 of Lolth; hp 36; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 9, D 17, C 8, I 16, W 18, Ch 18; ML 17; MR 74%; SA command undead; SD immune to spider venom; XP 22,000; *Hecate's black blade* (see item description), *wand of conjuration* (75 charges), four *candles of invocation, bracers of defense AC 2, staff of the serpent, scarab of enraging enemies.*

Spells (wizard): *dancing lights, detect magic, jump, magic missile, spider climb, spidereyes*, wall of fog; continual darkness, forget, know alignment, levitate, web; clairvoyance, dispel magic, hand of darkness*, invisibility 10' radius, slow, suggestion, wraithform; acid bolt*, detect scrying, solid fog, stoneskin; advanced illusion, Bigby's interposing hand, chaos, wall of force; death fog.*

Spells (priest): *cause fear, command, cure light wounds* (×3), *darkness, detect good, detect poison, faerie fire; charm person or mammal, forget, hold person, messenger, silence 15' radius, slow poison, speak with animals, withdraw; animate dead, giant spider*, negative plane protection, prayer, protection from good 10' radius, protection from fire; abjure, cure serious wounds, detect lie, poison, protection from lightning; cure critical wounds, flame strike, spiderform*; word of recall.* (A *candle of invocation* adds *neutralize poison, produce fire; wall of fire; creeping doom.* If *Drow of the Underdark* is not in use, replace the asterisked spells with *magic missile; hold undead; phantasmal killer, speak with dead; insect plague.*)

Lady Lennox is the only woman on the Court of Thanes. She is faithful to Eilistraee, the drow goddess of hope. As the Dark Maiden is a pole apart from Lolth, so Lennox is from Lady Macbeth. Lennox believes in healing the sick, defending the good, and singing the praises of life. She deems the Macbeths unhealthy throwbacks to Glamis's roots, but is powerless to stop them. From her years of hiding from Lolth's worshippers, Lennox has learned to lie low during times of crisis, so she carries out the Macbeths' will. She is 95 and wears white robes over her armor.

Lady Lennox (drow): AL CG; AC −2; MV 12; M7/P7 of Eilistraee; hp 30; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 18, C 11, I 15, W 15, Ch 16; ML 15; MR 64%; SA turn undead, *enchanted weapon* 3/day on bladed weapon to give +2 for 7 rounds; XP 15,000; *chain mail +3, long sword +1, +4 vs. reptiles, harp of charming, chime of interruption, rod of smiting* (23 charges).

Spells (wizard): *change self, comprehend languages, dancing lights, detect evil, detect magic, magic missile* (×2), *reduce; ESP, know alignment, levitate, mirror image, shatter; clairvoyance, dispel magic, fireball, hand of darkness*, suggestion; acid bolt*.* Spells (priest): *bless, cure light wounds* (×3), *darkness, detect poison, faerie fire; chant, charm person or mammal, silence 15' radius, slow poison; cure disease, prayer; detect lie, lesser spellsong*.* (*From *Drow of the Underdark*; if not in use, replace these spells with *vampiric touch; confusion; tongues.*)

Banquo, the highest thane in Cawdor, has been killed by claws of enchanted werewolves and slashes from Macbeth's *sword of life stealing.* This item drained him below zero level, causing his spirit to rise as a ghost. Though he retains vestiges of his chaotic good alignment, his sole purpose is to torment Macbeth. Banquo cannot be returned to his body, but his spirit can be laid to rest with Macbeth's death or his own destruction.

Banquo (ghost): INT high; AL CG; AC 0 or 8; MV 9; HD 10; hp 80; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg age 10–40 years; SA *magic jar* at 30 total Wisdom and Intelligence; SD sight causes save vs. spell or flee and age 10 years (6th+ priests are immune and 8th+ PCs save at +2), immune to *sleep* and *charm*, cannot be attacked while ethereal; SZ M; ML 20; XP 7,000; MM/130.

The shrine contains a black altar with many blood stains, an eight-bladed radial knife (2–8 damage), six chaotic evil *candles of invocation*, and the Macbeths' spellbooks. These contain: *affect normal fires, dancing lights, darkness, detect magic, detect undead, erase, faerie fire, jump, magic missile, read magic, spider climb, spidereyes*, wall of fog; blindness, continual darkness, fog cloud, forget, hold person, invisibility, know alignment, levitate, magic mouth, scare, skyhook*, spectral hand, web; animate dead, clairvoyance, dispel magic, fireball, hand of darkness*, haste, hold undead, invisibility 10' radius, protection from good 10' radius, slow, spectral force, stone shape, suggestion, wraithform; acid bolt*, detect scrying, Evard's black tentacles, illusionary wall, improved invisibility, phantasmal killer, shout, solid fog, stoneskin; advanced illusion, Bigby's interposing hand, cloudkill, cone of cold, feeblemind, hold monster, passwall, passweb*, seeming, wall of force; death fog, globe of invulnerability, guards and wards, permanent illusion, summon spider**. (The spells marked with asterisks are from *Drow of the Underdark*; if you don't want them in your campaign, delete them from the spellbooks.)

Sword spider: INT average; AL CE; AC 3; MV 6, web 8, climb 8; HD 5+5; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 2–8/16–96 (+8 if leaping); SD AC –1 when leaping; SZ L (10'); ML 13; XP 2,000; MM/326 (Spider).

17. Macbeth's sanctum. This meditation chamber is stark, containing only a stone stool and a brass candlestand. Macbeth stands before the throne, shouting at the ghost of Banquo.

> Before a stone stool stands an aged dark elf in black plate armor and dark red robes. His hair is stark white, and his skin is gaunt, as if his waning years have come too soon. He stabs at the air with a black sword and screams, "The time has been that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end! But now they rise again, with 20 mortal murders on their crown, and push us from our stools! Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" From behind the dark elf appears a ghostly figure of a gray elf. "Macbeth," moans the apparition, moving forward.

All invaders except priests of 6th level or higher must make a saving throw against magic or suffer 10 years of magical aging and flee; nonpriests of 8th + level save at +2. If the PCs have allies, all but Macduff, Lennox, Donalbain, Malcolm, Caithness, Siward, and the reverend ones flee, though the demihumans suffer few aging effects. The PCs may suffer greatly, including possible Strength and Constitution losses. Banquo is a ghost, and can be turned or even destroyed by a high level priest. If present, Lennox and Donalbain try to turn Banquo. Banquo's anger is reserved for Macbeth, but he attacks anyone interposing before Macbeth. On a hit, Banquo can age a victim 10–40 years or can *magic jar* to occupy a PC's body. This latter tactic may not work to Banquo's favor, since Macbeth is nigh invulnerable to physical damage.

Macbeth views anyone entering the chamber as part of the torment that his guilt has brought him. Banquo's reappearance has taught him that his murders were wrong, and he knows he must pay. He rages at intruders while hacking with his *sword of life stealing* or casting spells like *acid bolt* and *cone of cold*. His words are appropriate to one who does not fear death.

> "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing!"

If faced with the undead reverend ones, he becomes even more gloomy, as he has researched the Birnam prophecy. He adds:

> "I will not yield. Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane and you reverend ones oppose, being of no woman born, yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, and damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Macbeth's defeat cannot come easy, and it cannot come through traditional means. The hags entreated Hecate temporarily to enchant Macbeth's armor so that he cannot be harmed by melee attacks from anyone of woman born, including all humans, demihumans, and humanoids. It does not include nonhumanoid monsters, undead, elementals, semi-real creations, natural phenomena, or inanimate objects, including missile weapons. His *globe of invulnerability* makes him immune to up to 4th-level spells. Banquo's aging does not have any combat effects, since Macbeth's Strength is regulated by his *gauntlets of ogre power*. He also cannot be affected by poison, as his *ring of anti-venom* eliminates 16 doses of poison. His sword allows him to *teleport* once in extreme circumstances (e.g., if threatened by an earthquake that destroys Dunsinane.

Macbeth is vulnerable to high level spells, items that do not duplicate spell effects, anti-magic effects, and nonhuman foes. The reverend ones and Banquo can affect Macbeth, though his insanity shields him from Banquo's *magic jar*. At best, the reverend ones and Banquo can fight Macbeth to a standstill, though the other thanes can slow him down. The PCs' assistance on some level is necessary to defeat him, even if they do not strike the fatal blow.

Epilogue

If the PCs help defeat the Macbeths, Cawdor and Glamis renew their ties, with surviving thanes filling out the council. The PCs can have whatever they want from Dunsinane, except for Dunsinane itself (the spectator's return should see to that). Lady Macbeth's dagger vanishes if she falls, as do both the magic on Macbeth's armor and the greenhags themselves. Obviously, it is not a good act to sell or keep the chaotic evil sword or *candles of invocation*. The drow can help the PCs learn drow spells from the Macbeths' books; otherwise, the PCs must use *comprehend languages* to read the spells. Beyond the Macbeths' treasures, the elves can offer little to the PCs.

The PCs are invited to stay in Cawdor or Glamis for a while. The *screen* around Cawdor cannot be re-established without a 12th-level wizard. The previously xenophobic Cawdorians note the PCs' assistance and concede that contact with the outside world is not all bad. Finally, the drow of Glamis know the location of their former home, which the PCs may wish to brave someday. In such an instance, a campaign like *Menzoberranzan* is recommended. Ω

Fogwarden *Continued from page 55*

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Northern temperate, sub-arctic, and arctic fog/underground
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Synaptovore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11–12)
TREASURE:	C
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	4
THAC0:	see below
NO. OF ATTACKS:	see below
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	see below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	see below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	see below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	nil
SIZE:	M (6′ tall)
MORALE:	Champion (15–16)
XP VALUE:	4,000

The fogwarden is a solitary creature which inhabits the cold, icy fogs of some arctic, sub-arctic, and extreme northern or southern temperate regions, as well as high mountain passes. It is constantly active and searching for victims to terrorize so that it may feed on their emotions. Little else is known about these strange creatures because they are so very rare.

The fogwarden is a misty, vaguely-humanoid shape somewhat darker than the surrounding fog. Its eyes glow with an intense blue light. Fogwardens are often mistaken for wraiths, but they are not undead. They seem to be some sort of quasi- or para-elemental, composed both of fog and ice, but with some electrical properties as well. Fogwarden fogs are sometimes seen to flash with light. Fogwardens have no known method of communication, nor do they ever utter any sound.

Combat: Fogwardens do not willingly engage in battle, preferring to terrorize anyone entering their fogs. If attacked, however, they respond with a devastating magical assault. The fogwarden has no physical attack. Instead, it delivers a powerful electrical bolt similar to the lightning bolt spell. The bolt has a maximum range of 30′ and delivers 3–18 hp damage unless the victim saves vs. spell (and suffers half damage). The fogwarden can attack in this manner once every other round.

The fogwarden is always surrounded by an aura of *fear*, which has a 30′ radius. Only wooden weapons of +1 or better enchantment can affect the creature. When a metal weapon touches the fogwarden, the wielder of the weapon suffers 3–18 hp damage, and the weapon must save vs. electricity or melt. The fogwarden is immune to all cold- and electricity-based spells, as well as to gas or poison attacks.

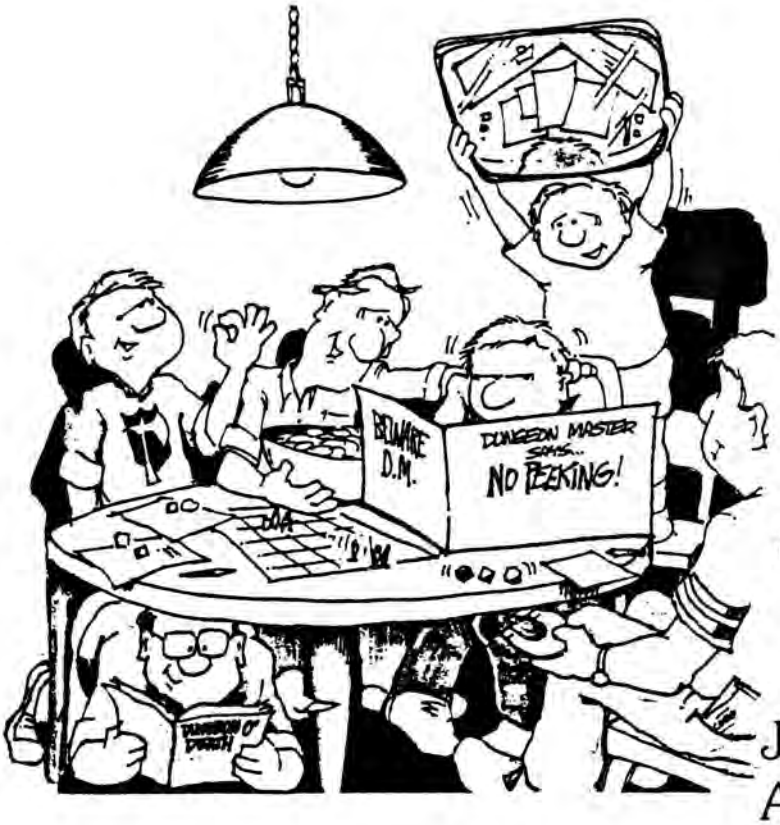
The electrical aura of a fogwarden temporarily animates all dead flesh within 15′. Animated bodies act as zombies in all respects, except that they are not undead and may not be turned. The animation lasts only so long as the body is within 15′ of the fogwarden.

Fogwardens are destroyed by one hour of exposure to sunlight.

Habitat/Society: Fogwardens have no known society. They are solitary creatures which spend their time inside deep, icy fogs. They collect no treasure, and any treasure found with one once belonged to its past victims. As many places stay foggy for days or weeks at a time, this treasure may accumulate. But when the fogwarden moves on, it leaves the treasure behind.

Since a fogwarden cannot create its own fog, it moves underground when weather conditions are unfavorable.

Ecology: The fogwarden preys upon all intelligent creatures and has no natural enemies.



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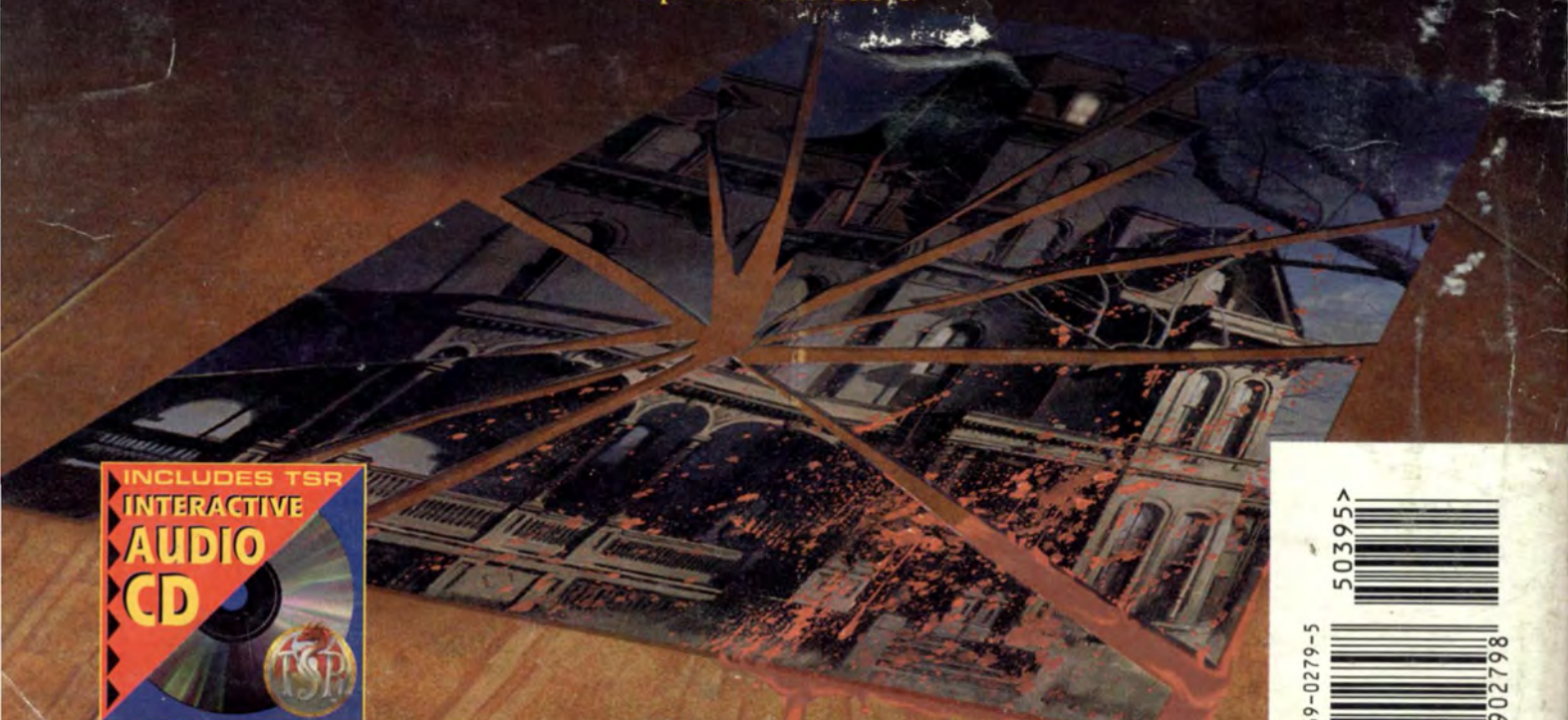

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ISBN 0-7869-0279-5
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